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D'AUBIGNÉ'S

MARTYRS OF THE REFORMATION

WITH AN

INTRODUCTION

BY THE

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INDEX OF NAMES.

	Page
ANTWERP, THREE MONKS OF	31
ASKEW, ANNE	490
BAINHAM, JAMES	100
BAYFIELD, RICHARD	97
BENNET, THOMAS	66
BERQUIN, LOUIS	290
BILNEY, THOMAS	73
BROWN, JOHN	25
CHATELAIN	46
COBHAM, LORD	16
CURIONE, CELIO	142
DE CATURCE, JEAN	332
DRACO, JOHN	30
FRYTH, JOHN	109
HAMILTON, PATRICK	363
HOTTINGER	34
HUN, RICHARD	20
KLÆSSEN, WENDELMUTHA	360
LAURENT (ALEXANDER)	338

PAGE

LECLERC 46

LIVRY, THE HERMIT OF 58

LUTHER, MARTIN 503

NICHOLSON, JOHN (LAMBERT) 476

OLDCASTLE, SIR JOHN 16

PALEARIO, AONIO 160

PAVANNE, JAMES 55

PETIT, JOHN 71

SAWTRE, WILLIAM 15

SCHUCH, PASTOR 52

TIELMANS, GILES 449

TYNDALE, WILLIAM 184

VALERIO, RODRIGO DE 463

VAN BAKKER, JOHN 352

VAN OUSBERGHEN, JUSTUS 455

WIRTH AND HIS TWO SONS 36

WISHART, GEORGE 418

WOLSEY'S VICTIMS 61

INTRODUCTION.

THE thirteen volumes of Merle D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, constituting the two series, to the one of which Luther, and to the other Calvin, is the central figure, present a course of historical reading the power and charm of which are not excelled even by that of Macaulay.

The historico-poetic style of the latter has not in it so much of the dramatic element as D'Aubigné employs. His plan has been vividly to portray personal characteristics, and to present actual conversations in strict accord with historic truth, and, as far as possible, in the very language of the individuals whose histories he records. His graphic delineations of scenes and events, and his crystalline presentations of principles, with his lifelike portraitures of priest, king, Reformer and martyr, render his writings without their equal as histories in their fascination. They have the real ring of romance in them.

When the first series of five volumes appeared, depicting the Reformation under Luther, they were sought with an avidity and read with an interest most intense, such as no other historical works had ever before secured.

It is a strange fact, however, that the second series, having Calvin for its central figure, has not been hungered after and devoured by earnest readers as had been the former.

Nevertheless, those who have perused the latter found not merely an equal, but a superior, interest therein. For in many respects this second series covers a wider field of history, introduces more attractive characters and develops grander results even than the first. It gives the fuller harvest and the riper fruit of self-sacrifice and devotedness in those whose blood, as that of martyrs, was made the seed of the Church. The first unfolds the destructive, and the second the creative, period of the Reformation; and as creation, progress and development are more attractive than chaos, conflict and confusion, so the latter period attracts more than the former, especially when brought into view by a style and method quite as picturesque and dramatic as that of the former.

The strange fact just alluded to may be accounted for on several grounds: First, the number of volumes in the second series, increased to eight from the five of the first, may have deterred some from undertaking what might seem to them a too formidable task of perusal. But the reader, having once dipped into its pages, is swept along upon a strong wave of enthusiasm to the end, and, coming to this, is filled with deep regret that no more volumes are left for his attraction, and especially that the brilliant and renowned author could not have painted the events preceding the Reformation, and brought his history also down through the final days of Latimer and Cranmer, past the reign of Bloody Mary and beyond the times of the Puritans, even to those of Whitefield and Wesley. Such a complete history of religious progress, presented in pictures so graphic and realistic, would have been an inestimable treasure to the Church.

Secondly, the name of Calvin, being to some a synonym for bigotry, ecclesiasticism, dry doctrine, dogmatic discussion and timeworn formulas of truth, may have repelled those who found delight in reading the five volumes of the first series, in which Luther, its central figure, looms up as the grandly heroic Re-

former around whose head a halo of romance circles. But D'Aubigné presents to us in his second series the character, teachings and achievements of Calvin in a new light, which, if not so strikingly brilliant as that of Luther, is yet more steadily burning and widely radiating.

The author does not here confine himself to the dry details of doctrinal discussion within a limited sphere of dogmatic theology. He launches out into the broad sea of the civil, secular and consentaneous histories of the nations among which the principles of the Reformation spread so rapidly and widely.

Thus we have pictured to us here the intense and heroic struggles of the Genevans after civil liberty against the machinations of the duke of Savoy, in complicity with the bishop Pierre la Baume, and the tyrannies of Charles V. We are carried into France, Spain, Italy, Denmark, Norway and Sweden in fruitful journeys of thought and lifelike portraitures of devoted men and women. Especially are we presented with the most interesting and instructive phase of English history at the time when the Eighth Henry broke from the thraldom of the papal hierarchy, and in founding the English Church alike opposed and re-

tarded the Reformation which such men as Tyndale and Bilney were strenuously endeavoring to advance.

No one who loves the principles of the Reformation, and rejoices in reading of its conflicts and its triumphs, can fail to find in D'Aubigné's second series an equal, and even a superior, interest to what he may have found in the first.

From both these series the personal sketches contained in this volume have been carefully culled and presented in the very language itself of D'Aubigné. These constitute a notable gallery of religious portraits, which, for vivid coloring and personal verisimilitude, are not surpassed in their charm. They cannot but be read with the deepest interest.

In these days of materialism, of scientific skepticism, of worldly aspiration and self-indulgence, it is most essential that such portraitures should be presented and perused, as displaying that noble heroism of faith and that Christlike spirit of self-sacrifice which the Church and the world need for the redemption of souls and the triumph of Christianity. Far more charming are these depictions of devotion to truth and disregard of life for its sake than are the quaint and sometimes te-

dious presentations of Fox in his *Book of the Martyrs*, attractive even as that work indeed has been to many.

It would truly have been most satisfying if to these many illustrious instances of Christian self-sacrifice there could have been added, in the graphic language of D'Aubigné, those of the preceding times of Huss and Wickliff or of the succeeding ones of Cranmer, Latimer and Ridley, with the many brave victims of the Smithfield fires.

It was the design, originally, to include in this compilation the intensely vivid sketches of such men as Berthelier, Bonnivard, Baudichon and Levrier, as those who, while not being strictly evangelical or spiritual, nevertheless aided greatly by their sacrifices and sufferings toward the establishment of religious liberty in their securing of that which was civil. These men, and others like them, who may not have lost their lives for truth and freedom, should yet be regarded as martyrs in the broadest signification of that term, they having been "witnesses" bold and true for the rights of man. The story of their wrongs and sufferings, as graphically given by D'Aubigné, although too lengthy for this volume, and therefore omitted, should yet be read

by every lover of liberty. The results they achieved for national life and individual freedom are so great and multiplied, and have been gained at such immense cost, as to demand a perusal of their histories and the remembrance of their names as the immortal few "that were not born to die."

Of all these, whose heroism and self-sacrifice D'Aubigné so graphically depicts, to which we refer the reader in his volumes, he thus thoughtfully and in full justice writes:

"The times of the Reformation abound in martyrs; and we might well ask whether primitive Christianity, which came to an end when the reign of Constantine began, had so great a number of them as the renovated Christianity of the sixteenth century; especially if we take into account the different lengths of the periods. The impulse which led the martyrs of the Netherlands, of France, England, Hungary, Italy, Spain and other lands, to give up their lives calmly, and even joyfully, proceeded from the depth of their convictions, the holy and sovereign voice of conscience, enlightened, purified and strengthened by the word of God. In the souls of these lowly heroes there was a secret and mighty testimony to the truth of the gospel, which vividly man-

ifested to them its grandeur, impelled them to sacrifice all for its sake, and gave them courage to obey, although it cost them not only goods and worldly greatness, but also the good opinion, the affection, and esteem even, of those whom they most tenderly loved. Obedience, indeed, was not always instantaneous. Sometimes there were hindrances, conflicts, hesitation and delay. There were also some weak consciences which were overcome. But wherever the conscience was sound, it acquired in the midst of difficulties more and more force. and when once its voice was heard the victory was won. It must be understood that we do not mean here a conscience which a man has made for himself: that of which we speak was the highest expression of truth, justice and the divine will, and it was found to be the same in all regions. The souls of these martyrs were exempt from all prejudices, pure as a cloudless sky. They were conscientious men; and herein we have the complete explanation of the grand phenomenon presented to us in the Reformation. Here was a force sufficient to break through stubborn bonds, to surmount passionate opposition, to brave torture and to go to the stake. No concessions were to be made, no agreement with error. The noble

martyrs of the first centuries and of the sixteenth were the select spirits and the glory of the human race."

No fitter ending to this volume could be given—it being that also of D'Aubigné's whole history—than the death-scene of Luther, who, though not perishing at the stake, passed through fires which, borne heroically and escaped divinely, entitle him to a place in the portrait-gallery of the martyrs of the Reformation—they who, whether meeting violent or peaceful deaths, testified with equal courage in conflict and with strength in achievement to the truth as revealed in the glorious gospel of the Son of God.

C. H. A. B.

NOTE.—These personal histories are not here presented in their exact chronological order, that not having been done even by D'Aubigné himself. Many of them so overlap each other that a succession as to time was impracticable. They are, however, so sufficiently arranged as to show severally their chronological relation to each other.

MARTYRS OF THE REFORMATION.

I.

WILLIAM SAWTRE,

THE FIRST MARTYR TO PROTESTANTISM IN ENGLAND, A. D. 1401.

THE son of Wickliffe's old defender was now king: a reform of the Church seemed imminent, but the primate Arundel had foreseen the danger. This cunning priest and skillful politician had observed which way the wind blew, and deserted Richard in good time. Taking Lancaster by the hand, he put the crown on his head, saying to him, "To consolidate your throne, conciliate the clergy and sacrifice the Lollards."—"I will be the protector of the Church," replied Henry IV.; and from that hour the power of the priests was greater than the power of the nobility. Rome has ever been adroit in profiting by revolutions.

Lancaster, in his eagerness to show his gratitude to the priests, ordered that every incorrigible heretic should be burnt alive to terrify

his companions. Practice followed close upon the theory. A pious priest named William Sawtre had presumed to say, "Instead of adoring the cross on which Christ suffered, I adore Christ who suffered on it." He was dragged to St. Paul's; his hair was shaved off; a layman's cap was placed on his head; and the primate handed him over to the *mercy* of the earl-marshal of England. This *mercy* was shown him: he was burnt alive at Smithfield in the beginning of March, 1401. Sawtre was the first martyr to Protestantism.

II.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE, LORD COBHAM,

A. D. 1417.

A FEW miles from Rochester stood Cowling Castle, in the midst of the fertile pastures watered by the Medway—

> "The fair Medway that with wanton pride
> Forms silver mazes with her crooked tide."

In the beginning of the fifteenth century it was inhabited by Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, a man in high favor with the king.

The "poor priests" thronged to Cowling in quest of Wickliffe's writings, of which Cobham had caused numerous copies to be made, and

whence they were circulated through the dioceses of Canterbury, Rochester, London and Hertford. Cobham attended their preaching, and if any enemies ventured to interrupt them he threatened them with his sword. "I would sooner risk my life," said he, "than submit to such unjust decrees as dishonor the everlasting Testament." The king would not permit the clergy to lay hands on his favorite.

But Henry V. having succeeded his father in 1413, and passed from the houses of ill-fame he had hitherto frequented to the foot of the altars and the head of the armies, the archbishop immediately denounced Cobham to him, and he was summoned to appear before the king. Sir John had understood Wickliffe's doctrine, and experienced in his own person the might of the divine word. "As touching the pope and his spirituality," he said to the king, "I owe them neither suit nor service, forasmuch as I know him by the Scriptures to be the great Antichrist." Henry thrust aside Cobham's hand as he presented his confession of faith: "I will not receive this paper; lay it before your judges." When he saw his profession refused, Cobham had recourse to the only arm which he knew of out of the gospel. The differences which we now settle by pamphlets were then very commonly settled by the sword: "I offer in defence of my faith to fight for life

or death with any man living, Christian or pagan, always excepting Your Majesty." Cobham was led to the Tower.

On the 23d of September, 1413, he was taken before the ecclesiastical tribunal then sitting at St. Paul's. "We must believe," said the primate to him, "what the holy Church of Rome teaches, without demanding Christ's authority."—"Believe!" shouted the priests, "believe!"—"I am willing to believe all that God desires," said Sir John; "but that the pope should have authority to teach what is contrary to Scripture, that I can never believe." He was led back to the Tower. The word of God was to have its martyr.

On Monday, September 25th, a crowd of priests, canons, friars, clerks and indulgence-sellers thronged the large hall of the Dominican convent and attacked Lord Cobham with abusive language. These insults, the importance of the moment for the Reformation of England, the catastrophe that must needs close the scene,—all agitated his soul to its very depths. When the archbishop called upon him to confess his offence, he fell on his knees, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, exclaimed, "I confess to thee, O God, and acknowledge that in my frail youth I seriously offended thee by my pride, anger, intemperance and impurity: for these offences I implore thy mercy."

Then standing up, his face still wet with tears, he said, "I ask not your absolution: it is God's only that I need." The clergy did not despair, however, of reducing this high-spirited gentleman: they knew that spiritual strength is not always conjoined with bodily vigor, and they hoped to vanquish by priestly sophisms the man who dared challenge the papal champions to single combat. "Sir John," said the primate at last, "you have said some very strange things: we have spent much time in endeavors to convince you, but all to no effect. The day passeth away: you must either submit yourself to the ordinance of the most holy Church—"—"I will none otherwise believe than what I told you. Do with me what you will."—"Well, then, we must needs do the law," the archbishop made answer.

Arundel stood up; all the priests and people rose with him and uncovered their heads. Then, holding the sentence of death in his hand, he read it with a clear voice. "It is well," said Sir John; "though you condemn my body, you can do no harm to my soul, by the grace of my eternal God." He was again led back to the Tower, whence he escaped one night and took refuge in Wales. He was retaken in December, 1417, carried to London, dragged on a hurdle to St. Giles's Fields, and there suspended by chains over a slow fire and cruelly

burned to death. Thus died a Christian illustrious after the fashion of his age—a champion of the word of God.

III.

RICHARD HUN,

A. D. 1516.

THERE lived in London an honest tradesman named Richard Hun, one of those witnesses of the truth who, sincere though unenlightened, have been often found in the bosom of Catholicism. It was his practice to retire to his closet and spend a portion of each day in the study of the Bible. At the death of one of his children the priest required of him an exorbitant fee, which Hun refused to pay, and for which he was summoned before the legate's court. Animated by that public spirit which characterizes the people of England, he felt indignant that an Englishmen should be cited before a foreign tribunal, and laid an information against the priest and his counsel under the act of *præmunire*. Such boldness—most extraordinary at that time—exasperated the clergy beyond all bounds. "If these proud citizens are allowed to have their way," exclaimed the monks, "every layman will dare to resist a priest."

Exertions were accordingly made to snare the pretended rebel in the trap of heresy; he was thrown into the Lollards' Tower at St. Paul's, and an iron collar was fastened round his neck, attached to which was a chain so heavy that neither man nor beast (says Fox) would have been able to bear it long. When taken before his judges they could not convict him of heresy, and it was observed with astonishment "that he had his beads in prison with him." They would have set him at liberty, after inflicting on him perhaps some trifling penance, but then, what a bad example it would be! and who could stop the Reformers if it was so easy to resist the papacy? Unable to triumph by justice, certain fanatics resolved to triumph by crime.

At midnight on the 2d of December, the day of his examination, three men stealthily ascended the stairs of the Lollards' Tower: the bellringer went first, carrying a torch; a sergeant named Charles Joseph followed; and last came the bishop's chancellor. Having entered the cell, they went up to the bed on which Hun was lying, and finding that he was asleep, the chancellor said, "Lay hands on the thief." Charles Joseph and the bellringer fell upon the prisoner, who, awaking with a start, saw at a glance what this midnight visit meant. He resisted the assassins at first, but was soon over-

powered and strangled. Charles Joseph then fixed the dead man's belt round his neck, the bellringer helped to raise his lifeless body, and the chancellor slipped the other end of the belt through a ring fixed in the wall. They then placed his cap on his head and hastily quitted the cell. Immediately after the conscience-stricken Charles Joseph got on horseback and rode from the city; the bellringer left the cathedral and hid himself: the crime dispersed the criminals. The chancellor alone kept his ground, and he was at prayers when the news was brought him that the turnkey had found Hun hanging. "He must have killed himself in despair," said the hypocrite. But every one knew poor Hun's Christian feelings. "It is the priests who have murdered him," was the general cry in London, and an inquest was ordered to be held on his body.

On Tuesday, the 5th of December, William Barnwell, the city coroner, the two sheriffs and twenty-four jurymen proceeded to the Lollards' Tower. They remarked that the belt was so short that the head could not be got out of it, and that consequently it had never been placed in it voluntarily; and hence the jury concluded that the suspension was an after-thought of some other persons. Moreover, they found that the ring was too high for the poor victim to reach it, that the body bore marks of vio-

lence, and that traces of blood were to be seen in the cell. "Wherefore all we find by God and all our consciences," runs the verdict, "that Richard Hun was murdered. Also, we acquit the said Richard Hun of his own death."

It was but too true, and the criminals themselves confessed it. The miserable Charles Joseph, having returned home on the evening of the 6th of December, said to his maid-servant, "If you will swear to keep my secret, I will tell you all."—"Yes, master," she replied, "if it is neither felony nor treason."—Joseph took a book, swore the girl on it, and then said to her, "I have killed Richard Hun."—"Oh, master! how? he was called a worthy man."—"I would liever [rather] than a hundred pounds it were not done," he made answer; "but what is done cannot be undone." He then rushed out of the house.

The clergy foresaw what a serious blow this unhappy affair would be to them, and to justify themselves they examined Hun's Bible (it was Wickliffe's version), and having read in the preface that "poor men and idiots [simple folks] have the truth of the Holy Scriptures more than a thousand prelates and religious men and clerks of the school," and further, that "the pope ought to be called Antichrist," the bishop of London, assisted by the bishops of Durham and Lincolm, declared Hun guilty of

heresy, and on the 20th of December his dead body was burnt at Smithfield. "Hun's bones have been burnt, and therefore he was a heretic," said the priests; "he was a heretic, and therefore he committed suicide."

The triumph of the clergy was of short duration, for almost at the same time William Horsey, the bishop's chancellor, Charles Joseph, and John Spalding, the bellringer, were convicted of the murder. A bill passed the Commons restoring Hun's property to his family and vindicating his character; the Lords accepted the bill, and the king himself said to the priests, "Restore to these wretched children the property of their father, whom you so cruelly murdered, to our great and just horror."— "If the clerical theocracy should gain the mastery of the state," was the general remark in London, "it would not only be a very great lie, but the most frightful tyranny." England has never gone back since that time, and a theocratic rule has always inspired the sound portion of the nation with a just and insurmountable antipathy. Such were the events taking place in England shortly before the Reformation.

IV.

JOHN BROWN,

A. D. 1517.

In the spring of 1517, the year in which Luther posted up his *theses*, a priest whose manners announced a man swollen with pride happened to be on board the passage-boat from London to Gravesend with an intelligent and pious Christian of Ashford, by name John Brown. The passengers, as they floated down the stream, were amusing themselves by watching the banks glide away from them, when the priest, turning toward Brown, said to him insolently, "You are too near me; get farther off. Do you know who I am?"—"No, sir," answered Brown.—"Well, then, you must know that I am a priest."—"Indeed, sir; are you a parson, or vicar, or a lady's chaplain?"—"No; I am a *soul-priest*," he haughtily replied; "I sing mass to save souls."—"Do you, sir?" rejoined Brown, somewhat ironically. "That is well done; and can you tell me where you find the soul when you begin the mass?"—"I cannot," said the priest.—"And where you leave it when the mass is ended?"—"I do not know."—"What!" continued Brown with marks of astonishment, "you do not know where you find the soul or where you leave it, and yet

you say that you save it!"—"Go thy ways," said the priest angrily; "thou art a heretic, and I will be even with thee." Thenceforward the priest and his neighbor conversed no more together. At last they reached Gravesend, and the boat anchored.

As soon as the priest had landed he hastened to two of his friends, Walter and William More, and all three, mounting their horses, set off for Canterbury and denounced Brown to the archbishop.

In the mean time, John Brown had reached home. Three days later, his wife, Elizabeth, who had just left her chamber, went to church, dressed all in white, to return thanks to God for delivering her in the perils of childbirth. Her husband, assisted by her daughter Alice and the maid-servant, were preparing for their friends the feast usual on such occasions, and they had all of them taken their seats at table, joy beaming on every face, when the street-door was abruptly opened, and Chilton the constable, a cruel and savage man, accompanied by several of the archbishop's apparitors, seized upon the worthy townsman. All sprang from their seats in alarm: Elizabeth and Alice uttered the most heartrending cries; but the primate's officers, without showing any emotion, pulled Brown out of the house and placed him on horseback, tying his feet under the ani-

mal's belly. It is a serious matter to jest with a priest. The cavalcade rode off quickly, and Brown was thrown into prison, and there left forty days.

At the end of this time the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Rochester called before them the impudent fellow who doubted whether a priest's mass could save souls, and required him to retract his "blasphemy." But Brown, if he did not believe in the mass, believed in the gospel. "Christ was once offered," he said, "to take away the sins of many. It is by this sacrifice we are saved, and not by the repetitions of the priests." At this reply the archbishop made a sign to the executioners, one of whom took off the shoes and stockings of this pious Christian, while the other brought in a pan of burning coals, upon which they set the martyr's feet. The English laws in truth forbade torture to be inflicted on any subject of the Crown, but the clergy thought themselves above the laws. "Confess the efficacy of the mass," cried the two bishops to poor Brown.—"If I deny my Lord upon earth," he replied, "he will deny me before his Father in heaven." The flesh was burnt off the soles of his feet, even to the bones, and still John Brown remained unshaken. The bishops therefore ordered him to be given over to the secular arm, that he might be burnt alive.

On the Saturday preceding the festival of Pentecost, in the year 1517, the martyr was led back to Ashford, where he arrived just as the day was drawing to a close. A number of idle persons were collected in the street, and among them was Brown's maid-servant, who ran off crying to the house and told her mistress, "I have seen him; he was bound, and they were taking him to prison." Elizabeth hastened to her husband, and found him sitting with his feet in the stocks, his features changed by suffering, and expecting to be burnt alive on the morrow. The poor woman sat down beside him, weeping most bitterly, while he, being hindered by his chains, could not so much as bend toward her. "I cannot set my feet to the ground," said he, "for the bishops have burnt them to the bones; but they could not burn my tongue and prevent my confessing the Lord. Oh, Elizabeth! continue to love him, for he is good, and bring up our children in his fear."

On the following morning—it was Whitsunday—the brutal Chilton and his assistants led Brown to the place of execution and fastened him to the stake. Elizabeth and Alice, with his other children and his friends, desirous of receiving his last sigh, surrounded the pile, uttering cries of anguish. The fagots were set on fire, while Brown, calm and collected and full of confidence in the blood of the Saviour,

clasped his hands and repeated this hymn, which Fox has preserved:

"O Lord, I yield me to thy grace;
Grant me mercy for my trespass;
Let never the fiend my soul chase.
Lord, I will bow, and thou shalt beat;
Let never my soul come in hell-heat."

The martyr was silent: the flames had consumed their victim. Then redoubled cries of anguish rent the air. His wife and daughter seemed as if they would lose their senses. The bystanders showed them the tenderest compassion, and turned with a movement of indignation toward the executioners. The brutal Chilton, perceiving this, cried out, "Come along; let us toss the heretic's children into the flames, lest they should one day spring from their father's ashes." He rushed toward Alice, and was about to lay hold of her when the maiden shrank back screaming with horror. To the end of her life she recollected the fearful moment, and to her we are indebted for the particulars. The fury of the monster was checked. Such were the scenes passing in England shortly before the Reformation.

V.

THE FIRST PROTESTANT MARTYRS IN GERMANY,

A. D. 1523.

On all sides the Romish priests were under arms. The city of Miltenberg on the Main, which belonged to the archbishop of Mentz, was one of the German towns that had received the word of God with the greatest eagerness. The inhabitants were much attached to their pastor, John Draco, one of the most enlightened men of his times. He was compelled to leave the city, but the Romish ecclesiastics were frightened and withdrew at the same time, fearing the vengeance of the people. One evangelical deacon alone remained to comfort their hearts. At the same time troops from Mentz marched into the city: they spread through the streets, uttering blasphemies, brandishing their swords and giving themselves up to debauchery.

Some evangelical Christians fell beneath their blows; others were seized and thrown into dungeons; the Romish rites were restored; the reading of the Bible was prohibited; and the inhabitants were forbidden to speak of the gospel, even in their most private meetings. On the entrance of the troops the dea-

con had taken refuge in the house of a poor widow. He was denounced to their commanders, who sent a soldier to apprehend him. The humble deacon, hearing the hasty steps of the soldier who sought his life, quietly waited for him, and just as the door of the chamber was opened abruptly he went forward meekly, and cordially embracing him, said, "I welcome thee, brother; here I am; plunge thy sword into my bosom." The fierce soldier, in astonishment, let his sword fall from his hands, and protected the pious evangelist from any further harm.

THE THREE MONKS OF ANTWERP.

THE implacable inquisitors of the Low Countries, thirsting for blood, scoured the country, searching everywhere for three young Augustines who had escaped from persecution at Antwerp. Esch, Voes and Lambert were at last discovered, put in chains and led to Brussels. Egmondanus, Hochstraten and several other inquisitors summoned them into their presence. "Do you retract your assertion," asked Hochstraten, "that the priest has not the power to forgive sins, and that it belongs to God alone?" He then proceeded to enumerate other evangelical doctrines which they were called upon to abjure.—"No! we will retract nothing," ex-

claimed Esch and Voes firmly; "we will not deny the word of God; we will rather die for the faith."

Inquisitor. Confess that you have been seduced by Luther.

Young Augustines. As the apostles were seduced by Jesus Christ.

Inquisitors. We declare you to be heretics, worthy of being burnt alive, and we give you over to the secular arm.

Lambert kept silence; the prospect of death terrified him; distress and doubt tormented his soul. "I beg four days," said he with a stifled voice. He was led back to prison. As soon as this delay had expired, Esch and Voes were solemnly deprived of their sacerdotal character and given over to the council of the governor of the Low Countries. The council delivered them fettered to the executioner. Hochstraten and three other inquisitors accompanied them to the stake. When they came near the scaffold the youthful martyrs looked at it calmly; their firmness, their piety, their age, drew tears even from the inquisitors. When they were bound, the confessors approached them: "Once more we ask you if you will receive the Christian faith."

The Martyrs. We believe in the Christian Church, but not in your Church.

Half an hour elapsed: the inquisitors hes-

itated, and hoped the prospect of so terrible a death would intimidate these youths. But, alone tranquil in the midst of the turbulent crowd in the square, they sang psalms, stopping from time to time to declare boldly, "We will die for the name of Jesus Christ."

"Be converted! be converted!," cried the inquisitors, "or you will die in the name of the devil."—"No," replied the martyrs, "we will die like Christians, and for the truth of the gospel."

The pile was lighted. While the flames were ascending slowly a heavenly peace filled their hearts, and one of them went so far as to say, "I seem to be lying on a bed of roses." The solemn hour was come; death was near: the two martyrs cried with a loud voice, "*O Domine Jesu! Fili David! miserere nostri!* (O Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!)" They they began solemnly to repeat the Apostles' Creed. At last the flames reached them, burning the cords that fastened them to the stake before their breath was gone. One of them, taking advantage of this liberty, fell on his knees in the midst of the fire, and, thus worshiping his Master, exclaimed, clasping his hands, "Lord Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on us!" The flames now surrounded their bodies: they sang the *Te Deum;* soon their voices were stifled, and nothing but their ashes remained.

Their execution had lasted four hours. It was on the 1st of July, 1523, that the first martyrs of the Reformation thus laid down their lives for the gospel.

VI.

HOTTINGER,

A. D. 1523.

Hottinger, when banished from Zurich for pulling down a crucifix of Stadelhofen, had retired to another balliwick, where he had not concealed his opinions. One day, as he chanced to be dining at the Angel Tavern in Zurzach, he had said that the priests wrongly interpreted Holy Scripture, and that man should put his trust in God alone. The landlord, who was continually going in and out to bring bread or wine, listened to what appeared to him such very extraordinary language. Another day Hottinger paid a visit to his friend John Schutz of Schneyssingen. After they had eaten and drank together, Schutz asked him, "What is this new faith that the Zurich pastors are preaching?"—"They preach," replied Hottinger, "that Christ was sacrificed *once* for all Christians—that by this one sacrifice he has purified and redeemed them from all their sins; and they show by Holy Scripture that the mass is a lie."

After this (in February, 1523), Hottinger had quitted Switzerland and gone on business to Waldshut, on the other side of the Rhine. Measures were taken to seize his person, and about the end of the same month the poor unsuspecting Zuricher, having recrossed the river, had scarcely reached Coblentz, a village on the left bank of the Rhine, before he was arrested. He was taken to Klingenau, and as he there frankly confessed his faith, the exasperated Flackenstein said, "I will take you to a place where you will find people to make you a suitable answer."

In effect, the bailiff conducted him successively before the judges of Klingenau, before the superior tribunal of Baden, and, since he could find no one who would declare him guilty, before the diet sitting at Lucerne. He was firmly resolved to seek judges who would condemn his prisoner.

The diet lost no time, and condemned Hottinger to be beheaded. When informed of his sentence he gave glory to God. "That will do," said James Troger, one of his judges; "we do not sit here to listen to sermons. You can have your talk some other time."—"He must have his head taken off this once," said the bailiff Am Ort, with a laugh; "if he should ever get it on again, we will all embrace his faith."—"May God forgive all those who have

condemned me!" said the prisoner. A monk then presented a crucifix to his lips, but he put it away, saying, "It is in the heart that we must receive Jesus Christ."

When he was led out to execution many of the spectators could not refrain from tears. "I am going to eternal happiness," said he, turning toward them. On reaching the place where he was to die he raised his hands to heaven, exclaiming, "Into thy hands, O my Redeemer, I commit my spirit." In another minute his head rolled upon the scaffold.

VII.

WIRTH AND HIS TWO SONS,

A. D. 1524.

At Stammheim, Switzerland, lived the deputy bailiff Wirth, whose two eldest sons, Adrian and John, both young priests full of piety and courage, were preaching the gospel with great unction. John especially abounded in faith, and was ready to sacrifice his life for his Saviour. This was truly a patriarchal family. Hannah, the mother, who had borne the bailiff many children and brought them up in the fear of the Lord, was revered for her virtues throughout the whole district. At the noise of the tumult in Burg the father and the two

eldest sons went out like their neighbors. The father was indignant that the bailiff of Frauenfeld should have exercised his authority in a manner contrary to the laws of the country. The sons learned with sorrow that their brother, their friend, the man whose good example they were delighted to follow, had been dragged away like a criminal. Each of them seized a halberd, and in spite of the fears of a tender wife and mother the father and his two sons joined the band of citizens of Stein with the determination of rescuing their pastor. Unhappily, a number of those miscreants who make their appearance in every disorder had joined the expedition; they pursued the bailiff's officers; the latter, hearing the tocsin and the shouts of alarm, redoubled their speed, dragging their victim after them, and soon placed the river Thur between themselves and their pursuers.

When the people of Stein and Stammheim reached the bank of the river, and found no means of crossing, they halted, and resolved to send a deputation to Frauenfeld. "Oh," said the bailiff Wirth, "the pastor of Stein is so dear to us that for his sake I would willingly sacrifice my goods, my liberty and my life." The populace, finding themselves near the Carthusian convent of Ittingen, whose inmates were believed to have encouraged the tyranny

of the bailiff Am-Berg, entered the building and took possession of the refectory.

These miserable wretches soon became intoxicated, and shameful disorders were the consequence. Wirth vainly entreated them to leave the convent; he was in danger of being maltreated by them. His son Adrian remained outside the cloister. John entered, but soon came out again, distressed at what he had seen. The drunken peasants proceeded to ransack the wine-cellars and the store-rooms, to break the furniture and burn the books.

When the news of these disorders reached Zurich, some deputies from the council hastened to the spot and ordered all persons under the jurisdiction of the canton to return to their homes. They did so immediately. But a body of Thurgovians, attracted by the disturbance, established themselves in the convent for the sake of its good cheer. On a sudden a fire broke out, no one knew how, and the monastery was burnt to the ground.

Five days after this the deputies of the cantons met at Zug. Nothing was heard in the assembly but threats of vengeance and of death. "Let us march with banners flying on Stein and Stammheim," said they, "and put the inhabitants to the sword." The deputy bailiff and his two sons had long been objects of especial dislike on account of their faith. "If any one is

guilty," said the deputy of Zurich, "he must be punished, but according to the laws of justice, and not by violence." Vadian, deputy of St. Gall, supported this opinion. Upon this the avoyer, John Hug of Lucerne, unable to contain himself any longer, exclaimed with frightful imprecations, "The heretic Zwingle is the father of all these insurrections; and you too, doctor of St. Gall, are favorable to his infamous cause and aid him in securing its triumphs. You ought no longer to have a seat among us." The deputy of Zug endeavored to restore peace, but in vain. Vadian left the hall, and, as the populace had designs upon his life, he quitted the town secretly, and reached the convent of Cappel by a circuitous route.

Zurich, intent on suppressing every disorder, resolved to apprehend provisionally those persons who were marked out by the rage of the confederates. Wirth and his two sons were living quietly at Stammheim. "Never will the enemies of God be able to vanquish his friends," said Adrian Wirth from the pulpit.

The father was warned of the fate impending over him, and was entreated to flee with his two sons. "No," answered he; "I will wait for the officers, putting my trust in God." And when the soldiers made their appearance at his house, he said, "My lords of Zurich might have spared themselves all this trouble: if they had

only sent a child I should have obeyed their summons." The three Wirths were taken to Zurich and put in prison. Rutiman, bailiff of Nussbaum, shared their fate. They were strictly examined, but nothing reprehensible was found in their conduct.

As soon as the deputies of the cantons had heard of the imprisonment of these four citizens, they required them to be sent to Baden, and ordered that in case of refusal their troops should march upon Zurich and carry them off by force. "To Zurich belongs the right of ascertaining whether these men are guilty or not," said the deputies of that state, "and we have found no fault in them." On this the deputies of the cantons exclaimed, "Will you surrender them to us? Answer yes or no, and not a word more." Two deputies of Zurich mounted their horses and rode off with all haste to their constituents.

On their arrival the whole town was in agitation. If the prisoners were refused, the confederates would come and seek them with an armed force; to give them up was consenting to their death. Opinions were divided: Zwingle declared for their refusal. "Zurich," said he, "ought to remain faithful to its constitution." At last it was supposed a middle course had been found. "We will deliver the prisoners into your hands," said they to the diet, "but

on condition that you will examine them solely with regard to the affair of Ittingen, and not on their faith." The diet acceded to this proposition, and on Friday before St. Bartholomew's Day (18th August, 1524) the three Wirths and their friend, accompanied by four councilors of state and several armed men, quitted Zurich.

A deep concern was felt by all the city at the prospect of the fate which awaited the two youths and their aged companions. Sobbing alone was heard as they passed along. "Alas!" exclaims a contemporary, "what a mournful procession!" The churches were all filled. "God will punish us!" cried Zwingle. "Let us at least pray him to impart his grace to these poor prisoners and to strengthen them in the faith."

On Friday evening the accused arrived at Baden, where an immense crowd was waiting for them. At first they were taken to an inn, and thence to prison. They could scarcely advance, the crowd so pressed around to catch a sight of them. The father, who walked in front, turned toward his two sons and observed to them meekly, "See, my dear children, we are (as the apostle says) men appointed to death; for we are made a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men" (1 Cor. iv. 9). Then, as he saw among the crowd his deadly enemy, Am-Berg, the cause

of all his misfortunes, he went up to him and held out his hand, although the bailiff would have turned away. "There is a God in heaven who knows all things," said he calmly as he grasped his adversary's hand.

The examination began on the following day: the bailiff Wirth was first brought in. He was put to the torture, without any regard to his character or his age, but he persisted in declaring his innocence of the pillage and burning of Ittingen. He was then accused of having destroyed an image representing St. Anne. Nothing could be substantiated against the other prisoners, except that Adrian Wirth was married and preached after the manner of Zwingle and Luther, and that John Wirth had given the sacrament to a sick man without bell and taper.

But the more apparent their innocence, the greater was the fury of their adversaries. From morning until noon they inflicted the cruelest tortures on the old man. His tears could not soften his judges. John Wirth was treated with still greater barbarity. "Tell us," they asked him in the midst of his anguish, "whence did you learn this heretical faith? From Zwingle or from any other person?" And when he exclaimed, "O merciful and everlasting God, help and comfort me!" "Where is your Christ now?" said one of the deputies. When Adrian

appeared, Sebastian of Stein, the Bernese deputy, said to him, "Young man, tell us the truth; for if you refuse to do so, I swear by the knighthood that I gained on the very spot where the Lord suffered martyrdom that we will open your veins one after another."

They then fastened the young man to a rope and hoisted him into the air. "There, my little master," said Stein with a devilish sneer—"there is your wedding-present," alluding to the marriage of this youthful servant of the Lord.

When the examination was ended the deputies returned to their cantons to deliver their report, and did not meet again till four weeks after. The bailiff's wife, the mother of the two priests, repaired to Baden, carrying an infant child in her arms, to intercede with the judges. John Escher of Zurich accompanied her as her advocate. Among the judges he saw Jerome Stocker, landamman of Zug, who had been twice bailiff of Frauenfeld. "Landamman," said he, "you know the bailiff Wirth; you know that he has always been an upright man."—"You say the truth, my dear Escher," replied Stocker, "he has never injured anybody; fellow-citizens and strangers were always kindly welcomed to his table; his house was a convent, an inn and a hospital; and so, if he had committed robbery or murder, I would have made every exertion to obtain his pardon. But seeing that he has

burnt St. Anne, Christ's grandmother, he must die."—"The Lord have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Escher.

The gates were now shut: it was the 28th of September, and the deputies of Berne, Lucerne, Uri, Schwytz, Unterwalden, Zug, Glaris, Friburg and Soleure, having proceeded to deliberate on their judgment with closed doors, as was customary, passed sentence of death on the bailiff Wirth, on his son John, who was the firmest in his faith, and who appeared to have led away the others, and on the bailiff Rutiman. Adrian, the second son, was granted to his mother's tears.

The officers proceeded to the tower to fetch the prisoners. "My son," said the father to Adrian, "never avenge our death, although we have not deserved punishment." Adrian burst into tears. "Brother," said John, "the cross of Christ must always follow his word."

After the sentence was read the three Christians were led back to prison, John Wirth walking first, the two vice-bailiffs next, and a priest behind them.

As they were crossing the castle-bridge, on which was a chapel dedicated to St. Joseph, the priest called out to the two old men, "Fall down and call upon the saints." John Wirth, who was in front, turned round at these words and said, "Father, be firm. You know that there

is only one Mediator between God and man, the Lord Jesus Christ."—"Assuredly, my son," replied the old man, "and by the help of his grace I will continue faithful even to the end." Upon this they all three began to repeat the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father which art in heaven," and so crossed the bridge.

They were next conducted to the scaffold. John Wirth, whose heart was filled with the tenderest anxiety for his parent, bade him farewell. "My dearly beloved father," said he, "henceforward thou art no longer my father, and I am no longer thy son, but we are brothers in Christ our Lord, for whose name we must suffer death. To-day, if it be God's pleasure, my beloved brother, we shall go to him who is the Father of us all. Fear nothing."—"Amen!" replied the old man, "and may God Almighty bless thee, my beloved son and brother in Christ!"

Thus, on the threshold of eternity, did father and son take leave of each other, hailing the new mansions in which they should be united by everlasting ties. The greater part of those around them shed floods of tears. The bailiff Rutiman prayed in silence. All three then knelt down "in Christ's name," and their heads rolled upon the scaffold.

The crowd, observing the marks of torture upon their bodies, gave loud utterance to their

grief. The two bailiffs left twenty-two children and forty-five grandchildren. Hannah was obliged to pay twelve golden crowns to the executioner who had deprived her husband and her son of life.

Thus blood, innocent blood, had been shed. Switzerland and the Reformation were baptized with the blood of the martyrs. The great enemy of the gospel had done his work, but in doing it his power was broken. The death of the Wirths was to accelerate the triumphs of the Reformation.

VIII.

LECLERC AND CHATELAIN, THE FIRST MARTYRS IN FRANCE,

A. D. 1525.

The evangelical doctrine was making its way into the first families of Metz. The Chevalier D'Esch, a man highly respected, and the dean's intimate friend, had just been converted. The friends of the gospel rejoiced. "The knight, our worthy master," repeated Peter, adding with noble candor, "if, however, we are permitted to have a master upon earth."

Thus Metz was about to become a focus of light, when the imprudent zeal of Leclerc suddenly arrested this slow but sure progress, and

aroused a storm that threatened utter ruin to the rising Church. The common people of Metz continued walking in their old superstitions, and Leclerc's heart was vexed at seeing this great city plunged in "idolatry." One of their great festivals was approaching. About a league from the city stood a chapel containing images of the Virgin and of the most celebrated saints of the country, and thither all the inhabitants of Metz were in the habit of making a pilgrimage on a certain day in the year to worship the images and to obtain the pardon of their sins.

The eve of the festival had arrived: Leclerc's pious and courageous soul was violently agitated. Has not God said, "Thou shalt not bow down to their gods; but thou shalt utterly overthrow them, and quite break down their images"? Leclerc thought that this command was addressed to him, and without consulting either Chatelain, Esch or any of those whom he might have suspected would have dissuaded him, quitted the city in the evening, just as night was coming on, and approached the chapel. There he pondered a while, sitting silently before the statues. He still had it in his power to withdraw; but to-morrow, in a few hours, the whole city, that should worship God alone, would be kneeling down before these blocks of wood and stone. A struggle ensued

in the wool-comber's bosom like that which we trace in so many Christians of the primitive ages of the Church. What matters it to him that what he sees are the images of saints, and not of heathen gods and goddesses? Does not the worship which the people pay to these images belong to God alone? Like Polyeucte before the idols in the temple, his heart shudders, his courage revives:

> "Ne perdons plus de temps, le sacrifice est prêt,
> Allons y du vrai Dieu soutenir l'intérêt;
> Allons fouler aux pieds ce foudre ridicule,
> Dont arme un bois pourri ce peuple trop crédule;
> Allons en éclairer l'aveuglement fatal,
> Allons briser ces dieux de pierre et de métal;
> Abandonnons nos jours à cette ardeur céleste—
> Faisons triompher Dieu;—qu'il dispose du reste."
>
> CORNEILLE: *Polyeucte.*

Leclerc arose, approached the images, took them down and broke them in pieces, indignantly scattering their fragments before the altar. He doubted not that the Spirit of the Lord had excited him to this action, and Theodore Beza thinks the same. After this Leclerc returned to Metz, which he entered at daybreak, unnoticed save by a few persons as he was entering the gates.

Meanwhile, all were in motion in the ancient city; bells were ringing; the brotherhoods were assembling; and the whole population of Metz, headed by the canons, priests and monks, went

forth in solemn procession: they recited prayers or sung hymns to the saints they were going to adore; crosses and banners moved on in due order, and instruments of music or drums responded to the voices of the faithful. At length, after nearly an hour's march, the procession reached the place of pilgrimage. But what was the astonishment of the priests when, advancing, censer in hand, they discovered the images they had come to worship mutilated and covering the earth with their fragments! They recoiled with horror, and announced this sacrilegious act to the crowd. Suddenly the chanting ceased, the instruments were silent, the banners lowered, and the whole multitude was in a state of indescribable agitation. The canons, priests and monks endeavored to inflame their minds, and excited the people to search for the criminal and demand his death. But one cry burst from every lip: "Death, death to the sacrilegious wretch!" They returned to Metz in haste and in disorder.

Leclerc was known to all; many times he had called the images idols. Besides, had he not been seen at daybreak returning from the direction of the chapel? He was seized; he immediately confessed his crime, and conjured the people to worship God alone. But this language still further exasperated the fury of the multitude, who would have dragged

him to instant death. When led before his judges he boldly declared that Jesus Christ, God manifest in the flesh, should alone be adored. He was sentenced to be burnt alive, and taken out to the place of execution.

Here a fearful scene awaited him. The cruelty of his persecutors had been contriving all that could render his punishment more horrible. Near the scaffold men were heating pincers that were to serve as the instruments of their rage. Leclerc, firm and calm, heard unmoved the wild yells of the monks and people. They began by cutting off his right hand; then, taking up the burning pincers, they tore off his nose; after this, they lacerated his arms, and when they had thus mangled them in several places they concluded by burning his breasts. While his enemies were in this manner wreaking their vengeance on his body, Leclerc's mind was at rest. He recited solemnly and with a loud voice these words of David: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not; they have ears, but they hear not; noses have they, but they smell not; they have hands, but they handle not; feet have they, but they walk not; neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every

one that trusteth in them. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord; he is their help and their shield" (Ps. cxv. 4–9).

The sight of such fortitude daunted the enemies and strengthened the faithful; the people, who had before shown so much anger, were astonished and touched with compassion. After these tortures Leclerc was burnt by a slow fire, in conformity with his sentence. Such was the death of the first martyr of the gospel in France.

But the priests of Metz were not satisfied. In vain had they endeavored to shake the constancy of Chatelain. "He is deaf as an adder," said they, "and refuses to hear the truth." He was seized by the creatures of the cardinal of Lorraine and carried to the castle of Nommeny.

He was then degraded by the bishop's officers, who stripped him of his priestly vestments and scraped his fingers with a piece of glass, saying, "By this scraping we deprive thee of the power to sacrifice, consecrate and bless which thou receivedst by the anointing of hands." Then, throwing over him a layman's dress, they surrendered him to the secular power, which condemned him to be burnt alive. The pile was soon erected and the minister of God consumed by the flames. "Lutheranism spread not the less through the whole

district of Metz," say the authors of the history of the Gallican Church, who in other respects highly approve of this severity.

IX.

PASTOR SCHUCH,

A. D. 1525.

THE fury of the enemy had broken out in Lorraine with redoubled violence. The provincial of the Cordeliers, Bonaventure Renel, confessor to Duke Anthony the Good, a man devoid of shame and not very commendable on the score of morals, gave this weak prince, who reigned from 1508 to 1544, great license in his pleasures, and persuaded him, almost by way of penance, to destroy the innovators without mercy. "It is enough for every one to know his *Pater* and his *Ave*," this prince, so well tutored by Renel, would say; "the greater the doctor, the greater the disturbance."

Toward the end of 1524 the duke's court was informed that a pastor named Schuch was preaching some new doctrine in the town of St. Hippolyte, at the foot of the Vosges. "Let them return to their duty," said Anthony *the Good*, "or else I will march against the city and destroy it by fire and sword."

Upon this the faithful pastor resolved to give himself up for his flock, and repaired to Nancy, where the prince was residing. As soon as he arrived he was thrown into a filthy prison under the guard of brutal and cruel men, and Friar Bonaventure at last saw the heretic in his power. It was he who presided at the trial. "Heretic! Judas! devil!" exclaimed he. Schuch, calm and collected, made no reply to this abuse, but, holding in his hands a Bible all covered with notes, he meekly yet forcibly confessed Christ crucified. On a sudden he became animated; he stood up boldly, and raising his voice, as if filled by the Spirit from on high, looked his judges in the face and threatened them with the terrible judgments of God.

Brother Bonaventure and his companions, amazed and transported with rage, rushed upon him with violent cries, tore away the Bible from which he was reading this menacing language, "and like mad dogs," says the chronicler, "unable to bite his doctrine, they burnt it in their convent."

All the court of Lorraine resounded with the obstinacy and impudence of the minister of St. Hippolyte, and the prince, curious to hear the heretic, desired to be present at his last interrogatory, but in secret, however, and concealed from every eye. As the examination took place in Latin, he could not understand a word,

but he was struck with the firm countenance of the minister, who seemed neither vanquished nor confounded. Exasperated at such obstinacy, Anthony the Good rose up, and said as he withdrew, "Why do you still dispute? He denies the sacrament of the mass; let them proceed to execution against him." Schuch was instantly condemned to be burnt alive. When the sentence was made known to him he raised his eyes to heaven, saying mildly, "'I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.'"

On the 19th of August, 1525, the whole city of Nancy was in motion. The bells were tolling for the death of a heretic. The mournful procession set out. It was necessary to pass before the convent of the Cordeliers, who, rejoicing and expectant, had assembled before the gate. At the moment Schuch appeared Father Bonaventure, pointing to the carved images over the portals of the convent, exclaimed, "Heretic! pay honor to God, to his mother and to the saints."—"Ye hypocrites!" replied Schuch, standing erect before these blocks of wood and stone, "God will destroy you and bring your deceits to light."

When the martyr reached the place of execution his books were burnt before his face; he was then called upon to retract, but he refused, saying, "It is thou, O God, who hast

called me, and thou wilt give me strength unto the end." After this he began to repeat aloud the fifty-first Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O Lord, according to thy loving-kindness." Having mounted the pile, he continued to recite the psalm until the smoke and the flames stifled his voice.

Thus the persecutors of France and Lorraine beheld a renewal of their victories; at length men paid attention to their advice. The ashes of a heretic had been scattered to the winds at Nancy.

X.

JAMES PAVANNE,

A. D. 1524–25.

Martial Mazurier had been one of the most zealous preachers. He was accused of teaching very erroneous opinions, and even of having committed certain acts of violence while at Meaux.

"This Martial Mazurier, being at Meaux," says a manuscript of that city, "going to the church of the reverend Grey Friars, and seeing the image of St. Francis, with the five wounds, outside of the convent-gate, where that of St. Roch now stands, threw it down and broke it in pieces." Mazurier was apprehended and

sent to the Conciergerie, when he suddenly fell into deep reflection and severe anguish. It was the morality rather than the doctrine of the gospel that had attracted him to the ranks of the Reformers; and morality left him without strength. Alarmed at the prospect of the stake, and decidedly of opinion that in France the victory would remain on the side of Rome, he easily persuaded himself that he would enjoy more influence and honor by returning to the papacy. Accordingly, he retracted what he had taught, and caused doctrines the very opposite of those he had previously held to be preached in his parish; and, subsequently joining the most fanatical doctors, and particularly the celebrated Ignatius Loyola, he became from that time the most zealous supporter of the papal cause. From the days of the emperor Julian apostates, after their infidelity, have always become the most merciless persecutors of the doctrines they had once professed.

Mazurier soon found an opportunity of showing his zeal. The youthful James Pavanne had also been thrown into prison. Martial hoped that by making him fall like himself he might cover his own shame. The youth, amiability, learning and uprightness of Pavanne created a general interest in his favor, and Mazurier imagined that he would himself be less culpa-

ble if he could persuade Master James to follow his example.

He visited him in prison, and began his manœuvres by pretending that he had advanced farther than Pavanne in the knowledge of the truth. "You are mistaken, James," he often repeated to him; "you have not gone to the depths of the sea; you only know the surface of the waters." Nothing was spared, neither sophistry, promises nor threats. The unhappy youth, seduced, agitated and shaken, sank at last under these perfidious attacks, and publicly retracted his pretended errors on the morrow of Christmas Day, 1524. But from that hour a spirit of dejection and remorse was sent on Pavanne by the Almighty. A deep sadness preyed upon him, and he was continually sighing. "Alas!" repeated he, "there is nothing but bitterness for me in life." Sad wages of unbelief! He might be seen with a melancholy air, his eyes fixed on the earth, groaning inwardly and severely reproaching himself for having denied his Saviour and his God.

Pavanne was undoubtedly the most diffident and inoffensive of men; but what mattered it? He had been at Meaux, and in those days that was sufficient. "Pavanne has relapsed," was the cry: "'the dog is turned to his own vomit again, and the sow that was washed to her wal-

lowing in the mire.'" He was immediately arrested, thrown into prison and taken before his judges. This was all that the youthful James required. He felt comforted as soon as he was in chains, and found strength sufficient to confess Jesus Christ with boldness. The cruel persecutors smiled as they saw that, this time at least, nothing could save their victim; there was no recantation, no flight, no powerful patronage. The young man's mildness, his candor and courage, failed to soften his adversaries. He regarded them with love, for by casting him into prison they had restored him to tranquillity and joy; but his tender looks only served to harden their hearts. His trial was soon concluded: a pile was erected on the Grêve, where Pavenne died rejoicing, strengthening by his example all those who in that large city believed openly or secretly in the gospel of Christ.

XI.

THE HERMIT OF LIVRY,

A. D. 1525.

In the forest of Livry, three leagues from Paris, and not far from the spot where once stood the ancient abbey of the Augustines,

dwelt a hermit who, in his excursions having met with some men of Meaux, had received the evangelical doctrine in his heart. The poor hermit had felt himself rich in his retreat when one day, returning with the scanty food that public charity bestowed on him, he carried back Jesus Christ and his grace. From that time he found that it was better to give than to receive. He went from house to house in the surrounding villages, and as soon as he had opened the doors of the poor peasants whom he visited in their humble huts, he spoke to them of the gospel, of the perfect pardon that it offers to the burdened soul, and which is far better than absolution. Ere long the good hermit of Livry was known in the environs of Paris; people went to visit him in his lowly cell, and he became a mild and fervent missionary for the simple souls of that district.

The rumor of the doings of this new evangelist did not fail to reach the ears of the Sorbonne and of the magistrates of Paris. The hermit was seized, dragged from his hermitage, from his forest, from those fields through which he used to wander daily, thrown into a prison in that great city which he had ever shunned, and condemned "to suffer the exemplary punishment of the slow fire."

In order to render the example more striking, it was determined that he should be burnt

alive at the front of Notre Dame, before that splendid cathedral, that majestic symbol of Roman Catholicism. All the clergy were convoked, and as much pomp was displayed as on the most solemn festivals. They would, if possible, have attracted all Paris round the stake. "the great bell of the church of Notre Dame," says an historian, "tolling solemnly to arouse the citizens." The people flocked in crowds through all the streets that led into the square. The deep tones of the bell drew the workman from his toil, the scholar from his books, the merchant from his traffic, the soldier from his idleness, and already the wide space was covered by an immense crowd, which still kept increasing. The hermit, clad in the garments assigned to obstinate heretics, with head and feet bare, had been led before the gates of the cathedral. Calm, firm and collected, he made no reply to the exhortations of the confessors who presented him a crucifix, save by declaring that his sole hope was in the pardon of God. The doctors of the Sorbonne in the front ranks of the spectators, seeing his constancy and the effect it was producing on the people, cried aloud, "He is damned: they are leading him to hell fire!" The great bell still continued tolling, and its loud notes, by stunning the ears of the crowd, increased the solemnity of this mournful spectacle. At length the bell was

silent, and the martyr, having replied to the last questions of his enemies that he was resolved to die in the faith of his Lord Jesus Christ, was burnt by a slow fire, according to the tenor of his sentence. And thus, in front of Notre Dame, amid the shouts and emotion of a whole people, under the shadow of the towers raised by the piety of Louis the Younger, peacefully died a man whose name history has not transmitted to us except as the "Hermit of Livry."

XII.

WOLSEY'S VICTIMS,

A. D. 1526.

In England, John Clark, John Fryth, Henry Sumner, William Betts, Richard Taverner, Richard Cox, Michael Drumm, Godfrey Harman, Thomas Lawney, Radley and others besides of Cardinal's College; Udal, Diet and others of Corpus Christi; Eden and several of his friends of Magdalen; Goodman, William Bayley, Robert Ferrar, John Salisbury of Gloucester, Barnard and St. Mary's Colleges,—were seized and thrown into prison. Wolsey* had promised them glory; he gave them a dungeon, hoping in this manner to save the power

* The favorite cardinal of Henry VIII. of England.

of the priests and to repress that awakening of truth and liberty which was spreading from the Continent to England.

Under Cardinal's College there was a deep cellar sunk in the earth in which the butler kept his salt fish. Into this hole these young men, the choice of England, were thrust. The dampness of this cave, the corrupted air they breathed, the horrible smell given out by the fish, seriously affected the prisoners, already weakened by study. Their hearts were bursting with groans, their faith was shaken, and the most mournful scenes followed each other in this foul dungeon. The wretched captives gazed on one another, wept and prayed. This trial was destined to be a salutary one to them. "Alas!" said Fryth on a subsequent occasion, "I see that besides the word of God there is indeed a second purgatory; but it is not that invented by Rome: it is the cross of tribulation to which God has nailed us."

At last the prisoners were taken out one by one and brought before their judges; two only were released. The first was Betts, afterward chaplain to Anne Boleyn: they had not been able to find any prohibited books in his room, and he pleaded his cause with great talent. The other was Taverner; he had hidden Clark's books under his schoolroom floor, where they had been discovered; but his love for the arts

saved him. "Pshaw! he is only a musician," said the cardinal.

All the rest were condemned, A great fire was kindled at the top of the market-place; a long procession was marshaled, and these unfortunate men were led out, each bearing a fagot. When they came near the fire they were compelled to throw into it the heretical books that had been found in their rooms, after which they were taken back to their noisome prison. There seemed to be a barbarous pleasure in treating these young and generous men so vilely.

In other countries also Rome was preparing to stifle in the flames the noblest geniuses of France, Spain and Italy. Such was the reception letters and the gospel met with from popery in the sixteenth century. Every plant of God's must be beaten by the wind, even at the risk of its being uprooted; if it receives only the gentle rays of the sun, there is reason to fear that it will dry up and wither before it produces fruit. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone." There was to arise one day a real Church in England, for the persecution had begun.

We have to contemplate still further trials.

Clark and the other confessors of the name of Christ were still confined in their underground prison. The air they breathed, the food

they took (and they ate nothing but salt fish), the burning thirst this created, the thoughts by which they were agitated, all together combined to crush these noble-hearted men. Their bodies wasted day by day; they wandered like spectres up and down their gloomy cellar. Those animated discussions in which the deep questions then convulsing Christendom were so eloquently debated were at an end; they were like shadow meeting shadow. Their hollow eyes cast a vague and haggard glance on one another, and after gazing for a moment they passed on without speaking. Clark, Sumner, Bayley and Goodman, consumed by fever, feebly crawled along, leaning against their dungeon walls. The first, who was also the eldest, could not walk without the support of one of his fellow-prisoners. Soon he was quite unable to move, and lay stretched upon the damp floor. The brethren gathered round him sought to discover in his features whether death was not about to cut short the days of him who had brought many of them to the knowledge of Christ. They repeated to him slowly the words of Scripture, and then knelt down by his side and uttered a fervent prayer.

Clark, feeling his end draw near, asked for the communion. The jailers conveyed his request to their master; the noise of the bolts was soon heard, and a turnkey, stepping into

the midst of the disconsolate band, pronounced a cruel No. On hearing this Clark looked toward heaven, and exclaimed with a Father of the Church, *Crede et manducasti* (Believe and thou hast eaten). He was lost in thought: he contemplated the crucified Son of God; by faith he ate and drank the flesh and blood of Christ, and experienced in his inner life the strengthening action of the Redeemer. Men might refuse him the Host, but Jesus had given him his body; and from that hour he felt strengthened by a living union with the King of heaven.

Not alone did Clark descend into the shadowy valley: Sumner, Bayley and Goodman were sinking rapidly. Death, the gloomy inhabitant of this foul prison, had taken possession of these four friends. The brethren addressed fresh solicitations to the cardinal, at that time closely occupied in negotiations with France, Rome and Venice. He found means, however, to give a moment to the Oxford martyrs; and just as these Christians were praying over their four dying companions the commissioner came and informed them that "his lordship, of his great goodness, permitted the sick persons to be removed to their own chambers." Litters were brought, on which the dying men were placed and carried to their rooms; the doors were closed again upon

those whose lives this frightful dungeon had not yet attacked.

It was the middle of August. The wretched men, who had passed six months in the cellar, were transported in vain to their chambers and their beds; several members of the university ineffectually tried by their cares and their tender charity to recall them to life. It was too late. The severities of popery had killed these noble witnesses. The approach of death soon betrayed itself; their blood grew cold, their limbs stiff, and their bedimmed eyes sought only Jesus Christ, their everlasting hope. Clark, Sumner and Bayley died in the same week; Goodman followed close upon them.

XIII.

THOMAS BENNET,

A. D. 1530.

THE city of Exeter was at that time in great agitation; placards had been discovered on the gates of the cathedral containing some of the principles of the "new doctrine." While the mayor and his officers were seeking after the author of these "blasphemies" the bishop and all his doctors, "as hot as coals," says the chronicler, were preaching in the most fiery style. On the following Sunday, during the

sermon, two men who had been the busiest of all the city in searching for the author of the bills were struck by the appearance of a person seated near them. "Surely this fellow is the heretic," they said. But their neighbor's devotion, for he did not take his eyes off his book, quite put them out; they did not perceive that he was reading the New Testament in Latin.

This man, Thomas Bennet, was indeed the offender. Being converted at Cambridge by the preaching of Bilney, whose friend he was, he had gone to Torrington for fear of the persecution, and thence to Exeter, and became a schoolmaster. Quiet, humble, courteous to everybody, and somewhat timid, Bennet had lived six years in that city without his faith being discovered. At last, his conscience being awakened, he resolved to fasten by night to the cathedral-gates certain evangelical placards. "Everybody will read the writing," he thought, "and nobody will know the writer." He did as he had proposed.

Not long after the Sunday on which he had been so nearly discovered the priests prepared a great pageant, and made ready to pronouce against the unknown heretic the great curse "with book, bell and candle." The cathedral was crowded, and Bennet himself was among the spectators. In the middle stood a great

cross on which lighted tapers were placed, and around it were gathered all the Franciscans and Dominicans of Exeter. One of the priests having delivered a sermon on the words, "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel," the bishop drew near the cross and pronounced the curse against the offender. He took one of the tapers and said, "Let the soul of the unknown heretic, if he be dead already, be quenched this night in the pains of hell-fire, as this candle is now quenched and put out;" and with that he put out the candle. Then taking off a second, he continued: "And let us pray to God, if he be yet alive, that his eyes be put out, and that all the senses of his body may fail him, as now the light of this candle is gone;" extinguishing the second candle. After this one of the priests went up to the cross and struck it, when the noise it made in falling, re-echoing along the roof, so frightened the spectators that they uttered shrieks of terror, and held up their hands to heaven, as if to pray that the divine curse might not fall on them. Bennet, a witness of this comedy, could not forbear smiling. "What are you laughing at?" asked his neighbor. "Here is the heretic! here is the heretic! hold him fast." This created great confusion among the crowd, some shouting, some clapping their hands, others running to and fro; but owing to the tumult Bennet succeeded in making his escape.

The excommunication did but increase his desire to attack the Romish superstitions; and accordingly, before five o'clock the next morning (it was in the month of October, 1530), his servant-boy, by his orders, fastened up again on the cathedral-gates some placards similar to those which had been torn down. It chanced that a citizen going early to mass saw the boy, and, running up to him, caught hold of him and pulled down the papers; and then dragging the boy with one hand, and with the placards in the other, he went to the mayor of the city. Bennet's servant was recognized; his master was immediately arrested and put in the stocks, "with as much favor as a dog would find," says Fox.

Exeter seemed determined to make itself the champion of sacerdotalism in England. For a whole week not only the bishop, but all the priests and friars of the city, visited Bennet night and day. But they tried in vain to prove to him that the Romish Church was the true one. "God has given me grace to be of a better Church," he said.—"Do you know that ours is built upon St. Peter?"—"The Church that is built upon a man," he replied, "is the devil's Church, and not God's." His cell was continually thronged with visitors, and in default of arguments the most ignorant of the friars called the prisoner a heretic and spat

upon him. At length they brought to him a learned doctor of theology, who, they supposed, would infallibly convert him. "Our ways are God's ways," said the doctor gravely. But he soon discovered that theologians can do nothing against the word of the Lord. "He only is my way," replied Bennet, "who saith, 'I am the way, the truth and the life.' In his *way* will I walk; his *truth* will I embrace; his everlasting *life* will I seek."

He was condemned to be burnt; and More having transmitted the order *de comburendo* with the utmost speed, the priests placed Bennet in the hands of the sheriff on the 15th of January, 1531, by whom he was conducted to the Livery-dole, a field without the city, where the stake was prepared. When Bennet arrived at the place of execution he briefly exhorted the people, but with such unction that the sheriff's clerk, as he heard him, exclaimed, "Truly this is the servant of God." Two persons, however, seemed unmoved: they were Thomas Carew and John Barnehouse, both holding the station of gentlemen. Going up to the martyr, they exclaimed in a threatening voice, "Say, *Precor sanctam Mariam et omnes sanctos Dei.*"—"I know no other advocate but Jesus Christ," replied Bennet. Barnehouse was so enraged at these words that he took a furze-bush upon a pike, and, setting it on fire,

thrust it into the martyr's face, exclaiming, "Accursed heretic, pray to Our Lady or I will make you do it."—"Alas!" replied Bennet patiently, "trouble me not;" and then, holding up his hands, he prayed, "Father, forgive them!" The executioners immediately set fire to the wood, and the most fanatical of the spectators, both men and women, seized with an indescribable fury, tore up stakes and bushes, and whatever they could lay their hands on, and flung them all into the flames to increase their violence. Bennet, lifting up his eyes to heaven, exclaimed, "Lord, receive my spirit." Thus died in the sixteenth century a disciple of the Reformation, sacrificed by Henry VIII.

XIV.

JOHN PETIT,

A. D. 1530.

FEW citizens were more esteemed in London than John Petit, who, in the House of Commons, had nobly resisted the king's demand about a loan. Petit was learned in history and in Latin literature, he spoke with eloquence, and for twenty years had worthily represented the city. Whenever any important affair was debated in Parliament the king, feeling uneasy, was in the habit of inquiring

which side he took. This political independence, very rare in Henry's Parliaments, gave umbrage to that prince and his ministers. Petit, the friend of Bilney, Fryth and Tyndale, had been one of the first in England to taste the sweetness of God's word, and had immediately manifested that beautiful characteristic by which the gospel faith makes itself known—namely, charity. He abounded in almsgiving, supported a great number of poor preachers of the gospel in his own country and beyond the seas; and whenever he noted down these generous aids in his books he wrote merely the words, "Lent unto Christ." He moreover forbade his testamentary executors to call in these debts.

Petit was tranquilly enjoying the sweets of domestic life in his modest home in the society of his wife and two daughters, Blanche and Audrey, when he received an unexpected visit. One day, as he was praying in his closet, a loud knock was heard at the street-door. His wife ran to open it, but seeing Lord Chancellor More, she returned hurriedly to her husband and told him that the lord chancellor wanted him. More, who followed her, entered the closet, and with inquisitive eye ran over the shelves of the library, but could find nothing suspicious. Presently he made as if he would retire, and Petit accompanied him. The chan-

cellor stopped at the door and said to him, "You assert that you have none of these new books?"—"You have seen my library," replied Petit.—"I am informed, however," replied More, "that you not only read them, but pay for the printing." And then he added in a severe tone, "Follow the lieutenant." In spite of the tears of his wife and daughters this independent member of Parliament was conducted to the Tower and shut up in a damp dungeon, where he had nothing but straw to lie upon. His wife went thither each day in vain, asking with tears permission to see him, or at least to send him a bed; the jailers refused her everything; and it was only when Petit fell dangerously ill that the latter favor was granted him. This took place in 1530; sentence was passed in 1531. He left his prison, indeed, but only to sink under the cruel treatment he had there experienced.

Thus were the witnesses to the truth struck down by the priests, by Sir Thomas More and by Henry VIII.

XV.

THOMAS BILNEY,

A. D. 1530.

THERE was among the hearers of Hugh Latimer one man almost hidden through his

small stature: it was Thomas Bilney. For some time he had been watching Latimer's movements, and his zeal interested him, though it was a zeal without knowledge. His energy was not great, but he possessed a delicate tact, a skillful discernment of character, which enabled him to distinguish error and to select the fittest method for combating it. Accordingly, a chronicler styles him a "trier of Satan's subtleties, appointed by God to detect the bad money that the enemy was circulating throughout the Church." Bilney easily detected Latimer's sophisms, but at the same time loved his person and conceived the design of winning him to the gospel. But how to manage it? The prejudiced Latimer would not even listen to the evangelical Bilney. The latter reflected, prayed, and at last planned a very candid and very strange plot, which led to one of the most astonishing conversions recorded in history.

He went to the college where Latimer resided. "For the love of God," he said to him, "be pleased to hear my confession." The *heretic* prayed to make confession to the *Catholic:* what a singular fact! "My discourse against Melanchthon has no doubt converted him," said Latimer to himself. "Has not Bilney once been among the number of the most pious zealots? His pale face, his wasted frame and his humble

look are clear signs that he ought to belong to the ascetics of Catholicism. If he turns back, all will turn back with him, and the reaction will be complete at Cambridge." The ardent Latimer eagerly yielded to Bilney's request, and the latter, kneeling before the cross-bearer, related to him with touching simplicity the anguish he had once felt in his soul, the efforts he had made to remove it, their unprofitableness so long as he determined to follow the precepts of the Church, and, lastly, the peace he had felt when he believed that Jesus Christ is the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. He described to Latimer the spirit of adoption he had received, and the happiness he experienced in being able now to call God his Father. Latimer, who expected to receive a confession, listened without mistrust. His heart was opened, and the voice of the pious Bilney penetrated it without obstacle. From time to time the confessor would have chased away the new thoughts which came crowding into his bosom, but the penitent continued. His language, at once so simple and so lively, entered like a two-edged sword. Bilney was not without assistance in his work. A new, a strange witness—the Holy Ghost—was speaking in Latimer's soul. He learned from God to know God: he received a new heart. At length grace prevailed: the

penitent rose up, but Latimer remained seated, absorbed in thought. The strong cross-bearer contended in vain against the words of the feeble Bilney. Like Saul on the way to Damascus, he was conquered, and his conversion, like the apostle's, was instantaneous. He stammered out a few words; Bilney drew near him with love, and God scattered the darkness which still obscured his mind. He saw Jesus Christ as the only Saviour given to man: he contemplated and adored him. "I learnt more by this confession," he said afterward, "than by much reading and in many years before. I now tasted the word of God, and forsook the doctors of the school and all their fooleries." It was not the penitent but the confessor who received absolution. Latimer viewed with horror the obstinate war he had waged against God; he wept bitterly, but Bilney consoled him. "Brother," said he, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." These two young men, then locked in their solitary chamber at Cambridge, were one day to mount the scafffold for that divine Master whose spirit was teaching them. But one of them before going to the stake was first to sit on an episcopal throne.

Latimer was changed. The energy of his character was tempered by a divine unction. Becoming a believer, he had ceased to be superstitious. Instead of persecuting Jesus

Christ, he became a zealous seeker after him. Instead of caviling and railing, he showed himself meek and gentle; instead of frequenting company, he sought solitude, studying the Scriptures and advancing in true theology. He threw off the old man and put on the new. He waited upon Stafford, begged forgiveness for the insult he had offered him, and then regularly attended his lectures, being subjugated more by this doctor's angelic conversation than by his learning. But it was Bilney's society Latimer cultivated most. They conversed together daily, took frequent walks together into the country, and occasionally rested at a place long known as "the Heretics' Hill."

So striking a conversion gave fresh vigor to the evangelical movement. Hitherto, Bilney and Latimer had been the most zealous champions of the two opposite causes, the one despised, the other honored; the weak man had conquered the strong. This action of the Spirit of God was not thrown away upon Cambridge. Latimer's conversion, as of old the miracles of the apostles, struck men's minds; and was it not in truth a miracle? All the youth of the university ran to hear Bilney preach. He proclaimed "Jesus Christ as He who, having tasted death, has delivered his people from the penalty of sin." While the doctors of the school

(even the most pious of them) laid most stress upon *man's* part in the work of redemption, Bilney, on the contrary, emphasized the other term—namely, *God's* part. This doctrine of grace, said his adversaries, annuls the sacraments and contradicts baptismal regeneration. The selfishness which forms the essence of fallen humanity rejected the evangelical doctrine, and felt that to accept it was to be lost. "Many listened with *the left ear*," to use an expression of Bilney's, "like Malchus having their *right* ear cut off;" and they filled the university with their complaints.

But Bilney did not allow himself to be stopped. The idea of eternity had seized on his mind, and perhaps he still retained some feeble relic of the exaggerations of asceticism. He condemned every kind of recreation, even when innocent. Music in the churches seemed to him a mockery of God; and when Thurlby, who was afterward a bishop, and who lived at Cambridge in the room below his, used to begin playing on the recorder, Bilney would fall on his knees and pour out his soul in prayer: to him prayer was the sweetest melody. He prayed that the lively faith of the children of God might in all England be substituted for the vanity and pride of the priests. He believed —he prayed—he waited. His waiting was not to be in vain.

Latimer trod in his footsteps: the transformation of his soul was going on; and the more fanaticism he had shown for the sacerdotal system, which places salvation in the hands of of the priest, the more zeal he now showed for the evangelical system, which places it in the hands of Christ.

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While strong passions were agitating Henry's palace, the most moving scenes, produced by Christian faith, were stirring the nation. Bilney, animated by that courage which God sometimes gives to the weakest men, seemed to have lost his natural timidity, and preached for a time with an energy quite apostolic. He taught that all men should first acknowledge their sins and condemn them, and then hunger and thirst after that righteousness which Jesus Christ gives. To this testimony borne to the truth he added his testimony against error. "These five hundred years," he added, "there hath been no good pope, and in all the times past we can find but fifty; for they have neither preached nor lived well, nor conformably to their dignity; wherefore unto this day they have borne the keys of simony."

As soon as he descended from the pulpit this pious scholar, with his friend Arthur, visited the neighboring towns and villages. "The Jews and Saracens would long ago have become be-

lievers," he once said at Wilsdon, "had it not been for the idolatry of Christian men in offering candles, wax and money to stocks and stones." One day when he visited Ipswich, where there was a Franciscan convent, he exclaimed, "The cowl of St. Francis wrapped round a dead body hath no power to take away sins. *Ecce agnus Dei qui tollit peccata mundi*" (John i. 29). The poor monks, who were little versed in Scripture, had recourse to the *almanac* to convict the *Bible* of error. "St. Paul did rightly affirm," said Friar John Brusierd, "that there is but one mediator of God and man, because as yet there was no *saint* canonized or put into the calendar."—"Let us ask of the Father in the name of the Son," rejoined Bilney, "and he will give unto us."—"You are always speaking of the Father, and never of the *saints*," replied the friar; "you are like a man who has been looking so long upon the sun that he can see nothing else." As he uttered these words the monk seemed bursting with anger. "If I did not know that the *saints* would take everlasting vengeance upon you, I would surely with these nails of mine be your death." Twice, in fact, did two monks pull Bilney out of his pulpit. He was arrested and taken to London.

Arthur, instead of fleeing, began to visit the flocks which his friend had converted. "Good

people," said he, "if I should suffer persecution for the preaching of the gospel, there are seven thousand more that would preach it as I do now. Therefore, good people! good people!" (and he repeated these words several times in a sorrowful voice), "think not that if these tyrants and persecutors put a man to death, the preaching of the gospel therefore is to be forsaken. Every Christian man—yea, every layman—is a priest. Let our adversaries preach by the authority of the cardinal, others by the authority of the university, others by the pope's; we will preach by the authority of God. It is not the man who brings the word that saves the soul, but the word which the man brings. Neither bishops nor popes have the right to forbid any man to preach the gospel; and if they kill him he is not a heretic, but a martyr."

The priests were horrified at such doctrines. In their opinion, there was no God out of their Church, no salvation out of their sacrifices. Arthur was thrown into the same prison as Bilney.

On the 27th of November, 1527, the cardinal and the archbishop of Canterbury, with a great number of bishops, divines and lawyers, met in the chapter-house of Westminster, where Bilney and Arthur were brought before them. But the king's prime minister thought it be-

neath his dignity to occupy his time with miserable heretics. Wolsey had hardly commenced the examination when he rose, saying, "The affairs of the realm call me away; all such as are found guilty you will compel them to abjure, and those who rebel you will deliver over to the secular power." After a few questions proposed by the bishop of London the two accused men were led back to prison.

Abjuration or death—that was Wolsey's order. But the conduct of the trial was confided to Tonstall; Bilney conceived some hope. "Is it possible," he said to himself, "that the bishop of London, the friend of Erasmus, will gratify the monks? I must tell him that it was the Greek Testament of his learned master that led me to the faith." Upon which the humble evangelist, having obtained paper and ink, set about writing to the bishop from his gloomy prison those admirable letters which have been transmitted to posterity. Tonstall, who was not a cruel man, was deeply moved, and then a strange struggle took place—a judge wishing to save the prisoner, the prisoner desiring to give up his life. Tonstall had no desire to compromise himself by acquitting Bilney. "Submit to the Church," said the bishop, "for God speaks only through it." But Bilney, who knew that God speaks in the Scriptures, remained inflexible. "Very well, then," said Ton-

stall, taking up the prisoner's eloquent letters; "in discharge of my conscience I shall lay these letters before the court." He hoped, perhaps, that they would touch his colleagues, but he was deceived. He determined, therefore, to make a fresh attempt.

On the 4th of December, Bilney was brought again before the court. "Abjure your errors," said Tonstall. Bilney refusing by a shake of the head, the bishop continued: "Retire into the next room and consider." Bilney withdrew, and, returning shortly after with joy beaming in his eyes, Tonstall thought he had gained the victory. "You will return to the Church, then?" said he. The doctor answered calmly, "*Fiat judicium in nomine Domini.*"—"Be quick!" continued the bishop; "this is the last moment, and you will be condemned."—"*Hæc est dies quam fecit Dominus,*" answered Bilney, "*exultemus et lætemur in ea!*" (Ps. cxviii. 24). Upon this Tonstall took off his cap, and said, "*In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti. Exsurgat Deus et dissipentur inimici ejus!*" (Ps. lxviii. 1). Then making the sign of the cross on his forehead and on his breast, he gave judgment: "Thomas Bilney, I pronounce thee convicted of heresy." He was about to name the penalty. A last hope restrained him; he stopped: "For the rest of the sentence we take deliberation until to-morrow." Thus was the

struggle prolonged between two men, one of whom desired to walk to the stake, the other to bar the way as it were with his own body.

"Will you return to the unity of the Church?" asked Tonstall the next day.—"I hope I was never separated from the Church," answered Bilney.—"Go and consult with some of your friends," said the bishop, who was resolved to save his life; "I will give you till one o'clock in the afternoon." In the afternoon Bilney made the same answer. "I will give you two nights' respite to deliberate," said the bishop; "on Saturday, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, the court will expect a plain, definitive answer." Tonstall reckoned on the night, with its dreams, its anguish and its terrors, to bring about Bilney's recantation.

This extraordinary struggle occupied many minds both in court and city. Anne Boleyn and Henry VIII. watched with interest the various phases of this tragic history. What will happen? was the general question. Will he give way? Shall we see him live or die? One day and two nights still remained; everything was tried to shake the Cambridge doctor. His friends crowded to his prison; he was overwhelmed with arguments and examples; but an inward struggle, far more terrible than those without, agitated the pious Bilney. "Whoever will save his soul shall lose it," Christ had said.

That selfish love of his soul which is found even in the advanced Christian—that self, which after his conversion had been not absorbed, but overruled by the Spirit of God—gradually recovered strength in his heart in the presence of disgrace and death. His friends who wished to save him, not understanding that the fallen Bilney would be Bilney no longer, conjured him with tears to have pity on himself; and by these means overcame his firmness. The bishop pressed him, and Bilney asked himself, "Can a young soldier like me know the rules of war better than an old soldier like Tonstall? Or can a poor silly sheep know his way to the fold better than the chief pastor of London?" His friends quitted him neither night nor day, and, entangled by their fatal affection, he believed at last that he had found a compromise which would set his conscience at rest. "I will preserve my life," he said, "to dedicate it to the Lord." This delusion had scarcely laid hold of his mind before his views were confused, his faith was veiled; the Holy Ghost departed from him; God gave him over to his carnal thoughts, and under the pretext of being useful to Jesus Christ for many years Bilney disobeyed him at the present moment. Being led before the bishops on the morning of Saturday, the 7th of December, at nine o'clock, he fell, and whilst the false friends who had misled him

hardly dared raise their eyes, the living Church of Christ in England uttered a cry of anguish. "If ever you come in danger for God's quarrel," said Latimer, "I would advise you, above all things, to abjure all your friendships; leave not one unabjured. It is they that shall undo you, and not your enemies." It was his very friends that brought Bilney to it.

On the following day (Sunday, 8th December) Bilney was placed at the head of a procession, and the fallen disciple, bareheaded, with a fagot on his shoulders, stood in front of St. Paul's Cross while a priest from the pulpit exhorted him to repentance; after which he was led back to prison.

What a solitude for the wretched man! At one time the cold darkness of his cell appeared to him as a burning fire; at another he fancied he heard accusing voices crying to him in the silence of the night. Death, the very enemy he had wished to avoid, fixed his icy glance upon him and filled him with fear. He strove to escape from the horrible spectre, but in vain. Then the friends who had dragged him into this abyss crowded round and endeavored to console him; but if they gave utterance to any of Christ's gentle promises, Bilney started back with affright and shrank to the farthest part of the dungeon, with a cry "as though a man had run him through the heart with a sword." Hav-

ing denied the word of God, he could no longer endure to hear it. The curse of the Apocalypse, "Ye mountains, hide me from the wrath of the Lamb!" was the only passage of Scripture in harmony with his soul. His mind wandered, the blood froze in his veins, he sank under his terrors; he lost all sense, and almost his life, and lay motionless in the arms of his astonished friends. "God," exclaimed those unhappy individuals who had caused his fall—"God by a just judgment delivers up to the tempests of their conscience all who deny his truth."

* * * * * *

A meek and humble man, one dear to all the friends of the gospel, and whom we may regard as the spiritual father of the Reformation in England, was on the point of mounting the burning pile raised by his persecutors. Some time prior to Petit's appearance before his judges, which took place in 1531, an unusual noise was heard in the cell above him; it was Thomas Bilney, whom they were conducting to the Tower. We left him at the end of 1528, after his fall. Bilney had returned to Cambridge tormented by remorse; his friends in vain crowded round him by night and by day; they could not console him, and even the Scriptures seemed to utter no voice but that of condemnation. Fear

made him tremble constantly, and he could scarcely eat or drink. At length a heavenly and unexpected light dawned in the heart of the fallen disciple; a witness whom he had vexed—the Holy Spirit—spoke once more in his heart. Bilney fell at the foot of the cross, shedding floods of tears, and there he found peace. But the more God comforted him, the greater seemed his crime. One only thought possessed him, that of giving his life for the truth. He had shrunk from before the burning pile; its flames must now consume him. Neither the weakness of his body, which his long anguish had much increased, nor the cruelty of his enemies, nor his natural timidity,—nothing could stop him: he strove for the martyr's crown. At ten o'clock one night, when every person in Trinity Hall was retiring to rest, Bilney called his friends round him, reminded them of his fall, and added, "You shall see me no more. Do not stay me: my decision is formed, and I shall carry it out. My face is set to go to Jerusalem." Bilney repeated the words used by the evangelist when he describes Jesus going up to the city where he was to be put to death. Having shaken hands with his brethren, this venerable man, the foremost of the evangelists of England in order of time, left Cambridge under cover of the night, and pro-

ceeded to Norfolk to confirm in the faith those who had believed, and to invite the ignorant multitude to the Saviour.

Bilney possessed a sincere and lively piety, but a judgment less sound than many of his friends. He had not got rid of certain scruples which in Luther and Calvin had yielded to the supreme authority of God's word. In his opinion none but priests consecrated by bishops had the power to bind and loose. This mixture of truth and error had caused his fall. Such sincere but imperfectly enlightened persons are always to be met with—persons who, agitated by the scruples of their conscience, waver between Rome and the word of God.

At last faith gained the upper hand in Bilney. Leaving his Cambridge friends, he had gone into the eastern counties to meet his martyrdom. One day, arriving at a hermitage in the vicinity of Norwich where a pious woman dwelt, his words converted her to Christ. He then began to preach "openly in the fields" to great crowds. His voice was heard in all the country. Weeping over his former fall, he said, "That doctrine which I once abjured is the truth. Let my example be a lesson to all who hear me."

Before long he turned his steps in the direction of London, and, stopping at Ipswich, was not content to preach the gospel only, but

violently attacked the errors of Rome before an astonished audience. Some monks had crept among his hearers, and Bilney, perceiving them, called out, "'The Lamb of God taketh away the sins of the world.' If the bishop of Rome dares say that the hood of St. Francis saves, he blasphemes the blood of the Saviour." John Huggen, one of the monks, immediately made a note of the words. Bilney continued: "To invoke the saints, and not Christ, is to put the head under the feet and the feet above the head." Richard Seman, the other brother, took down these words. "Men will come after me," continued Bilney, "who will teach the same faith, the true gospel of our Saviour, and will disentangle you from the errors in which deceivers have bound you so long." Brother Julius hastened to write down the bold prediction.

Latimer, surrounded by the favors of the king and the luxury of the great, watched his friend from afar. He called to mind their walks in the fields round Cambridge, their serious conversation as they climbed the hill afterward called after them the "Heretics' Hill," and the visits they had paid together to the poor and to the prisoners. Latimer had seen Bilney very recently at Cambridge in fear and anguish, and had tried in vain to restore him to peace. "He now rejoiced that God had endued him

with such strength of faith that he was ready to be burnt for Christ's sake."

Bilney, drawing still nearer to London, arrived at Greenwich about the middle of July. He procured some New Testaments, and, hiding them carefully under his clothes, called upon a humble Christian named Staple. Taking them "out of his sleeves," he desired Staple to distribute them among his friends. Then, as if impelled by a thirst for martyrdom, he turned again toward Norwich, whose bishop, Richard Nix, a blind octogenarian, was in the front rank of the persecutors. Arriving at the solitary place where the pious "anchoress" lived, he left one of the precious volumes with her. This visit cost Bilney his life. The poor solitary read the New Testament, and lent it to the people who came to see her. The bishop, hearing of it, informed Sir Thomas More, who had Bilney arrested, brought to London and shut up in the Tower.

Bilney began to breathe again: a load was taken off him; he was about to suffer the penalty his fall deserved. In the room next his was John Petit, a member of Parliment of some eloquence, who had distributed his books and his alms in England and beyond the seas. Philips, the under-jailer of the Tower, who was a good man, told the two prisoners that only a wooden partition separated them, which was

a source of great joy to both. He would often remove a panel and permit them to converse and take their frugal meals together.

This happiness did not last long. Bilney's trial was to take place at Norwich, where he had been captured: the aged bishop Nix wanted to make an example in his diocese. A crowd of monks—Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans and Carmelites—visited the prison of the evangelist to convert him. Dr. Gall, provincial of the Franciscans, having consented that the prisoner should make use of Scripture, was shaken in his faith; but, on the other hand, Stokes, an Augustinian and a determined papist, repeated to Bilney, "If you die in your opinions, you will be lost."

The trial commenced, and the Ipswich monks gave their evidence. "He said," deposed William Cade, "that the Jews and Saracens would have been converted long since if the idolatry of the Christians had not disgusted them with Christianity."—"I heard him say," added Richard Neale, "'Down with your gods of gold, silver and stone!'"—"He stated," resumed Cade, "that the priests take away the offerings from the saints and hang them about their women's necks, and then, if the offerings do not prove fine enough, they are put upon the images again."

Every one foresaw the end of this piteous

trial. One of Bilney's friends endeavored to save him. Latimer took the matter into the pulpit and conjured the judges to decide according to justice. Although Bilney's name was not uttered, they all knew who was meant. The bishop of London went and complained to the king that his chaplain had the audacity to defend the heretic against the bishop and his judges. "There is not a preacher in the world," said Latimer, "who would not have spoken as I have done, although Bilney had never existed." The chaplain escaped once more, thanks to the favor he enjoyed with Henry.

Bilney was condemned, and, after being degraded by the priests, was handed over to the sheriff, who, having great respect for his virtues, begged pardon for discharging his duty. The prudent bishop wrote to the chancellor, asking for an order to burn the heretic. "Burn him first," rudely answered More, "and then ask me for a bill of indemnity."

A few of Bilney's friends went to Norwich to bid him farewell: among them was Parker, archbishop of Canterbury. It was in the evening, and Bilney was taking his last meal. On the table stood some frugal fare, and on his countenance beamed the joy that filled his soul. "I am surprised," said one of his friends, "that you can eat so cheerfully."—"I

only follow the example of the husbandmen of the county," answered Bilney, "who, having a ruinous house to dwell in, yet bestow cost so long as they may hold it up." With these words he rose from the table and sat down near his friends, one of whom said to him, "To-morrow the fire will make you feel its devouring fierceness, but God's Holy Spirit will cool it for your everlasting refreshing." Bilney, appearing to reflect upon what had been said, stretched out his hand toward the lamp that was burning on the table and placed his finger in the hot flame. "What are you doing?" they exclaimed.—"Nothing," he replied; "I am only trying my flesh. To-morrow God's rods shall burn my whole body in the fire." And still keeping his finger in the flame, as if he were making a curious experiment, he continued, "I feel that fire by God's ordinance is naturally hot, but yet I am persuaded, by God's holy word and the experience of the martyrs, that when the flames consume me I shall not feel them. Howsoever this stubble of my body shall be wasted by it, a pain for the time is followed by joy unspeakable." He then withdrew his finger, the first joint of which was burnt. He added, "'When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burnt.'"—"These words remained imprinted on the hearts of all who heard

them until the day of their death," says a chronicler.

Beyond the city-gate—that known as the "Bishop's Gate"—was a low valley called the "Lollards' Pit;" it was surrounded by rising ground, forming a sort of amphitheatre. On Saturday, the 19th of August, a body of javelin-men came to fetch Bilney, who met them at the prison-gate. One of his friends approaching and exhorting him to be firm, Bilney replied, "When the sailor goes on board his ship and launches out into the stormy sea, he is tossed to and fro by the waves, but the hope of reaching a peaceful haven makes him bear the danger. My voyage is beginning, but, whatever storms I shall feel, my ship will soon reach the port."

Bilney passed through the streets of Norwich in the midst of a dense crowd; his demeanor was grave, his features calm. His head had been shaved, and he wore a layman's gown. Dr. Warner, one of his friends, accompanied him; another distributed liberal alms all along the route. The procession descended into the Lollards' Pit, while the spectators covered the surrounding hills. On arriving at the place of punishment Bilney fell on his knees and prayed, and then, rising up, warmly embraced the stake and kissed it. Turning his eyes toward heaven, he next repeated the

Apostles' Creed, and when he confessed the incarnation and crucifixion of the Saviour his emotion was such that even the spectators were moved. Recovering himself, he took off his gown and ascended the pile, reciting the hundred and forty-third Psalm. Thrice he repeated the second verse: "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no man living be justified." And then he added, "'I stretch forth my hands unto thee: my soul thirsteth after thee.'" Turning toward the executioner, he said, "Are you ready?"—"Yes," was the reply. Bilney placed himself against the post, and held up the chain which bound him to it. His friend Warner, with eyes filled with tears, took a last farewell. Bilney smiled kindly at him and said, "Doctor, *pasce gregem tuum;* feed your flock, that when the Lord cometh he may find you so doing." Several monks who had given evidence against him, perceiving the emotion of the spectators, began to tremble, and whispered to the martyr, "These people will believe that we are the cause of your death, and will withhold their alms." Upon which Bilney said to them, "Good folks, be not angry against these men for my sake; even should they be the authors of my death, *it is not they*." He knew that his death proceeded from the will God. The torch was applied to the pile: the fire smouldered for a

few minutes, and then, suddenly burning up fiercely, the martyr was heard to utter the name of Jesus several times. A strong wind which blew the flames on one side prolonged his agony; thrice they seemed to retire from him, and thrice they returned, until at length, the whole pile being kindled, he expired.

A strange revolution took place in men's minds after his death: they praised Bilney, and even his persecutors acknowledged his virtues. "Mother of Christ!" exclaimed the bishop of Norwich (it was his usual oath), "I fear I have burnt Abel and let Cain go." Latimer was inconsolable; twenty years later he still lamented his friend, and one day, preaching before Edward VI., he called to mind that Bilney was always doing good, even to his enemies, and styled him "that blessed martyr of God."

XVI.

RICHARD BAYFIELD,

A. D. 1531.

One martyrdom was not sufficient for the enemies of the Reformation in England. Stokesley, Lee, Gardiner and other prelates and priests, feeling themselves guilty toward Rome, which they had sacrified to their personal ambition, desired to expiate their faults by sacrificing the

Reformers. Seeing at their feet a fatal gulf dug between them and the Roman pontiff by their faithlessness, they desired to fill it up with corpses. The persecution continued.

There was at that time a pious evangelist in the dungeons of the bishop of London. He was fastened upright to the wall, with chains round his neck, waist and legs. Usually the most guilty prisoners were permitted to sit down, and even to lie on the floor, but for this man there was no rest. It was Richard Bayfield, accused of bringing from the Continent a number of New Testaments translated by Tyndale. When one of his jailers told him of Bilney's martyrdom, he exclaimed, "And I too, and hundreds of men with me, will die for the faith he has confessed." He was brought shortly afterward before the episcopal court. "With what intent," asked Stokesley, "did you bring into the country the errors of Luther, Œcolampadius the great heretic, and others of that damnable sect?"—"To make the gospel known," answered Bayfield, "and to glorify God before the people." Accordingly, the bishop, having condemned and then degraded him, summoned the lord mayor and sheriffs of London, "by the bowels of Jesus Christ" (he had the presumption to say), to do to Bayfield "according to the *laudable custom* of the famous realm of England." "O ye priests!" said the gospeler, as

if inspired by the Spirit of God, "is it not enough that your lives are wicked, but you must prevent the life according to the gospel from spreading among the people?" The bishop took up his crosier and struck Bayfield so violently on the chest that he fell backward and fainted. He revived by degrees, and said, on regaining his consciousness, "I thank God that I am delivered from the wicked Church of Antichrist, and am going to be a member of the true Church which reigns triumphant in heaven." He mounted the pile; the flames, touching him only on one side, consumed his left arm. With his right hand Bayfield separated it from his body, and the arm fell. Shortly after this he ceased to pray, because he had ceased to live.

XVII.

JOHN TEWKESBURY,

A. D. 1531.

JOHN TEWKESBURY, one of the most respected merchants in London, whom the bishops had put twice to the rack already, and whose limbs they had broken, felt his courage revived by the martyrdom of his friend. "CHRIST ALONE!" he said habitually: these two words were all his theology. He was arrested, taken

to the house of Sir Thomas More at Chelsea, shut up in the porter's lodge, his hands, feet and head being held in the stocks; but they could not obtain from him the recantation they desired. The officers took him into the chancellor's garden, and bound him so tightly to the *tree of truth*, as the renowned scholar called it, that the blood started out of his eyes; after which they scourged him. Tewkesbury remained firm.

On the 16th of December the bishop of London went to Chelsea and formed a court. "Thou art a heretic," said Stokesley, "a backslider; thou hast incurred the great excommunication. We shall deliver thee up to the secular power." He was burnt alive at Smithfield on the 20th of December, 1531. "Now," said the fanatical chancellor—"now is he uttering cries in hell!"

XVIII.

JAMES BAINHAM,

A. D. 1532.

At that time there were many Christians in England to whom the Romish worship brought no edification. Having procured Tyndale's translation of the word of God, they felt that they possessed it not only for themselves, but

for others. They sought each other's company, and met together to read the Bible and receive spiritual graces from God. Several Christian assemblies of this kind had been formed in London in garrets, in warehouses, schools and shops, and one of them was held in a warehouse in Bow Lane. Among its frequenters was the son of a Gloucestershire knight, James Bainham by name, a man well read in the classics and a distinguished lawyer, respected by all for his piety and works of charity. To give advice freely to widows and orphans, to see justice done to the oppressed, to aid poor students, protect pious persons and visit the prisons were his daily occupation. "He was an earnest reader of Scripture, and mightily addicted to prayer. When he entered the meeting every one could see that his countenance expressed a calm joy; but for a month past his Bow Lane friends noticed him to be agitated and cast down, and heard him sighing heavily. The cause was this. Some time before (in 1531), when he was engaged about his business in the Middle Temple, this "model of lawyers" had been arrested by order of More, who was still chancellor, and taken like a criminal to the house of the celebrated humanist at Chelsea. Sir Thomas, quite distressed at seeing a man so distinguished leave the Church of Rome, had employed all his

eloquence to bring him back; but finding his efforts useless, he had ordered Bainham to be taken into his garden and tied to "the tree of truth." There the chancellor whipped him, or caused him to be whipped: we adopt the latter version, which is more probable. Bainham, having refused to give the names of the gentlemen of the Temple tainted with heresy, was taken to the Tower. "Put him on the rack," cried the learned chancellor, now become a fanatical persecutor. The order was obeyed in his presence. The arms and legs of the unfortunate Protestant were seized by the instrument and pulled in opposite directions; his limbs were dislocated, and he went lame out of the torture-chamber.

Sir Thomas had broken his victim's limbs, but not his courage; and accordingly, when Bainham was summoned before the bishop of London, he went to the palace rejoicing to have to confess his Master once more. "Do you believe in purgatory?" said Stokesley to him sternly. Bainham answered, "'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.'"—"Do you believe that we ought to call upon the saints to pray for us?"—He again answered, "'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.'"

A man who answered only by texts from Scripture was embarrassing. Chancellor More

Stokesley made the most alluring promises, and no means were spared to bend him. Before long they resorted to more serious representations. "The arms of the Church your mother are still open to you," they said, "but if you continue stubborn they will close against you for ever. It is now or never." For a whole month the bishop and the chancellor persevered in their entreaties. Bainham replied, "My faith is that of the holy Church." Hearing these words, Foxford, the bishop's secretary, took out a paper. "Here is the abjuration," he said; "read it over." Bainham began: "'I voluntarily, as a true penitent returned from my heresy, utterly abjure—'" At these words he stopped, and glancing over what followed, he continued: "No, these articles are not heretical, and I cannot retract them." Other springs were now set in motion to shake Bainham. The prayers of his friends, the threats of his enemies, especially the thought of his wife, whom he loved, and who would be left alone in destitution exposed to the anger of the world,—these things troubled his soul. He lost sight of the narrow path he ought to follow, and five days later he read his abjuration with a faint voice. But he had hardly got to the end before he burst into tears, and said, struggling with his emotion, "I reserve the doctrines." He consented to remain in the Romish Church, still preserving his

evangelical faith. But this was not what the bishop and his officers meant. "Kiss that book," they said to him threateningly. Bainham, like one stunned, kissed the book; that was the sign; the abjuration was looked upon as complete. He was condemned to pay a fine of twenty pounds sterling and to do penance at St. Paul's Cross. After that he was set at liberty, on the 17th of February.

Bainham returned to the midst of his brethren: they looked sorrowfully at him, but did not reproach him with his fault. That was quite unnecessary. The worm of remorse was preying on him; he abhorred the fatal kiss by which he had sealed his fall; his conscience was never quiet; he could neither eat nor sleep, and trembled at the thought of death. At one time he would hide his anguish and stifle it within his breast; at another his grief would break forth, and he would try to relieve his pain by groans of sorrow. The thought of appearing before the tribunal of God made him faint. The restoration of conscience to all its rights was the foremost work of the Reformation. Luther, Calvin and an endless number of more obscure Reformers had reached the haven of safety through the midst of such tempests. "A tragedy was being acted in all Protestant souls," says a writer who does not belong to the Reformation—the eternal tragedy of conscience.

Bainham felt that the only means of recovering peace was to accuse himself openly before God and man. Taking Tyndale's New Testament in his hand, which was at once his joy and his strength, he went to St. Austin's church, sat down quietly in the midst of the congregation, and then at a certain moment stood up and said, "I have denied the truth—" He could not continue for his tears. On recovering, he said, "If I were not to return again to the doctrine I have abjured, this word of Scripture would condemn me both body and soul at the day of judgment;" and he lifted up the New Testament before all the congregation. "O my friends," he continued, "rather die than sin as I have done. The fires of hell have consumed me, and I would not feel them again for all the gold and glory of the world."

Then his enemies seized him again and shut him up in the bishop's coal-cellar, where, after putting him in irons, they left him for four days. He was afterward taken to the Tower, where he was scourged every day for a fortnight, and at last condemned as a relapsed heretic.

On the eve of his execution four distinguished men, one of whom was Latimer, were dining together in London. It was commonly reported that Bainham was to be put to death for saying that Thomas à Becket was a traitor worthy of hell. "Is it worth a man's while to sacrifice his

life for such a trifle?" said the four friends. "Let us go to Newgate and save him if possible." They were taken along several gloomy passages, and found themselves at last in the presence of a man sitting on a little straw, holding a book in one hand and a candle in the other. He was reading; it was Bainham. Latimer drew near him. "Take care," he said, "that no vain-glory make you sacrifice your life for motives which are not worth the cost."—"I am condemned," answered Bainham, "for trusting in Scripture and rejecting purgatory, masses and meritorious works. I acknowledge that for such truths a man must be ready to die." Bainham was ready, and yet he burst into tears. "Why do you weep?" asked Latimer.—"I have a wife," answered the prisoner, "the best that man ever had. A widow, destitute of everything and without a supporter, everybody will point at her and say, 'That is the heretic's wife.'" Latimer and his friends tried to console him, and then they departed from the gloomy dungeon.

The next day (30th of April, 1552) Bainham was taken to the scaffold. Soldiers on horseback surrounded the pile: Master Pave, the city-clerk, directed the execution. Bainham, after a prayer, rose up, embraced the stake, and was fastened to it with a chain. "Good people," he said to the persons who stood

round him, "I die for having said it is lawful for every man and woman to have God's book. I die for having said that the true key of heaven is not that of the bishop of Rome, but the preaching of the gospel. I die for having said that there is no other purgatory than the cross of Christ, with its consequent persecutions and afflictions."—"Thou liest, thou heretic!" exclaimed Pave; "thou hast denied the blessed sacrament of the altar."—"I do not deny the sacrament of Christ's body," resumed Bainham, "but I do deny your idolatry to a piece of bread."—"Light the fire!" shouted Pave. The executioners set fire to a train of gunpowder, and as the flame approached him Bainham lifted up his eyes toward heaven and said to the town-clerk, "God forgive thee! the Lord forgive Sir Thomas More!—Pray for me, all good people." The arms and legs of the martyr were soon consumed, and thinking only how to glorify his Saviour, he exclaimed, "Behold! you look for miracles; you may see one here, for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were on a bed of roses."

The primitive Church hardly had a more glorious martyr.

Pave had Bainham's image continually before his eyes, and his last prayer rang day and night in his heart. In the garret of his house, far removed from noise, he had fitted up a kind of

oratory where he had placed a crucifix, before which he used to pray and shed bitter tears. He abhorred himself: half mad, he suffered indescribable sorrow and struggled under great anguish. The dying Bainham had said to him, "May God show thee more mercy than thou hast shown to me!" But Pave could not believe in mercy: he saw no other remedy for his despair than death. About a year after Bainham's martyrdom he sent his domestics and clerks on different errands, keeping only one servant-maid in the house. As soon as his wife had gone to church he went out himself, bought a rope, and, hiding it carefully under his gown, went up into the garret. He stopped before the crucifix and began to groan and weep. The servant ran up stairs. "Take this rusty sword," he said; "clean it well, and do not disturb me." She had scarcely left the room when he fastened the rope to a beam and hanged himself.

The maid, hearing no sound, again grew alarmed, went up to the garret, and, seeing her master hanging, was struck with terror. She ran crying to the church to fetch her mistress home, but it was too late: the wretched man could not be recalled to life.

XIX.

JOHN FRYTH,

A. D. 1532.

One of the leading scholars of England was about to seal the testimony of his faith with blood. John Fryth had been one of the most brilliant stars of the University of Cambridge. "It would hardly be possible to find his equal in learning," said many. Accordingly, Wolsey had invited him to his college at Oxford, and Henry VIII. had desired to place him among the number of his theologians. But the mysteries of the word of God had more attraction for Fryth than those of science: the wants of conscience prevailed in him over those of the intellect, and, neglecting his own glory, he sought only to be useful to mankind. A sincere, decided, yet moderate Christian, preaching the gospel with great purity and love, this man of thirity seemed destined to become one of the most influential Reformers of England. Nothing could have prevented his playing the formost part if he had had Luther's enthusiastic energy or Calvin's indomitable power. There were less strong but perhaps more amiable features in his character; he taught with gentleness those who were opposed to the truth, and while many, as Fox says, "take

the bellows in hand to blow the fire, but few there are that will seek to quench it." Fryth sought after peace. Controversies between Protestants distressed him. "The opinions for which men go to war," he said, "do not deserve those great tragedies of which they make us spectators. Let there be no longer any question among us of Zwinglians or Lutherans, for neither Zwingle nor Luther died for us, and we must be one in Christ Jesus." This servant of Christ, meek and lowly of heart like his Master, never disputed even with papists, unless obliged to do so.

A true catholicism which embraced all Christians was Fryth's distinctive feature as a Reformer. He was not one of those who imagine that a national Church ought to think only of its own nation, but of those who believe that if a Church is the depositary of the truth, she is so for all the earth, and that a religion is not good if it has no longing to extend itself to all the races of mankind. There were some strongly-marked national elements in the English Reformation—the king and the Parliament; but there was also a universal element—a lively faith in the Saviour of the world. No one in the sixteenth century represented this truly catholic element better than Fryth. "I understand the Church of God in a wide sense," he said. "It contains all those whom we re-

gard as members of Christ. It is a net thrown into the sea." This principle, sown at that time as a seed in the English Reformation, was one day to cover the world with missionaries.

Fryth, having declined the brilliant offers the king had made to him through Cromwell and Vaughan, joined Tyndale in translating and publishing the Holy Scriptures in English. While laboring thus for England an irresistible desire came over him to circulate the gospel there in person. He therefore quitted the Low Countries, returned to London and directed his course to Reading, where the prior had been his friend. Exile had not used him well, and he entered that town miserably clothed and more like a beggar than one whom Henry VIII. had desired to place near him. This was in August, 1532.

His writings had preceded him. Having received, when in the Netherlands, three works composed in defence of purgatory by three distinguished men—Rastell, Sir Thomas More's brother-in-law, More himself, and Fisher, bishop of Rochester—Fryth had replied to them, "A purgatory! There is not *one* only; there are *two*. The first is the *word of God*, the second is the *cross of Christ:* I do not mean the cross of wood, but the cross of tribulation. But the lives of the papists are so wicked that they have invented a third."

Sir Thomas, exasperated by Fryth's reply, said, with that humorous tone he often affected, "I propose to answer the good young Father Fryth, whose wisdom is such that three old men like my brother Rastell, the bishop of Rochester and myself are mere babies when confronted with Father Fryth alone." The exile having returned to England, More had now the opportunity of avenging himself more effectually than by his jokes.

Fryth, as we have said, had entered Reading. His strange air and his look as of a foreigner arriving from a distant country attracted attention, and he was taken up for a vagabond. "Who are you?" asked the magistrate. Fryth, suspecting that he was in the hands of enemies of the gospel, refused to give his name, which increased the suspicion, and the poor young man was set in the stocks. As they gave him but little to eat, with the intent of forcing him to tell his name, his hunger soon became insupportable. Knowing the name of the master of the grammar-school, he asked to speak with him. Leonard Coxe had scarcely entered the prison when the pretended vagabond, all in rags, addressed him in correct Latin and began to deplore his miserable captivity. Never had words more noble been uttered in a dungeon so vile. The head-master, astonished at so much eloquence, compassionately drew near

the unhappy man and inquired how it came to pass that such a learned scholar was in such profound wretchedness. Presently he sat down, and the two men began to talk in Greek about the universities and languages. Coxe could not make it out: it was no longer simple pity that he felt, but love, which turned to admiration when he heard the prisoner recite with the purest accent those noble lines of the *Iliad* which were so applicable to his own case:

> "Sing, O Muse,
> The vengeance deep and deadly; whence to Greece
> Unnumbered ills arose; which many a soul
> Of mighty warriors to the viewless shades
> Untimely sent."

Filled with respect, Coxe hurried off to the mayor, complained bitterly of the wrong done to so remarkable a man, and obtained his liberation. Homer thus saved the life of a Reformer.

Fryth departed for London, and hastened to join the worshipers who were accustomed to meet in Bow Lane. He conversed with them, and exclaimed, "Oh, what consolation to see such a great number of believers walking in the way of the Lord!" These Christians asked him to expound the Scriptures to them, and, delighted with his exhortations, they exclaimed in their turn, "If the rule of St. Paul were followed, this man would certainly make a better bish-

op than many of those who wear the mitre." Instead of the crosier he was to bear the cross.

One of those who listened was in great doubt relative to the doctrine of the Lord's Supper, and one day, after Fryth had been setting Christ before them as the food of the Christian soul through faith, this person followed him and said, "Our prelates think differently; they believe that the bread, transformed by consecration, becomes the flesh, blood and bones of Christ —that even the wicked eat this flesh with their teeth, and that we must adore the Host. What you have just said refutes their errors, but I fear that I cannot remember it. Pray commit it to writing." Fryth, who did not like discussions, was alarmed at the request, and answered, "I do not care to touch that terrible tragedy;" for so he called the dispute about the Eucharist. The man having repeated his request, and promised that he would not communicate the paper to anybody, Fryth wrote an explanation of the doctrine of the sacrament and gave it the London Christian, saying, "We must eat and drink the body and blood of Christ, not with the teeth, but with the hearing and through faith." The brother took the treatise, and, hurrying home with it, read it carefully.

In a short time every one at the Bow Lane meeting spoke about this writing. One man,

a false brother, named William Holt, listened attentively to what was said, and thought he had found an opportunity of destroying Fryth. Assuming a hypocritical look, he spoke in a pious strain to the individual who had the manuscript, as if he had desired to enlighten his faith, and finally asked him for it. Having obtained it, he hastened to make a copy, which he carried to Sir Thomas More, who was still chancellor.

Fryth soon perceived that he had tried in vain to remain unknown; he called with so much power those who thirsted for righteousness to come to Christ for the waters of life that friends and enemies were struck with his eloquence. Observing that his name began to be talked of in various places, he quitted the capital and traveled unnoticed through several counties, where he found some little Christian congregations whom he tried to strengthen in the faith.

Tyndale, who remained on the Continent, having heard of Fryth's labors, began to feel great anxiety about him. He knew but too well the cruel disposition of the bishops and of More. "I will make the serpent come out of his dark den," Sir Thomas had said, speaking of Tyndale, "as Hercules forced Cerberus, the watch-dog of hell, to come out to the light of day. I will not leave Tyndale the darkest corner in which to hide his head." In Tyn-

dale's eyes Fryth was the great hope of the Church of England; he trembled lest the redoubtable Hercules should seize him. "Dearly beloved brother Jacob," he wrote—calling him Jacob to mislead his enemies—"be cold, sober, wise and circumspect, and keep you low by the ground, avoiding high questions that pass the common capacity. But expound the law truly, and open the veil of Moses to condemn all flesh and prove all men sinners. Then set abroach the mercy of our Lord Jesus, and let the wounded consciences drink of him. . . . All doctrine that casteth a mist on these two to shadow and hide them resist with all your power. . . . Beloved in my heart, there liveth not one in whom I have so great hope and trust, and in whom my heart rejoiceth; and not so much for your learning and what other gifts else you may have, as because you walk in those things that the conscience may feel, and not in the imagination of the brain. Cleave fast to the rock of the help of God; and if aught be required of you contrary to the glory of God and his Christ, then stand fast and commit yourself to God. He is our God, and our redemption is nigh."

Tyndale's fears were too well founded. Sir Thomas More held Fryth's new treatise in his hand; he read it, and gave way by turns to anger and sarcasm. "Whetting his wits, call-

ing his spirits together and sharpening his pen," to use the words of the chronicler, he answered Fryth, and described his doctrine under the image of a cancer. This did not satisfy him. Although he had returned the seals to the king in May, he continued to hold office until the end of the year. He ordered search to be made for Fryth, and set all his bloodhounds on the track. If the Reformer was discovered he was lost; when Sir Thomas More had once caught his man, nothing could save him—nothing but a merry jest perhaps. For instance: one day when he was examining a gospeler named Silver, "You know," he said with a smile, "that silver must be tried in the fire."—"Yes," retorted the accused instantly, "but not quicksilver." More, delighted with the repartee, set the poor wretch at liberty. But Fryth was no jester: he could not hope, therefore, to find favor with the ex-chancellor of England.

Sir Thomas hunted the Reformer by sea and by land, promising a great reward to any one who should deliver him up. There was no county or town or village where More did not look for him, no sheriff or justice of the peace to whom he did not apply, no harbor where he did not post some officer to catch him. But the answer from every quarter was, "He is not here." Indeed, Fryth, having been informed

of the great exertions of his enemy, was fleeing from place to place, often changing his dress, and finding safety nowhere. Determining to leave England and return to Tyndale, he went to Milton Shone in Essex with the intention of embarking. A ship was ready to sail, and, quitting his hiding-place, he went down to the shore with all precaution. He had been betrayed. More's agents, who were on the watch, seized him as he was stepping on board and carried him to the Tower. This occurred in October, 1532.

The news soon spread through London that Fryth was in the Tower, and several priests and bishops immediately went thither to try to bring him back to the pope. Their great argument was that More had confuted his treatise on the Lord's Supper. Fryth asked to see the confutation, but it was refused him. One day, the bishop of Winchester, having called up the prisoner, showed it to Fryth, and, holding it up, asserted that the book quite shut his mouth. Fryth stretched out his hand, but the bishop hastily withdrew the volume. More himself was ashamed of the apology, and did all he could to prevent its circulation. Fryth could only obtain a written copy, but he resolved to answer it immediately. There was no one with whom he could confer, not a book he could consult, and the chains with which he was loaded scarce-

ly allowed him to sit and write. But reading in his dungeon by the light of a small candle the insults of More, and finding himself charged with having collected all the poison that could be found in the writings of Wickliffe, Luther, Œcolampadius, Tyndale and Zwingle, this humble servant of God exclaimed, "No! Luther and his doctrine are not the mark I aim at, but the Scriptures of God."—"He shall pay for his heresy with the best blood in his body," said his enemies; and the pious disciple replied, "As the sheep bound by the hand of the butcher with timid look beseeches that his blood may soon be shed, even so do I pray my judges that my blood may be shed *to-morrow* if by my death the king's eyes should be opened."

Before he died Fryth desired to save, if it were God's will, one of his adversaries. There was one of them who had no obstinacy, no malice; it was Rastell, More's brother-in-law. Being unable to speak to him or to any of the enemies of the Reformation, he formed the design of writing in prison a treatise which should be called *The Bulwark*. But strict orders had recently arrived that he should have neither pen, ink nor paper. Some evangelical Christians of London, who succeeded in getting access to him, secretly furnished him with the means of writing, and Fryth began. He wrote, but at every moment he listened for fear the lieuten-

ant of the Tower or the warders should come upon him suddenly and find the pen in his hand. Often a bright thought would occur to him, but some sudden alarm drove it out of his mind, and he could not recall it. He took courage, however; he had been accused of asserting that good works were of no service; he proceeded to explain with much eloquence all their utility, and every time he repeated, "Is that nothing? is that still nothing? Truly, Rastell," he added, "if you only regard that as useful which justifies us, the sun is not useful, because it justifieth not."

As he was finishing these words he heard the keys rattling at the door, and, being alarmed, immediately threw paper, ink and pen into a hiding-place. However, he was able to complete the treatise and sent it to Rastell. More's brother-in-law read it; his heart was touched, his understanding enlightened, his prejudices cleared away, and from that hour this choice spirit was gained over to the gospel of Christ. God had given him new eyes and new ears. A pure joy filled the prisoner's heart. "Rastell now looks upon his natural reason as foolishness," he said. "Rastell, become a child, drinks the wisdom that cometh from on high."

The conversion of Sir Thomas More's brother-in-law made a great sensation, and the visits to Fryth's cell became every day more numer-

ous. Although separated from his wife and from Tyndale, whom he had been forced to leave in the Low Countries, he had never had so many friends, brothers, mothers and fathers; he wept for very joy. He took his pen and paper from their hiding-place, and, always indefatigable, began to write first *The Looking-glass of Self-knowledge*, and next a *Letter to the Faithful Followers of the Gospel of Christ.* "Imitators of the Lord," he said to them, "mark yourselves with the sign of the cross, not as the superstitious crowd does, in order to worship it, but as a testimony that you are ready to bear that cross as soon as God shall please to send it. Fear not when you have it, for you will also have a hundred fathers instead of one, a hundred mothers instead of one, a hundred mansions already in this life (for I have made the trial), and after this life joy everlasting."

At the beginning of 1533, Anne Boleyn having been married to the king of England, Fryth saw his chains fall off: he was allowed to have all he asked for, and even permitted to leave the Tower at night on parole. He took advantage of this liberty to visit the friends of the gospel and consult with them about what was to be done. One evening in particular, after leaving the Tower, Fryth went to Petit's house, anxious to embrace once more that great friend of the Reformation, that

firm member of Parliament, who had been thrown into prison, as we have seen, and at last set free. Petit, weakened by his long confinement, was near his end; the persecution agitated and pained him, and it would appear that his emotion sometimes ended in delirium. As he was groaning over the captivity of the young and noble Reformer, Fryth appeared. Petit was confused, his mind wandered. Is it Fryth or his ghost? He was like the apostles when Rhoda came to tell them that Peter was at the gate waiting to see them. But gradually recovering himself, Petit said, "You here? How have you escaped the vigilance of the warders?"—"God himself," answered Fryth, "gave me this liberty by touching their hearts." The two friends then conversed about the true reformation of England, which in their eyes had nothing to do with the diplomatic proceedings of the king. In their opinion it was not a matter of overloading the external Church with new frippery, but "to increase that elect, sanctified and invisible congregation, elect before the foundation of the world." Fryth did not conceal from Petit the conviction he felt that he would be called upon to die for the gospel. The night was spent in such Christian conversation, and the day began to dawn before the prisoner hastened to return to the Tower.

The evangelist's friends did not think as he did. Anne Boleyn's accession seemed as if it ought to open the doors of Fryth's prison, and in imagination they saw him at liberty and laboring either on the Continent or at home at that real reformation which is accomplished by the Scriptures of God.

But it was not to be so. Most of the evangelical men raised up by God in England during the reign of Henry VIII. found—not the influence which they should have exercised, but—death. Yet their blood has weighed in the divine balance; it has sanctified the Reformation of England, and been a spiritual seed for future ages. If the Church of that rich country, which possesses such worldly splendor, has nevertheless witnessed the development of a powerful evangelical life in its bosom, it must not forget the cause, but understand, with Tertullian, that *the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.*

The enemy was on the watch: the second period of Fryth's captivity, that which was to terminate in martyrdom, was beginning. Henry's bishops, who, while casting off the pope to please the king, had remained devoted to scholastic doctrines, feared lest the Reformer should escape them: they therefore undertook to solicit Henry to put him to death. Fryth had on his side the queen, Cromwell and Cranmer.

This did not discourage them, and they represented to the king that although the man was shut up in the Tower of London, he did not cease to write and act in defence of heresy. It was the season of Lent, and Fryth's enemies came to an understanding with Dr. Curwin, the king's chaplain, who was to preach before the court. He had no sooner got into the pulpit than he began to declaim against those who denied the material presence of Christ in the Host. Having struck his hearers with horror, he continued, "It is not surprising that this abominable heresy makes such great progress among us. A man now in the Tower of London has the audacity to defend it, and no one thinks of punishing him."

When the service was over the brilliant congregation left the chapel, and each as he went out asked what was the man's name. "Fryth," was the reply, and loud were the exclamations on hearing it. The blow took effect: the scholastic prejudices of the king were revived, and he sent for Cromwell and Cranmer. "I am very much surprised," he said, "that John Fryth has been kept so long in the Tower without examination. I desire his trial to take place without delay: and if he does not retract, let him suffer the penalty he deserves." He then nominated six of the chief spiritual and temporal peers of England to examine him: they were

the archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of London and Winchester, the lord chancellor, the duke of Suffolk and the earl of Wiltshire. This demonstrated the importance which Henry attached to the affair. Until now all the martyrs had fallen beneath the blows either of the bishops or of More, but in this case it was the king himself who stretched out his strong hand against the servant of God.

Henry's order plunged Cranmer into the cruelest anxiety. On the one hand, Fryth was in his eyes a disciple of the gospel, but, on the other, he attacked a doctrine which the archbishop then held to be Christian; for, like Luther and Osiander, he still believed in consubstantiation. "Alas!" he wrote to Archdeacon Hawkins, "he professes the doctrine of Œcolampadius." He resolved, however, to do everything in his power to save Fryth.

The best friends of the young Reformer saw that a pile was being raised to consume the most faithful Christian in England. "Dearly beloved," wrote Tyndale from Antwerp, "fear not men that threat, nor trust men that speak fair. Your cause is Christ's gospel, a light that must be fed with the blood of faith. The lamp must be trimmed daily, that the light go not out." There was no lack of examples to confirm these words: "Two have suffered in Antwerp unto the great glory of the gospel; four

at Ryselles in Flanders. At Rouen in France they persecute, and at Paris are five doctors taken for the gospel. See, you are not alone: follow the example of all your other dear brethren, who choose to suffer in hope of a better resurrection. Bear the image of Christ in your mortal body, and keep your conscience pure and undefiled. . . . *Una salus victis, nullam sperare salutem*—the only safety of the conquered is to look for none. If you could but write and tell us how you are!" In this letter from a martyr to a martyr there was one sentence honorable to a Christian woman: "Your wife is well content with the will of God, and would not for her sake have the glory of God hindered."

If friends were thinking of Fryth on the banks of the Scheldt, they were equally anxious about him on the banks of the Thames. Worthy citizens of London asked what was the use of England's quitting the pope to cling to Christ if she burnt the servants of Christ? The little Church had recourse to prayer. Archbishop Cranmer wished to save Fryth: he loved the man and admired his piety. If the accused appeared before the commission appointed by the king, he was lost: some means must be devised without delay to rescue him from an inevitable death. The archbishop declared that, before proceeding to trial, he wished to

have a conference with the prisoner and to endeavor to convince him; which was very natural. But at the same the primate appeared to fear that if the conference took place in London the people would disturb the public peace, as in the time of Wickliffe. He settled, therefore, that it should be held at Croydon, where he had a palace. The primate's fear seems rather strange. A riot on account of Fryth at a time when king, commons and people were in harmony appeared hardly probable. Cranmer had another motive.

Among the persons composing his household was a gentleman of benevolent character and with a leaning toward the gospel, who was distressed at the cruelty of the bishops, and looked upon it as a lawful and Christian act to rob them, if possible, of their victims. Giving him one of the porters of Lambeth Palace as a companion, Cranmer committed Fryth to his care to bring him to Croydon. They were to take the prisoner a journey of four or five hours on foot through fields and woods, without any constables or soldiers. A strange walk and a strange escort!

Lord Fitzwilliam, first earl of Southampton and governor of the Tower, at that time lay sick in his house at Westminster, suffering such severe pain as to force loud groans from him. On the 10th of June, at the desire of my lord

of Canterbury, the archbishop's gentleman and the Lambeth porter, Gallois, surnamed Perlebeane, were introduced into the nobleman's bedchamber, where they found him lying upon his bed in extreme agony. Fitzwilliam, a man of the world, was greatly enraged against the evangelicals, who were the cause, in his opinion, of all the difficulties of England. The gentleman respectfully presented to him the primate's letter and the king's ring. "What do you want?" he asked sharply, without opening the letter.—"His Grace desires your lordship to deliver Master Fryth to us." The impatient Southampton flew into a passion at the name, and cursed Fryth and all the heretics. He thought it strange that a gentleman and a porter should have to convey a prisoner of such importance to the episcopal court: were there no soldiers in the Tower? Had Fitzwilliam any suspicion, or did he regret to see the Reformer leave the walls within which he had been kept so safely? We cannot tell; but he must obey, for they brought him the king's signet. Accordingly, taking his own hastily from his finger, "Fryth?" he said, "Fryth? . . . Here, show this to the lieutenant of the Tower, and take away your heretic quickly. I am but too happy to get rid of him."

A few hours later, Fryth, the gentleman and Perlebeane entered a boat moored near the

Tower, and were rowed speedily to the archbishop's palace at Lambeth. At first the three persons preserved a strict silence, only interrupted from time to time by the deep sighs of the gentleman. Being charged to begin by trying to induce Fryth to make some compromise, he broke the silence at last. "Master Fryth," he said, "if you are not prudent you are lost. What a pity! You that are so learned in Latin and Greek and in the Holy Scriptures, the ancient doctors and all kinds of knowledge,—you will perish, and all your admirable gifts will perish with you, with little profit to the world, and less comfort to your wife and children, your kinsfolk and friends." The gentleman was silent a minute, and then began again: "Your position is dangerous, Master Fryth, but not desperate: you have many friends who will do all they can in your favor. On your part do something for them: make some concession, and you will be safe. Your opinion on the merely spiritual presence of the body and blood of the Saviour is premature: it is too soon for us in England; wait until a better time comes."

Fryth did not say a word: no sound was heard but the dash of the water and the noise of the oars. The gentleman thought he had shaken the young doctor, and after a moment's silence he resumed: "My lord Cromwell and my lord of Canterbury feel great affection for

you: they know that if you are young in years you are old in knowledge, and may become a most profitable citizen of this realm. . . . If you will be somewhat advised by their counsel they will never permit you to be harmed; but if you stand stiff to your opinion, it is not possible to save your life, for as you have good friends, so have you mortal enemies."

The gentleman stopped and looked at the prisoner. It was by such language that Bilney had been seduced, but Fryth kept himself in the presence of God, ready to lose his life that he might save it. He thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and said that his conscience would not permit him to recede, out of respect to man, from the true doctrine of the Lord's Supper. "If I am questioned on that point I must answer according to my conscience, though I should lose twenty lives if I had so many. I can support it by a great number of passages from the Holy Scriptures and the ancient doctors, and, if I am fairly tried, I shall have nothing to fear."—"Marry!" quoth the gentleman, "if you were fairly tried you would be safe; but that is what I very much doubt. Our Master Christ was not fairly tried, nor would he be, as I think, if he were now present again in the world. How, then, should you be, when your opinions are so little understood and are so odious?"—"I know," answered Fryth, "that the doctrine

which I hold is very hard meat to be digested just now; but listen to me." As he spoke he took the gentleman by the hand. "If you live twenty years more, you will see the whole realm of my opinion concerning this sacrament of the altar—all except a certain class of men. My death, you say, would be sorrowful to my friends, but it will be only for a short time. But, all things considered, my death will be better unto me and all mine than life in continual bondage. God knoweth what he hath to do with his poor servant, whose cause I now defend. He will help me, and no man shall prevail on me to step backward."

The boat reached Lambeth. The travelers landed, entered the archbishop's palace, and, after taking some refreshment, started on foot for Croydon, twelve miles from London.

The three travelers proceeded over the hills and through the plains of Surrey. Here and there flocks of sheep were grazing in the scanty pastures, and to the east stretched vast woods. The gentlemen walked mournfully by the side of Fryth. It was useless to ask him again to retract; but another idea engrossed Cranmer's officer—that of letting Fryth escape. The country was then thinly inhabited: the woods which covered it on the east and the chalky hills might serve as a hiding-place for the fugitive. The difficulty was to persuade

Perlebeane. The gentleman slackened his pace, called to the porter, and they walked by themselves behind the prisoner. When they were so far off that he could not hear their conversation the gentleman said, "You have heard this man, I am sure, and noted his talk since he came from the Tower?"—"I never heard so constant a man," Perlebeane answered, "nor so eloquent a person."—"You have heard nothing," resumed the gentleman, "in respect both of his knowledge and his eloquence. If you could hear him at the university or in the pulpit, you would admire him still more. England has never had such a one of his age with so much learning. And yet our bishops treat him as if he were a very dolt or an idiot! They abhor him as the devil himself, and want to get rid of him by any means."—"Marry!" said the porter, "if there were nothing else in him but the consideration of his person, both comely and amiable, his disposition, so gentle, meek and humble, it were pity he should be cast away."—"Cast away?" interrupted the gentleman; "he will certainly be cast away if we once bring him to Croydon." And lowering his voice, he continued, "Surely, before God I speak it, if thou, Perlebeane, wert of my mind, we should never bring him thither."—"What do you mean?" asked the astonished porter. Then,

after a moment's silence, he added, "I know that you have a great deal more responsibility in this matter than I have; and therefore, if you can honestly save this man, I will yield to your proposal with all my heart." The gentleman breathed again.

Cranmer had desired that all possible efforts should be made to change Fryth's sentiments, and these failing he wished to save him in another way. It was his desire that the Reformer should go on foot to Croydon—that he should be accompanied by two only of his servants, selected from those best disposed toward the new doctrine. The primate's gentleman would never have dared to take upon himself, except by his master's desire, the responsibility of conniving at the escape of a prisoner who was to be tried by the first personages of the realm, appointed by the king himself. Happy at having gained the porter to his enterprise, he began to discuss with him the ways and means. He knew the country well, and his plan was arranged.

"You see yonder hill before us?" he said to Perlebeane; "it is Brixton causeway, two miles from London. There are great woods on both sides. When we come to the top we will permit Fryth to escape to the woods on the left hand, whence he may easily get into Kent, where he was born and where he

has many friends. We will linger an hour or two on the road after his flight to give him time to reach a place of safety, and when night approaches we will go to Streatham, which is a mile and a half off, and make an outcry in the town that our prisoner has escaped into the woods on the right hand toward Wandsworth—that we followed him for more than a mile, and at length lost him because we were not many enough. At the same time we will take with us as many people as we can to search for him in that direction; if necessary, we will be all night about it; and before we can send the news of what has happened to Croydon, Fryth will be in safety and the bishops will be disappointed."

The gentleman, we see, was not very scrupulous about the means of rescuing a victim from the power of the Romish priests. Perlebeane thought as he did. "Your plan pleases me," he answered; "now go and tell the prisoner, for we are already at the foot of the hill."

The delighted gentleman hurried forward. "Master Fryth," he said, "let us talk together a little. I cannot hide from you that the task I have undertaken to bring you to Croydon as a sheep to the slaughter grieves me exceedingly, and there is no danger I would not brave to deliver you out of the lion's mouth. Yonder

good fellow and I have devised a plan whereby you may escape. Listen to me." The gentleman having described his plan, Fryth smiled amiably and said, "This, then, is the result of your long consultation together? You have wasted your time. If you were both to leave me here and go to Croydon, declaring to the bishops you had lost me, I should follow after as fast as I could, and bring them news that I had found and brought Fryth again."

The gentleman had not expected such an answer. A prisoner refuse his liberty! "You are mad," he said: "do you think your reasoning will convert the bishops? At Milton Shone you tried to escape beyond the sea, and now you refuse to save yourself!"—"The two cases are different," answered Fryth: "then I was at liberty, and, according to the advice of St. Paul, I would fain have enjoyed my liberty for the continuance of my studies. But now the higher power, as it were by Almighty God's permission, has seized me, and my conscience binds me to defend the doctrine for which I am persecuted if I would not incur our Lord's condemnation. If I should now run away, I should run from my God; if I should fly, I should fly from the testimony I am bound to bear to his holy word, and I should deserve a thousand hells. I most heartily thank you both for your good-will toward me; but I beseech you to

bring me where I was appointed to be brought, for else I will go thither all alone."

Those who desired to save Fryth had not counted upon so much integrity. Such were, however, the martyrs of Protestantism. The archbishop's two servants continued their route along with their strange prisoner. Fryth had a calm eye and cheerful look, and the rest of the journey was accomplished in pious and agreeable conversation. When they reached Croydon he was delivered to the officers of the episcopal court, and passed the night in the lodge of the primate's porter.

The next morning he appeared before the bishops and peers appointed to examine him. Cranmer and Lord Chancellor Audley desired his acquittal, but some of the other judges were men without pity. The examination began.

"Do you believe," they said, "that the sacrament of the altar is or is not the real body of Christ?"—Fryth answered, simply and firmly, "I believe that the bread is the body of Christ in that it is *broken*, and thus teaches us that the body of Christ was to be broken and delivered unto death to redeem us from our iniquities. I believe the bread is the body of Christ in that it is *distributed*, and thus teaches us that the body of Christ and the fruits of his passion are distributed unto all faithful people. I believe that the bread is the body of Christ so far as

it is *received*, and thus it teaches us that even as the outward man receiveth the sacrament with his teeth and mouth, so doth the inward man truly receive through faith the body of Christ and the fruits of his passion."

The judges were not satisfied: they wanted a formal and complete retraction. "Do you not think," asked one of them, "that the natural body of Christ, his flesh, blood and bones, are contained under the sacrament and are there present without any figure of speech?" —"No," he answered, "I do not think so;" adding with much humility and charity, "notwithstanding, I would not have that any should count my saying to be an article of faith. For even as I say that you ought not to make any necessary article of the faith of your part, so I say again that we make no necessary article of the faith of our part, but leave it indifferent for all men to judge therein as God shall open their hearts, and no side to condemn or despise the other, but to nourish in all things brotherly love and to bear one another's infirmities."

The commissioners then undertook to convince Fryth of the truth of transubstantiation, but he quoted Scripture, St. Augustine and Chrysostom, and eloquently defended the doctrine of the spiritual eating. The court rose. Cranmer had been moved, although he was still under the influence of Luther's teaching. "The

man spoke admirably," he said to Dr. Heath as they went out, "and yet in my opinion he is wrong." Not many years later he devoted one of the most important of his writings to an explanation of the doctrine now professed by the young Reformer: it may be that Fryth's words had begun to shake him.

Full of love for him, Cranmer desired to save him. Four times during the course of the examination he sent for Fryth and conversed with him privately, always asserting the Lutheran opinion. Fryth offered to maintain his doctrine in a public discussion against any one who was willing to attack it, but nobody accepted his challenge. Cranmer, distressed at seeing all his efforts useless, found there was nothing more for him to do: the cause was transferred to the ordinary, the bishop of London, and on the 17th of June the prisoner was once more committed to the Tower. The bishop selected as his assessors for the trial Longland, bishop of Lincoln, and Gardiner, bishop of Winchester: there were no severer judges to be found on the episcopal bench. At Cambridge, Fryth had been the most distinguished pupil of the clever and ambitious Gardiner, but this, instead of exciting the compassion of that hard man, did but increase his anger. "Fryth and his friends," he said, "are villains, blasphemers and limbs of the devil."

On the 20th of June, Fryth was taken to St. Paul's before the three bishops, and, though of a humble disposition and almost timid character, he answered boldly. A clerk took down all his replies, and Fryth, snatching up the pen, wrote, "I, Fryth, think thus. Thus have I spoken, written, defended, affirmed and published in my writings." The bishops having asked him if he would retract his errors, Fryth replied, "Let justice have its course and the sentence be pronounced." Stokesley did not keep him waiting long. "Not willing that thou, Fryth, who art wicked," he said, "shouldst become more wicked, and infect the Lord's flock with thy heresies, we declare thee excommunicate and cast out from the Church, and leave thee unto the secular powers, most earnestly requiring them in the truth of our Lord Jesus Christ that thy execution and punishment be not too extreme, *nor yet the gentleness too much mitigated.*"

Fryth was taken to Newgate and shut up in a dark cell, where he was bound with chains on the hands and feet as heavy as he could bear, and round his neck was a collar of iron which fastened him to a post, so that he could neither stand upright nor sit down. Truly the "gentleness" was not "too much mitigated." His charity never failed him. "I am going to die," he said, "but I condemn neither those who follow

Luther nor those who follow Œcolampadius, since both reject transubstantiation." A young mechanic of twenty-four, Andrew Hewet by name, was placed in his cell. Fryth asked him for what crime he was sent to prison. "The bishops," he replied, "asked me what I thought of the sacrament, and I answered, 'I think as Fryth does.' Then one of them smiled, and the bishop of London said, 'Why, Fryth is a heretic, and already condemned to be burnt, and if you do not retract your opinion you shall be burnt with him.' 'Very well,' I answered, 'I am content.' So they sent me here to be burnt along with you."

On the 4th of July they were both taken to Smithfield: the executioners fastened them to the post, back to back; the torch was applied, the flame rose in the air, and Fryth, stretching out his hands, embraced it as if it were a dear friend whom he would welcome. The spectators were touched, and showed marks of lively sympathy. "Of a truth," said an evangelical Christian in after days, "he was one of those prophets whom God, having pity on this realm of England, raised up to call us to repentance." His enemies were there. Cooke, a fanatic priest, observing some persons praying, called out, "Do not pray for such folks, any more than you would for a dog." At this moment a sweet light shone on Fryth's face, and he was

heard beseeching the Lord to pardon his enemies. Hewet died first, and Fryth thanked God that the sufferings of his young brother were over. Committing his soul into the Lord's hands, he expired. "Truly," exclaimed many, "great are the victories Christ gains in his saints!"

So many souls were enlightened by Fryth's writings that this Reformer contributed powerfully to the renovation of England. "One day an Englishman," says Thomas Becon, prebendary of Canterbury and chaplain to Archbishop Cranmer, "having taken leave of his mother and friends, traveled into Derbyshire, and from thence to the Peak, a marvelous barren country," and where there was then "neither learning nor yet no spark of godliness." Coming into a little village named Alsop-in-the-Dale, he chanced upon a certain gentleman also named Alsop, lord of that village, a man not only ancient in years, but also ripe in the knowledge of Christ's doctrine. After they had taken "a sufficient repast," the gentleman showed his guest certain books which he called his *jewels* and *principal treasures:* these were the New Testament and some books of Fryth's. In these godly treatises this ancient gentleman occupied himself among his rocks and mountains both diligently and virtuously. "He did not

only love the gospel," adds Cranmer's chaplain; "he *lived it also*."

Fryth's writings were not destined to be read always with the same avidity: the truth they contain is, however, good for all times. The books of the apostles and of the Reformers which that gentleman of Alsop read in the sixteenth century were better calculated to bring joy and peace to the soul than the light works read with such avidity in the world.

XX.

CELIO CURIONE,

A. D. 1530.

THE works of the Reformers had reached Turin in North Italy. Piedmont, from its vicinity to Switzerland, France and Germany, was among the first to receive a glimpse of the sun which had just risen beyond the Alps. The Reformation had already appeared in one of its cities—at Aosta—and most of its doctrines had for ages been current among the Waldensian valleys. Monks of the Augustine convent at Turin—Hieronimo Nigro Foscianeo in particular—were among the number of those who first became familiar with the evangelical writings. Celio Secundo Curione, a

young man still at college, received them from their hands in 1520.

About three leagues and a half from Turin, and at the foot of the Alps, was situated the town of Cirié, with its two parochial churches and an Augustine monastry. Higher up there stood an old castle named Cuori, and the family to which it belonged was called from it Curione or Curioni. One of its members, Giacomino Curione, who lived at Cirié, had married Charlotte de Montrotier, lady of honor to Blanche, duchess of Savoy, and sister to the chief equerry of the reigning duke. On the 1st of May, 1503, a son was borne to them at Cirié; he was named Celio Secundo. He lost his mother as he came into the world, and his father, who had removed to Turin, and afterward to Moncaglieri, where he had property, died when Celio was only nine years old.

The elder Curione possessed a Bible, which in the hour of death he put into his son's hands. That act was perhaps the cause of the love for Scripture by which the heir of the Curiones was afterward distinguished: the depth of his filial piety made him look upon the book as a treasure before he knew the value of its contents. Celio, having begun his education at Moncaglieri, went to Turin, where his maternal grandmother, Maddalena, lived. She received him

into her house, where the anxious love of the venerable lady surrounded him with the tenderest care. He is said to have dwelt on that pleasant hill which overlooks Turin whence the summits of the Alps are visible, and whose base is washed by the slow and majestic waters of the Po. Celio had applied with his whole heart to the study of the classical orators, poets, historians and philosophers: when he reached his twentieth year he felt deeper longings, which literature was incapable of satisfying. The old Bible of his father could do this: a new world, superior to that of letters and philosophy—the world of the Spirit—opened before his soul.

There was much talk just then, both in university and city, of the Reformation and the Reformers. Curione had often heard certain priests and their partisans bitterly complaining of the "false doctrines" of those *heretics*, and making use of the harshest language against Luther and Zwingle. He listened to their abuse, but was not convinced. He possessed a nobler soul than the majority of the people around him, and his generous, independent spirit was more disposed in favor of the accused than of the accusers. Instead of joining in this almost unanimous censure, Celio said to himself, "I will not condemn those doctors before I have read their works." It would appear that he was already known in the Augustine

convent, in which, as in that of Wittemberg, some truly pious men were to be found. The grace of his person, the quickness of his intellect and his ardent thirst for religious knowledge interested the monks. Knowing that they possessed some of the writings of the Reformers, Curione asked for them, and Father Hieronimo lent him Luther's *Babylonian Captivity*, translated into Italian under a different title. The young man carried it away eagerly to his study. He read those vigorous pages in which the Saxon doctor speaks of the lively faith with which the Christian ought to cling to the promises of God's word, and those in which he asserts that neither bishop nor pope has any right to command despotically the believer who has received Christian liberty from God. But Celio had not yet obtained light enough; he carried the book back to the convent and asked for another. Melanchthon's *Principles of Theology* and Zwingle's *True and False Religion* were devoured by him in turn.

A work was then going on in his soul. The truths he had read in his Bible grew clearer and sank deeper into his mind; his spirit thrilled with joy when he found his faith confirmed by that of these great doctors, and his heart was filled with love for Luther and Melanchthon. "When I was still young," he said to the latter afterward, "when first I read your

writings, I felt such love for you that it seemed hardly capable of increase."

Curione was not satisfied with the writings merely of these men of God: his admiration for them was such that he longed to hear them: an ardent desire to start immediately for Germany was kindled in his heart. He talked about it with his friends, especially with Giovanni and Francesco Guarino, whom the gospel had also touched, and who declared their readiness to depart with him.

The three young Italians, enthusiastic admirers of Luther and Melanchthon, quitted Turin and started for Wittemberg. They turned their steps toward the valley of Aosta, intending to cross the St. Bernard, where for more than five centuries a house of the Augustinian order had existed for the reception of travelers who made use of that then very much-frequented pass. They conversed about their journey, their feelings and their hopes; and, not content with this, they spoke of the truth with simple-hearted earnestness to the people they met with on the road or at the inns. In the ardor of their youthful zeal they even allowed themselves to enter into imprudent discussions upon the Romish doctrines. They were "bursting to speak;" they could not wait till they had crossed the Alps; the spirit with which they were filled carried them away. They had been cautioned,

and had resolved to be circumspect; but, "however deep the hiding-places in the hearts of men," said a Reformer, "their tongues betray their hidden affections." One of those with whom these Piedmontese youths had debated went and denounced them to Boniface, cardinal-bishop of Ivrea, and pointed out the road they were to take. The prelate gave the necessary orders, and just as the three students were entering the valley of Aosta the cardinal's satellites, who were waiting for them, laid hold of them and carried them to prison.

What a disappointment! At the very time they were anticipating the delights of an unrestrained intercourse with Melanchthon and Luther they found themselves in chains and solitary imprisonment. Curione possessed friends in that district who belonged to the higher nobility; and, contriving to inform them of his fate, they exerted themselves in his behalf. The cardinal, having sent for him, soon discovered that his prisoner was not an ordinary man. Struck with the extent of his knowledge and the elegance of his mind, he resolved to do all he could to attach him to the Romish Church. He loaded him with attentions, promised to bear the necessary expenses for the continuation of his studies, and with that intent placed him in the priory of St. Benignus. It is probable that Cornelio and Guarino were soon released: al-

though less celebrated than their fellow-traveler, they afterward became distinguished by their evangelical zeal.

Although shut up in a monastery, Curione's soul burnt with zeal for the word of God. He regretted that Germany did not afford him the opportunity on which he had so much reckoned, and, unable to increase his light at the altar of Wittemberg, he wished at least to make use of what he had for the benefit of the monks commissioned to convert him. He was grieved at the superstitious practices of their worship, and would have desired to enfranchise those about him. A shrine put in a prominent place on the altar enclosed a skull and other bones reported to be those of St. Agapetus and St. Tibur the martyr, and which during certain solemnities were presented to the adoration of the people. Why set dry bones in the place which should be occupied by the living word of God? Are not their writings the only authentic remains of the apostles and prophets? Curione refused to pay even the slightest honor to these relics, and in his private conversation he went so far as to speak to some of the monks against such idolatrous worship, instructing them in the true faith. He resolved to do something more. In the convent library he had found a Bible to which no one paid any attention; he had, moreover, noticed the place

where the monks kept the key of the shrine they held so dear. One day—probably in 1530—taking advantage of a favorable opportunity, when the monks were occupied elsewhere, he went into the library, took down the holy word of which David said it was "more to be desired than gold," carried it into the church, opened the mysterious coffer, removed the relics, put the Bible in their place, and laid this inscription upon it: "This is the ark of the covenant, wherein a man can inquire of the true oracles of God, and in which are contained the true relics of the saints." Curione, with emotion and joy, closed the shrine and left the church without being observed.

The act, rash as it was, had a deep and evangelical meaning: it expressed the greatest principles of the Reformation. Some time after, at one of the festivals when the relics were to be presented to the adoration of the worshipers, the monks opened the shrine. Their surprise, emotion and rage were boundless, and they at once accused their young companion of sacrilege. Being on the watch, he made his escape, and, quitting Piedmont, took refuge in Milan.

In that city Curione zealously devoted himself to lecturing, but, being at the same time disgusted with the unmeaning practices of the monks, he gave himself with his whole heart to works of Christian charity. As famine and pestilence

were wasting the country, he soon after occupied himself wholly in succoring the poor and the sick; he solicited the donations of the nobility, prevailed on the priests to sell for the relief of the wretched the precious objects which adorned their churches, consoled the dying, and even buried the dead. In the convent he had appeared to be struggling for faith only; in the midst of the pestilence he seemed to be living for works only. He remembered that Jesus had come *to serve*, and, following his Master's example, he was eager to console every misery. "Christ, having become the living root of his soul, had made it a fruitful tree." As soon as the scourge abated every one was eager to testify a proper gratitude to Celio, and the Isacios, one of the best families in the province, gave him the hand of one of their daughters, Margarita Bianca, a young woman of great beauty, who became the faithful and brave companion of his life.

Some time after this, Curione, believing that he had nothing more to fear, and desiring to receive his patrimony, to revisit his native country and to devote his strength and faith to her service, returned to Piedmont. His hopes were disappointed. Cruel family vexations and clerical persecutions assailed a life that was never free from agitation. He had lost all but one sister, whose husband, learning that he intend-

ed claiming his inheritance, determined to ruin him. A Dominican monk was making a great noise by his sermons in a neighboring city. Celio took a book from his library and went with some friends to hear him. He expected that the monk, according to the custom of his class, would draw a frightful picture of the Reformers. Curione knew that the essence of the preaching of the evangelical ministry was Christ, justification by faith in his atoning work, the new life which he imparts and the new commandments which he gives. According to him, the task of the servant of God, now that all things were made new, was to exalt not the Church, but the Saviour, and to make known all the preciousness of Christ, rather than to stun his hearers by furious declamations against their adversaries. Such were not the opinions entertained at that time—we will not say by the great doctors of the Romish Church, but by the vulgar preachers of the papacy. Laying down as a fundamental principle that *there was no salvation out of the Church*, they naturally believed themselves called to urge the necessity of union, not with Christ, but with Rome—to extol the beauties of its hierarchy, its worship and its devout institutions. Instead of feeding the sheep by giving them the spiritual nourishment of faith, they thought only of pronouncing declamatory eulogies of the fold and drawing

horrible pictures of the devouring wolves that were prowling about it. If there had been no Protestants to combat, no Luther or Calvin to calumniate, many popish preachers would have found the sermon a superfluous part of the service, as had been the case in the Middle Ages.

The *good monk*, whom Curione and his friends had gone to hear, preached according to the oratorical rules of vulgar preachers. "Do you know," he exclaimed, "why Luther pleases the Germans? Because, under the name of Christian liberty, he permits them to indulge in all kinds of excess. He teaches, moreover, that Christ is not God, and that he was not born of a virgin." And, continuing this monkish philippic with great vehemence, he inflamed the animosity of his hearers.

When the sermon was over Curione asked the prelate who was present for permission to say a few words. Having obtained it, and the congregation being silent and expectant, he said: "Reverend father, you have brought serious charges against Luther: can you tell me the book or the place in which he teaches the things with which you reproach him?"

The monk replied that he could not do so then, but if Curione would accompany him to Turin he would show him the passages. The young man rejoined with indignation, "Then I will tell you at once the page and book where

the Wittemberg doctor has said the very contrary." And, opening Luther's *Commentary on the Galatians*, he read aloud several passages which completely demonstrated the falseness of the monk's calumnies. The persons of rank present at the service were disgusted; the people went still further: some violent men, exasperated by the Domincian's having told them such impudent lies, rushed upon him and struck him. The more reasonable had some trouble to rescue him and send him home safe and sound.

This scene made a great noise. The bishop and the inquisitors looked upon it as a revolt against the papacy. Curione was a firebrand flung by Satan into the midst of the Church, and they felt that if they did not quench it instantly the impetuous wind which, crossing the Alps, was beginning to blow in the peninsula, would scatter the sparks far and wide and spread the conflagration everywhere. The valiant evangelist was seized, taken to Turin, thrown into prison, and in a moment, as soon as the news circulated, all his old enemies set to work. His covetous brother, and even his sister, as it would appear, made common cause with the priests to destroy him. Fanaticism and avarice joined together; one party wished to deprive him of his property only, but the other wanted his life. It was not the first time

Curione had been in prison for speaking according to the truth: he did not lose courage; he preserved all the serenity of his mind and remained master of himself. The ecclesiastics charged with the examination overwhelmed him with questions. He was reminded of the relics taken away from the monastery of St. Benignus, the journey he had wished to take to Germany, and the conversations he had held on the road, and was threatened with the stake.

The bishop, knowing that Curione had protectors among the first people in the city, started for Rome in order to obtain from the pope in person his condemnation to death. Before leaving he transferred the prisoner to his coadjutor David, brother of the influential Cardinal Cibo. David, wishing to make sure of his man, and to prevent its being known where he was detained, removed him by night from the prison in which he had been placed, took him to one of those mansions, not very unlike castles, that are often to be found in Italy, and locked him up in a room enclosed by very thick walls. His officers attached heavy chains to poor Celio's feet, riveted them roughly and fastened them into the wall; and, finally, two sentries were placed inside the door of the house. When that was done David felt at ease, sure of being able to produce his prisoner when the condemnation arrived from Rome. There was no hope

left the wretched man of being saved. Curione felt that his death could not be far off, but, though in great distress, he still remained full of courage.

The different operations by which David had secured his prisoner had been carried on during the night; when the day came Curione looked round him: the place seemed to bring to his memory certain half-effaced recollections. He began to examine everything about him more carefully, and by degrees remembered that once upon a time, when a boy, he had been in that house, in that very room: it had probably been the house of some friend. He called to remembrance exactly the arrangement of the building, the galleries, the staircase, the door and the windows. But ere long he was recalled from these thoughts by a feeling of pain: his jailers had riveted the fetters so tightly that his feet began to swell and the anguish became intolerable. When his keeper came as usual to bring him food, Curione spoke to him of his pain, and begged him to leave one of his feet at liberty, adding that when that was healed the jailer could chain it up again and set the other free. The man consented, and some days passed in this way, during which the prisoner experienced by turns severe pain and occasional relief.

This circumstance did not prevent him from making the most serious reflections. He should

never see his wife, his children or his friends again; he could no longer take part in that great work of revival which God was then carrying on in the Church. He knew what sentence would be delivered at Rome. When St. John saw the woman seated on the seven hills, he exclaimed, "Babylon! . . . drunken with the blood of the saints and martyrs of Jesus." Death awaited Curione on the bishop's return: of that he had not a doubt. But was it not lawful to defend one's life against the violence of murderers? An idea suddenly crossed his inventive mind: the hope of escaping, of seeing his dear ones again, of again serving the cause of the gospel, flashed upon him. He reflected and planned; the expedient which occurred to his mind was singular: possibly it might not succeed, but it might also be the means of saving him from the hands of his persecutors. When Peter was in prison the angel of the Lord opened the door and led him out. Celio did not expect a miracle, but he thought it was man's duty to do all in his power to thwart the counsels of the ungodly. He was not, however, very sanguine of success. God holds the lives of his children in his hand; the Lord will restore him to liberty or send him to the scaffold, as he shall judge best.

Curione delayed no longer: he proceeded at once to carry out the curious and yet simple ex-

pedient which had occurred to his lively imagination. He took the boot off his free leg and stuffed it with rags; he then broke off the leg of a stool that was within his reach, fastened the sham foot to it, and contrived a wooden leg, which he fixed to his knee in such a way that he could move it as if it were a real leg. His Spanish robe, reaching down to his heels, covered everything and made the matter easier. Presently he heard the footsteps of his jailers: luckily, everything was ready. They entered, did what they were accustomed to do every day, loosed the chained foot, and then, without examining too closely, for they had no suspicions, they put the fetters on the sham leg and went away.

Celio was free; he rose, he walked; surprised at a deliverance so little expected, he was almost beside himself. He was rescued from death. But all was not over; he had still to get out of that strong mansion, where so close a watch was kept over him. He waited until night, and when darkness brooded over the city and his keepers were sunk in sleep he approached the door of the chamber. The jailers, knowing that the prisoner was chained to the wall and that sentinels were posted at the outer gate, had only pushed it to, without locking it. Curione opened it, and moved along with slow and cautious steps, avoiding the slight-

est noise for fear of giving an alarm. Although it was quite dark, he easily found his way by the help of his memory: he groped his course along the galleries and descended the stairs; but on reaching the door of the house he found it closely shut. What was to be done now? The *sbirri* were asleep, but he dared not make any noise, lest he should wake them. Recollecting that there was a window placed rather high on one side of the door, he contrived to reach it, leapt into the courtyard, scaled the outer wall, fell into the street, and began to seek for a hiding-place as fast as his wounded feet would permit him. When the morning came there were great surprise and agitation in the house. The fidelity of the jailers was not suspected, and as no one could explain the prisoner's flight, his enemies circulated the report that he had had recourse to magic to save himself from death.

Curione himself was surprised. The thought that he had escaped not only from the hands of his guards, but also from the terrible condemnation of the sovereign pontiff, whose support the bishop had gone to solicit, still further magnified in his eyes the greatness of his deliverance. He had felt, and severely too, the power of his enemies; but he saw that, however keen the hatred of the world, a breath of heaven was sufficient to frustrate its plots. He hastened to leave Turin, and took refuge in a secluded vil-

lage in the duchy of Milan, where his family joined him. His reputation as a man of letters had spread through that country, and certain Milanese gentlemen who came to pass the summer in the villas near the lonely house which he inhabited entertained a high opinion of him. One of them, happening to meet him, recognized him; he spoke of him to others of his friends, who made his acquaintance, and all of them, delighted with his amiable character and cultivated mind, were unwilling that such fine talents should remain buried in a sequestered village. They got him invited to the University of Pavia, where he was soon surrounded by an admiring audience.

The Inquisition, for a time at fault, discovered at last that the daring heretic who had escaped from his prison at Turin was teaching quietly at Pavia; it issued an arrest against him, being determined to put an end to the harassing warfare which this independent man was waging against the darkness of the Middle Ages. The familiars of the Holy Office lay in ambush with the intention of seizing the Piedmontese professor as he was leaving his house to go to the lecture-room. But the plot got wind; the students, who were very numerous, supported by some of the chief people of the town, formed a battalion which surrounded Curione as he left his house, conducted him to the academy,

and when the lecture was over escorted him home again. Public opinion declared itself so strongly in favor of liberty of teaching and against Romish tyranny that three years elapsed without the inquisitors being able to seize the professor, which caused great joy all over the city. The pope, irritated at such resistance, threatened to excommunicate the senate of Pavia; and Curione, unwilling to imperil his friends, quitted that town for Venice, whence he proceeded to Ferrara, to live under that enlightened protection which the Duchess Renée extended to all who loved the gospel.

XXI.

AONIO PALEARIO,

A. D. 1534.

In 1534 there lived in Sienna, Italy, a friend of Greek and Latin literature, an enthusiast for Cicero—whose elegant and harmonious periods he translated better than any other scholar—and who was particularly distinguished among the professors of the university for his elevation of soul, love of truth, boldness of thought and the courage with which he attacked false doctors and sham ascetics. He made a sensation in the world of schools, and, though he had no official post, the students crowded to

his lectures. His name was Antonio della Paglia, which he Latinized, according to the fashion of the age, into Aonius Palearius. This, again, was Italianized into Aonio Paleario.

Among the hills which bound the Roman Campagna, near the source of the Garigliano, stands the ancient city of Veroli; here he was born in 1503—of an old patrician house according to some, of the family of an artisan according to others. In 1520 he went to Rome, where the love of art and antiquity was then much cultivated, and from the lessons of illustrious teachers he learnt to admire Demosthenes, Homer and Virgil. A rumor of war disturbed his peaceful labors. In 1527 the Imperial army descended the Alps, and, like an avalanche which, slipping from the icy mountain-tops, rushes down into the valley, it overthrew and destroyed everything in its course. Milan had been crushed, and when the news reached Rome at the same time with the furious threats uttered by the Imperialists against the city of the pontiffs, the young student exclaimed, "If they come near us we are lost." Paleario hastily took refuge in the valley where he was born, but even there the spray of the avalanche reached him. When he returned to the papal city, alas! the houses were in ruins, the men of letters had fled. He turned his eyes toward Tuscany, quitted Rome in the latter part of

1529, and, after spending some time at Perugia, went on to Sienna, where he arrived in the autumn of 1530.

The ancient city of the Etruscans, transformed into a city of the Middle Ages, at first delighted the friend of letters. Its position in the midst of smiling hills, the fertility of its fields, the abundance of everything, the beauty of the buildings, the cultivated minds of the inhabitants,—all enraptured him. But ere long he discovered a wound which wrung his heart: the state was torn by factions; an ignorant, impetuous, turbulent democracy had the upper hand; the strength of a people who might have done great things was wasted in idle and barren disputes. The most eminent men wept over the sorrows of their country and fled with their wives and children from the desolated land. "Alas!" exclaimed Paleario, "the city wants nothing but concord between the citizens." He met, however, with an affectionate welcome in the families of a few nobles, and after visiting Florence, Ferrara, Padua and Bologna, he returned in 1532 to Sienna, to which his friends had invited him.

Paleario was a poet: his fancy was at work wherever he went, and either during his travels or on his return to the Ghibeline city he composed a Latin poem on the immortality of the soul. We find traces of the Romish doctrine

in it, especially of purgatory and of the queenship of the Virgin. His eyes, however, were already turned toward the Reformation. He desired to have readers like Sadolet, and also the sympathy of Germany. The poem evidences a soul which, without having yet found God and the peace he gives, sighs after a new earth, a rejuvenated humanity and a happiness which consists in contemplating the Almighty, the King of men, as the eternal and absolute goodness and supreme happiness.

Ere long Paleario took another step. The religious questions by which Italy was so deeply agitated engrossed that eminent mind. He commenced reading not only St. Augustine, but the Reformers and the Holy Scriptures, and began to speak in his lectures with a liberty that enraptured his hearers, but so exasperated the priests that his friend and patron Sadolet recommended him to be more prudent. Paleario, however, boldly crossed the threshold which separates the literary from the Christian world. He received thoroughly the doctrine of justification by faith, and found in it a peace which was to him a warrant of its truth.

"Since He in whom the Godhead dwells," he said, "has so lovingly poured out his blood for our salvation, we must not doubt of the favor of Heaven. All who turn their souls toward

Jesus crucified, and bind themselves to him with thorough confidence, are delivered from evil and receive forgiveness for their sins."

Paleario loved the country. Having noticed a villa which had belonged to Aulus Cæcina, the friend of Cicero, situated between Colle and Volterra, at the summit of a plateau whence flowed a stream watering the slopes, and where a pure air and the tranquillity of the fields could be enjoyed, the Christian poet bought it, and there, in his beloved Cecignana, on the terrace before the house or among the forest oaks, he passed many a peaceful day consecrated to serious meditation. He knew that the world on which he fixed his eyes was the creation of the supreme, the free, will of God—that an inward and uninterrupted bond existed between the Creator and his creatures; and rejoiced that, owing to the redemption of Jesus Christ, there would be formed out of its inhabitants a kingdom of God from which evil would be for ever banished.

Paleario's tender soul needed domestic affections, and at Sienna he was alone. He married Marietta Guidotti, a young person of respectable parentage, who had been brought up with holy modesty. She bore him two sons, Lampridius and Phædrus, and two daughters, Aspasia and Sophonisba, whom he loved tenderly, and who were, after God, the consolation of a

life agitated by the injustice of his enemies. Family affections and a love for the beauties of Nature were in Paleario, as they often are, the marks of an elevated soul. At a later period, when his life had become still more bitter; when he had lost his health, and his faith had made him an object of horror to the fanatical; when he exclaimed, "All men are full of hatred and ill-will toward me;" when he foresaw that he must ere long succumb beneath the blows of his adversaries,—even then he sighed after the country, and wrote to one of his friends, with a simplicity reminding us of ancient times, "I am weary of study: fain would I fly to you and pass my days under the warm bright sky of your fields. At early morn or when the day begins to wane we will wander through the country, around the cottages, with Lampridius and Phædrus, my darling boys, and with your wife and mine. Get ready the garden, that we may live on herbs, for I am utterly disgusted with the luxurious tables of our cities. The farm shall supply us with eggs and poultry, the river with fish. Oh, how sweet are the repasts at which we eat the fruit we gather from our own garden, the fowls fed by our own hands, the birds caught in our nets!—sweeter far than those where you see nothing on the table but provisions bought in the market. We will work in the fields; we will tire ourselves. Make your

preparations; get ready a saw, a hatchet, a wedge to cleave the wood, pruning-shears, a harrow and a hoe. If these implements fail us, we will be content with planting trees that shall serve for ages yet to come." It is pleasing to see the disciple of Cicero, and especially of the Bible, at a time when he was tormented by sickness and the hatred of the wicked, rejoicing like a child at the thought of planting trees that should give a cool shade and welcome fruit to coming generations. We shall now describe the end of his stay at Sienna, and what brought his great sorrow upon him, although it will lead us beyond the limits of time we have prescribed for ourselves.

The best friend Paleario possessed was Antonio Bellantes, president of the Council of Nine, a grave and benevolent man, generally loved and respected; in a time of difficulty he had assisted the state by the gift of two million golden crowns. Bellantes esteemed Paleario very highly, and Paleario loved him above all other men. In the course of the popular disturbances the members of the Council of Nine had been banished, but the senate and people had entreated Bellantes to remain at Sienna—a circumstance which had greatly enraged his enemies. Ruffians broke into his house one night and plundered it. Somewhat later Bellantes died, leaving all his ready money to his

mother, that she might deliver it to his sons when they came of age. The good lady was a great friend of the monks; every day the Capuchins used to visit her, and when she fell sick they crowded round her bed. After her death no property could be found in her house except some torn bags which appeared to have held money. The sons of Bellantes accused the monks of having stolen their inheritance, and Paleario supported them with his eloquence. The monks denied the fact, and were acquitted upon their solemn oath. Inflamed with anger against Paleario, they resolved upon his destruction.

At the head of his adversaries was the senator Otta Melio Cotta, a rich, powerful and ambitious man of a domineering spirit. At first he had been mixed up with political affairs, but he afterward enlisted under the banners of the clergy and made common cause with the monks. A plot was formed in the Observantine convent, situated about a mile from Sienna in the midst of woods, grottoes and holy places. Three hundred members of the Joanelli, a brotherhood formed for certain exercises of piety, swore upon the altar to destroy Paleario. Not confining themselves to attacks upon his teaching, Cotta and his other adversaries began to pry into his private life, to watch all his movements and to catch up every word.

They soon found fresh subjects of complaint against him. Paleario had ridiculed a wealthy priest who was to be seen every morning devoutly kneeling before the shrine of a saint, but who refused to pay his debts; and the keen irony with which he had spoken of him had occasioned a great scandal among the clergy. That, however, was not enough; they must have a palpable mark of heresy. His adversaries endeavored, therefore, to entrap him, and some of them, presenting themselves as if they wanted to be instructed, put questions to him calculated to lead him into the snare. "What," they asked, "is the first means of salvation given by God to man?" He answered, "*Christ.*" That might pass, but continuing their questions, Paleario's enemies added, "What is the second?" In their opinion, he should have indicated meritorious works; but Paleario replied, "*Christ.*" Continuing their inquiry, they said, "And what is the third?" They thought that Paleario should answer, "The Church; out of the Church there is no salvation;" but he still replied, "*Christ.*"

From that moment he was a lost man. The monks and their friends reported to Cotta the answer which they deemed so heretical.

Paleario had no suspicion of danger. Cardinal Sadolet and some other friends invited him to come and see them at Rome, and he

went. He had not been there long before he received a very excited letter from Faustus Bellantes. "There is a great agitation in the city," he said; "an astounding conspiracy has been formed against you by the most criminal of men. We do not know upon what the accusation is founded; we are ignorant of the names of your adversaries. The report runs that the chiefs of the state have been excited against you in consequence of calumnious charges concerning religion. It is said that some wretched monks have sworn your ruin, but the plot must have deeper roots. I shall go to Sienna to-morrow, and shall speak to my friends and relations about it. I am ready for everything, even to lose my life, in your defence. Meantime, I conjure you, let your mind be at peace."

Bellantes was not deceived. Cotta, without loss of time, appeared in the senate and reported to his colleagues the monstrous language of Paleario, and exclaimed that if they suffered him to live "there would be no vestige of religion left in the city." Every man was silent: such was the alarm caused by a charge of heresy that no one dared take up the defence of the courageous Christian.

Paleario heard of this, and was distressed, but not surprised. One truth was deeply engraved in his heart: All power of salvation

is given to Jesus Christ; he is the only source whence the new life can be drawn. It seemed to him that the priests had forged so many means of acquiring pardon that they hardly left Christ the hundredth part. He could well understand how irritated the clergy must be against a man who set so little store by all their paltry contrivances; but, although he saw clearly the danger that threatened him, he remained firm. "The power of the conspirators is immense," he said; "the more fiercely a man attacks me, the more pious he is reckoned. But what matters it? Jesus Christ, whom I have always sincerely and religiously adored, is my hope. . . . I despise the cabals of men, and my heart is full of courage." Christ was his King. He knew that that great Sovereign, who is achieving the conquest of the world, preserves at the same time all those who have found reconciliation with God through him.

His wife was not so calm. Marietta, his virtuous and devoted partner, so ardent in her affection, was filled with uneasiness and trouble; her imagination called up before her not only the misfortunes of the moment, but also those of the future; she was the most unhappy of women. Her agony was greater than her strength; she passed whole days in tears. Distressed and exhausted, she lost her health, and every one might see in her face

the sorrow which was consuming her. When her husband heard of this at Rome, he was heartbroken, and conjured his mother and Bellantes to visit Marietta in order to distract the afflicted wife from her sorrow.

Paleario would have desired to hasten to her in person and confront his accusers, but his friends at Sienna and at Rome alike dissuaded him. The citizens who were then at the head of the state were violent men, of no morality, and as ready to condemn the innocent as to acquit the guilty. It was hoped that a new election would bring upright men into power: they conjured Paleario to wait; and he did so. But there was no change: the denunciations, charges and murmurs only increased. The enemies of the gospel attacked not merely Paleario, but the Reformers, the *Germans*, as they said: they tried to involve all the friends of the Bible, both German and Italian, in the same condemnation. At last, what had been hoped for came to pass: an important change took place in the government of the republic; order and liberty were restored. Paleario thought he could no longer remain away; he left Rome and joined his family at his country-house near Colle.

As soon as his adversaries were informed of his return they laid a charge of heresy before the senate of Sienna and the court of Rome.

Determined to employ all means to destroy Paleario, they resolved to constrain the ecclesiastical authority to go along with them by the strong pressure they would bring to bear upon it. With this intent, twelve of them met, and, bent on prevailing upon the archbishop to demand that Paleario should be put upon his trial, they marched through the streets of the city to the prelate's palace. In this excited band there was the senator Cotta with five others, distinguished among whom was Alexis Lucrinas, an impetuous and foolish man; then three priests, people of little importance, but very violent, grossly ignorant and untiring babblers; and lastly, three monks. The archbishop happened just then to be at his villa in the suburbs for the sake of the purer air; the delegates went there after him, accompanying their march with such shouting, threats and disputes that the women, attracted by the unusual noise, ran to the windows, fancying they were taking some criminal to punishment. Some of the conspirators said, "The witnesses will be heard, the motives of his condemnation will be declared, and then Paleario will be thrown into the fire;" but others wanted to proceed more quickly, so that the punishment should follow immediately upon the statement of the offence, without any form of trial and without permitting the accused to be heard.

Archbishop Francesco Bandini, of the illustrious house of Piccolomini, was a friend of letters, and consequently of Paleario. It was afternoon; the prelate, who was taking his siesta, being awoke by the noise, called a servant and asked him who were vociferating in that manner. Being informed that they were men of consideration, he ordered them to be admitted. He rose from his couch, took his seat and waited for the strange deputation. They entered. Lucrinas, who had been sometimes invited to his lordship's table, was full of confidence in himself, and accordingly had begged that they would allow him to speak. Looking round him with a satisfied and boasting air, he began to pour out against Paleario a long string of insults and maledictions in a passionate tone.

The bishop, a wise and grave man, had some difficulty in containing himself, and said that the whole proceeding appeared to him full of levity. "There can be no question of levity," impudently exclaimed Lucrinas, "when three hundred citizens are ready to sign the accusation." —"And I could produce six hundred witnesses," rejoined the prelate, "who have sworn that you are a merciless usurer. I did not, however, give effect to their denunciation. Did I do well or ill? tell me." The poor wretch was silent; the fact was too notorious to be denied

and too scandalous to be confessed. But his companions were not to be put out by such a trifle; they explained the motives of their prosecution, threw themselves at the prelate's feet, and conjured him in the name of religion to support the charge against Paleario. The archbishop, considering that it was a question of heresy, thought it a matter for the courts to decide, and consented to their prayer.

Paleario's enemies set to work immediately; they endeavored to prejudice the most notable persons in Sienna against him, and picked out individuals from among the populace who were without light and without conscience whom they induced to testify before the court to things of which they knew nothing. It was in vain that the famous Sadolet, summoned to Rome by the pope, stopped at Sienna and undertook Paleario's defence. It was in vain that the cardinal, the archbishop and Paleario had a consultation in which Sadolet commended the accused to the archbishop and gave touching proofs of his esteem and affection for him: the conspirators were able to turn the interview against the man whom they had sworn to sacrifice to their hatred. A number of people who had assembled in the public square began to talk about the conference. "When Paleario was accused by the prelate," said some, "he was silent through shame."—"No," said the others,

"he answered, but was sharply reprimanded by Sadolet." Impatient to see their victim handed over to death, happy at having already caused doubt in the mind of the archbishop, and imagining they had convinced Sfondrati, the president of the republic, and Crasso, the prætor, they obtained an order for Paleario to be summoned before the senate on a charge of heresy.

That innocent and just man was not blind to the danger and difficulty of his position. He felt that the calumnies of his enemies would check the good he hoped to do, would break up old friendships and destroy the peace that the city was beginning to enjoy. Ere long, perhaps, his wife would be a widow and his children orphans: a veil of sadness covered his face. Oh how bitter was such a trial! He knew full well that afflictions awaken heavenly life in the Christian—that it is a privilege of the child of God; but he was for some time without comfort, and his soul was bowed down. "My adversaries," he said, "heap wrong upon wrong, hatred upon hatred: they have done nothing else these six months. Has there ever been a man saintly enough not to give way under the attacks of such perverse zeal? I will not speak of Socrates, Scipio, Rutilius or Metellus; certain failings might have laid them open to the attacks of their enemies. But even He than whom none was so good, none so holy, even the all-innocent

Jesus Christ himself, was assailed on every side. Alas! where can the righteous man turn? whom can he implore?"

Paleario soon learned to answer this. When he found himself summoned to appear before the senate, his courage revived. He was not only strong in his innocence, but the faith which inspired his heart told him that God loves his servants and that with him they are free from every danger. He went to the palace of the signiory, and entered the hall leaning on the arm of the youthful Faustus Bellantes, son of his old friend, accompanied by some faithful men who were unwilling to forsake him in the day of his distress. He stood in the presence of those who held his life in their hands. Sfondrati the president, Crasso the prætor, the senate and the Nine were seated in their judicial chairs. His adversaries were there also—Cotta especially, full of presumptuous assurance, and feeling certain that the time had come at last when he could fall upon his prey. Paleario recognized him; he was agitated and indignant at seeing him quietly taking his seat in the senate at the very time he was bent on carrying out an infamous plot. He contained himself, however, and, first addressing the senators, to whom he gave the title employed in ancient Rome, he said: "Conscript fathers, when there was a

talk about me in former years I was not seriously moved by it: the times were times of desolation; all human and divine rights were confounded in the same disorder. But now, when, by the goodness of God, men of wisdom have been placed at the head of the republic, when the sap and the blood circulate afresh through the state, why should I not lift up my head?"

By degrees Paleario grew warm; his eyes fell again upon his insolent enemy, whom he apostrophized as Cicero did Catiline. "Cotta, you wicked, arrogant, and factious man!" he said, "who practice not that religion in which God is worshiped in spirit and in truth, but that which plunges into every superstition, because it is the best adapted to impose upon mankind,—Cotta, you imagine you are a Christian, because you bear the image of Christ upon your purple robe, while by your calumnies you are crushing an innocent man, who is also an image, a living image, of Jesus Christ. When you accused me falsely of a crime, did you obey Jesus Christ? When you went to the house of the Nine to utter falsehoods against me, did you think, Cotta, you were making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem? I am surprised that you do not crucify innocent persons. . . . You would do it—yes, you would do it, if you could do all that your pride suggests."

Paleario then passed on to a more important subject. In attacking him his adversaries really attacked the gospel, the Reformation and those excellent men whom God was making use of to transform Christian society. Paleario defended the Reformers in the presence of all Italy.

"You bring impudent reproaches against me, Cotta," he continued; "you assert that I think wrongly on religious matters, that I am falling into heresy, and you accuse me of having adopted the opinions of the *Germans*. What a paltry accusation! Do you pretend to bind all the Germans in the same bundle? Are all the Germans bad? Do you not know that the august emperor is a German? Will you say that you mean only the theologians? What noble theologians there are in Germany! But, though your accusations are unmeaning in appearance, there is a sting lying under them. I know the venom they contain. . . . The *Germans* that you mean are Œcolampadius, Erasmus, Melanchthon, Luther, Pomeranus, Bucer and their friends. But is there a single theologian in Italy so stupid as not to know that there are many things worthy of praise in the works of those doctors? . . . Exact, sincere, earnest, they have professed the truths which we find set forth by the early Fathers. To accuse the Germans is to accuse Origen, Chrysostom, Cyrillus, Irenæus, Hilary, Augustine and Je-

rome. If I purpose imitating those illustrious doctors of Christian antiquity, why repeat perpetually that I think like the Germans? What! because the learned professors of the German schools have followed the footsteps of those holy men of the first centuries, may not I follow them also? You would like me to imitate the folly of those who, to obtain good preferments, fight against even that which is good in Germany. . . . Ah! conscript fathers, rather than strive after those delights which lead many astray, I prefer to live honestly. My circumstances may be narrow, but my conscience is at liberty. Let those vile flatterers sit on the doctor's seat or the bishop's throne, let them put mitres or tiaras on their heads, let them wear the purple. . . . Not so for me; I will remain in my library, sitting on a wooden stool, wearing a woolen garment against the cold, a linen garment in the heat, and with only a little bed on which to taste the repose of sleep.

"But, Cotta, you still continue your attacks; you reproach me for praising all the Germans say and do. No; there are some things I approve of in them, and others that I do not. When I meet with thoughts which for ages have been obscured by a barbarous style, hidden under the brambles of scholasticism and sunk into the deepest darkness,—when I see these brought into the full light of day, placed

within the reach of all and expressed in the choicest Latinity, I not only praise the Germans, but I heartily thank them. Sacred studies had fallen asleep in convent-cells, where the idle men who should have cultivated them had hidden themselves as if in gloomy forests under the pretence of applying to work. But what happened? They snored so loud that we could hear them in our cities and towns. Now, learning has been restored to us; Latin, Greek and Chaldee libraries have been formed; assistance has been honorably extended to the theologians; precious books have been multiplied by means of the wonderful invention of printing. Can there be anything more striking, more glorious or more deserving our eternal gratitude?"

After this defence of the literary and reforming movement of Germany, Paleario came to what is grander than all—to Christ. "Are they not insufferable men," he said, "nay, wicked men, before whom we dare not praise the God of our salvation, Jesus Christ, the King of all nations, by whose death such precious boons have been conferred upon the human race? And yet for this, conscript fathers—yes, for this I am reproached in the accusation brought against me. On the authority of the most ancient and most faithful documents I had declared that the end of all evils had

arrived, that all condemnation was done away with for those who, being converted to Christ crucified, trust in him with perfect confidence. These are the things that appeared detestable to those twelve— Shall I say to those twelve *men* or twelve wild beasts, who desire that the man who wrote these things should be thrown into the fire? If I must suffer that penalty for the testimony I have borne to the Son of God, believe me that no happier fate could befall me; in truth, I do not think that a Christian in our times ought to die in his bed. Ah! conscript fathers, to be accused and cast into prison is a trifle; to be scourged, to be hanged, to be sewn up in a sack, to be thrown to wild beasts, to be consumed by fire,—all these are trifles if only by such punishments truth is brought into the light of day."

Aonio Paleario did not speak as a rhetorician; he was no maker of Ciceronian periods. The man who at this time professed so energetically the supreme importance of truth, and did so again in his *Beneficio di Gesu Christo crocifisso*,* gave his life for it. If he *spoke* at Sienna, he was to *act* at Rome. In each of these phases we recognize the noble victim of 1570.

After speaking like a martyr he spoke like a

* *The Benefit of Christ's Death*: Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia.

man. He looked round him: some of the most eminent citizens, the Tancredis, the Placidis, the Malevoltas, were near him full of emotion. Egidio, superior of the Augustines, and his monks, men abounding in piety and modesty, strengthened him by their approbation and their prayers. His two young friends, Faustus and Evander Bellantes, keeping their eyes fixed upon him, could not restrain their tears. Presently a more moving sight met his eyes; he beheld Marietta, pale and weeping. "What do I see?" he exclaimed. "Thou also, my wife, art thou come dressed in mourning weeds, accompanied by the noblest and most pious of women,—art thou come with thy children, to throw thyself at the feet of the senators? O my light! my life! my soul! return home, train up our children! Do not be afraid; Christ who is thy spouse will be their father. . . . Alas! she is half killed with grief. O mother! support her, take her away; take her to your own home, if you can, and let your love dry up her tears."

The impression produced by this address was so profound that the senate declared Paleario innocent. But such a striking triumph served only to enrage his enemies the more; he saw that he could not remain at Sienna, and therefore took leave of his friends. Bellantes on his deathbed had commended his children to

him, and Paleario exhorted them to aspire to something great. It is probable that he went to Rome for a short time, where his friends had got the proceedings set aside which his enemies had commenced against him, and afterward to Lucca,* where the chair of eloquence was given him.

Thus far D'Aubigné. From *Aonio Paleario and his Friends*† we learn that his task at Lucca was to make speeches to arouse the citizens to deeds of virtue and patriotism—to be what the press is to us, an agency in forming public opinion. After a year thus spent Paleario was joined by his family. When invited to visit Rome, he wrote: "I have no desire to go to Rome. I cannot express the disgust I feel at the pomp of the Roman court, and how extremely I dislike those who despise both God and man and live such lawless lives."

At a later date we find him dangerously ill at Lucca. After his recovery he prepared to leave that city, borne down by cares and apprehensions of persecution, and retired to the quiet town of Colle, where a house is still pointed out as that in which he lived. But he was called from his retirement to take the chair of elo-

* In the year 1546.

† By the Rev. William M. Blackburn, D. D.: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

quence in Milan about the year 1556. While here he kept up a lively correspondence with the Reformers at Basle, envying them their freedom from the watchful eyes and the power of the Inquisition, for the demand for the lives of heretics was again raised, and Carnessechi had been beheaded and burned. It was made a crime to read *The Benefit of Christ*, and the author had reason to fear. But he did not draw back. He wrote: "I, Aonio, servant of Jesus Christ, here depose a firm testimony that, if necessary, I do not refuse to die for that faith which I owe to Christ as the Author of my peace and salvation." The venerable man was accused of heresy, was imprisoned in Rome, probably for three years, and on July 3, 1570, was hanged and burned, adding another to the long list of Rome's crimes against Christ and his Church. But Aonio Paleario's words in *The Benefit of Christ's Death* live on earth, as his spirit lives in the mansions of the just. Rome could not destroy the martyr's soul or words.

XXII.

WILLIAM TYNDALE,

A. D. 1526.

Along the banks of the Severn extends a picturesque country bounded by the Forest of

Dean and sprinkled with villages, steeples and ancient castles. In the sixteenth century it was particularly admired by priests and friars, and a familiar oath among them was, "As sure as God's in Glo'ster!" The papal birds of prey had swooped upon it. For fifty years, from 1484 to 1534, four Italian bishops, placed in succession over the diocese, had surrendered it to the pope, to the monks and to immorality. Thieves in particular were the objects of the tenderest favors of the hierarchy. John de Giglis, collector of the apostolical chamber, had received from the sovereign pontiff authority to pardon murder and theft on condition that the criminal shared his profits with the pontifical commissioners.

In this valley, at the foot of Stinchcomb Hill, to the south-west of Gloucester, there dwelt, during the latter half of the fifteenth century, a family which had taken refuge there during the wars of the Roses and assumed the name of Hutchins. In the reign of Henry VII., the Lancastrian party having the upper hand, they resumed their name of Tyndale, which had been borne of yore by many noble barons. In 1484, about a year after the birth of Luther, and about the time that Zwingle first saw light in the mountains of the Tockenburg, these partisans of the Red Rose were blessed with a son, whom they called William. His youth was passed in the

fields surrounding his native village of North Nibley, beneath the shadows of Berkeley Castle or beside the rapid waters of the Severn, and in the midst of friars and pontifical collectors. He was sent very early to Oxford, where he learned grammar and philosophy in the school of St. Mary Magdalene, adjoining the college of that name. He made rapid progress, particularly in languages, under the first classical scholars in England—Grocyn, W. Latimer and Linacre—and took his degrees. A more excellent master than these doctors, the Holy Spirit speaking in Scripture, was soon to teach him a science which it is not in the power of man to impart.

Oxford, where Erasmus had so many friends, was the city in which his New Testament met with the warmest welcome. The young Gloucestershire student, inwardly impelled toward the study of sacred literature, read the celebrated book which was then attracting the attention of Christendom. At first he regarded it only as a work of learning, or at most as a manual of piety, whose beauties were calculated to excite religious feelings; but ere long he found it to be something more. The more he read it, the more was he struck by the truth and energy of the word. This strange book spoke to him of God, of Christ and of regeneration with a simplicity and authority which completely subdued him. William had found

a master whom he had not sought at Oxford; this was God himself. The pages he held in his hand were the divine revelation so long mislaid. Possessing a noble soul, a bold spirit and indefatigable activity, he did not keep this treasure to himself. He uttered that cry, more suited to a Christian than to Archimedes—εὕρηκα, "I have found it!" It was not long before several of the younger members of the university, attracted by the purity of his life and the charms of his conversation, gathered round him, and read with him the Greek and Latin Gospels of Erasmus. "A certain well-informed young man," wrote Erasmus in a letter wherein he speaks of the publication of his New Testament, "began to lecture with success on Greek literature at Oxford." He was probably speaking of Tyndale.

The monks took the alarm. "A barbarian," continues Erasmus, "entered the pulpit and violently abused the Greek language."—"These folk," said Tyndale, "wished to extinguish the light which exposed their trickery, and they have been laying their plans these dozen years." This observation was made in 1531, and refers, therefore, to the proceedings of 1517. Germany and England were beginning the struggle at nearly the same time, and Oxford perhaps before Wittemberg. Tyndale, bearing in mind the injunction, "When they

persecute you in one city, flee ye into another," left Oxford and proceeded to Cambridge. It must needs be that souls whom God has brought to his knowledge should meet and enlighten one another: live coals, when separated, go out; when gathered together they brighten up, so as even to purify silver and gold. The Romish hierarchy, not knowing what they did, were collecting the scattered brands of the Reformation.

Bilney was not inactive at Cambridge. Not long had the "sublime lesson of Jesus Christ" filled him with joy before he fell on his knees and exclaimed, "O Thou who art the truth! give me strength that I may teach it, and convert the ungodly by means of one who has been ungodly himself." After this prayer his eyes gleamed with new fire; he had assembled his friends, and opening Erasmus's Testament, had placed his finger on the words that had reached his soul, and these words had touched many. The arrival of Tyndale gave him fresh courage, and the light burnt brighter in Cambridge.

John Fryth, a young man of eighteen, the son of an innkeeper of Sevenoaks in Kent, was distinguished among the students of King's College by the promptitude of his understanding and the integrity of his life. He was as deeply read in the mathematics as Tyndale in the

classics and Bilney in canon law. Although of an exact turn of mind, yet his soul was elevated, and he recognized in Holy Scripture a learning of a new kind. "These things are not demonstrated like a proposition of Euclid," he said; "mere study is sufficient to impress the theories of mathematics on our minds; but this science of God meets with a resistance in man that necessitates the intervention of a divine power. Christianity is a regeneration." The heavenly seed soon grew up in Fryth's heart.

These three young scholars set to work with enthusiasm. They declared that neither priestly absolution nor any other religious rite could give remission of sins, that the assurance of pardon is obtained by faith alone, and that faith purifies the heart. Then they addressed to all men that saying of Christ's at which the monks were so offended: "Repent and be converted."

Ideas so new produced a great clamor. A famous orator undertook one day at Cambridge to show that it was useless to preach conversion to the sinner. "Thou who for sixty years past," said he, "hast wallowed in thy lusts like a sow in her mire, dost thou think that thou canst in one year take as many steps toward heaven, and that in thine age, as thou hast done toward hell?" Bilney left the church with indignation. "Is that preaching repentance in the name of Jesus?" he asked. "Does not

this priest tell us, 'Christ will not save thee'? Alas! for so many years that this deadly doctrine has been taught in Christendom not one man has dared open his mouth against it." Many of the Cambridge fellows were scandalized at Bilney's language: was not the preacher whose teaching he condemned duly *ordained* by the bishop? He replied, "What would be the use of being a hundred times consecrated, were it even by a thousand papal bulls, if the inward calling is wanting? To no purpose hath the bishop breathed on our heads if we have never felt the breath of the Holy Ghost in our hearts." Thus, at the very beginning of the Reformation, England, rejecting the Romish superstitions, discerned with extreme nicety what constitutes the essence of consecration to the service of the Lord.

After pronouncing these noble words, Bilney, who longed for an outpouring of the Holy Ghost, shut himself up in his room, fell on his knees and called upon God to come to the assistance of his Church. Then rising up, he exclaimed, as if animated by a prophetic spirit, "A new time is beginning. The Christian assembly is about to be renewed. Some one is coming unto us; I see him, I hear him—it is Jesus Christ. . . . He is the King, and it is he who will call the true ministers commissioned to evangelize his people."

Tyndale, full of the same hopes as Bilney, left Cambridge in the course of the year 1519. Tyndale thought of raising up the true throne of the Church by re-establishing the legitimate sovereignty of the word of God. The Greek Testament of Erasmus had been one step, and it now became necessary to place before the simple what the king of the schools had given to the learned. This idea, which pursued the young Oxford doctor everywhere, was to be the mighty mainspring of the English Reformation.

On the slope of Sodbury Hill there stood a plain but large mansion, commanding an extensive view over the beautiful vale of the Severn, where Tyndale was born. It was inhabited by a family of gentle birth: Sir John Walsh had shone in the tournaments of the court, and by this means conciliated the favor of his prince. He kept open table, and gentlemen, deans, abbots, archdeacons, doctors of divinity and fat rectors, charmed by Sir John's cordial welcome and by his good dinners, were ever at his house. The former brother-in-arms of Henry VIII. felt an interest in the questions being discussed throughout Christendom. Lady Walsh, herself a sensible and generous woman, lost not a word of the animated conversation of her guests, and discreetly tried to incline the balance to the side of truth.

Tyndale, after leaving Oxford and Cambridge, had returned to the home of his fathers. Sir John had requested him to educate his children, and he had accepted. William was then in the prime of life (he was about thirty-six), well instructed in Scripture and full of desire to show forth the light which God had given him. Opportunities were not wanting. Seated at table with all the doctors welcomed by Sir John, Tyndale entered into conversation with them. They talked of the learned men of the day—of Erasmus much, and sometimes of Luther, who was beginning to astonish England. They discussed several questions touching the Holy Scriptures, and sundry points of theology. Tyndale expressed his convictions with admirable clearness, supported them with great learning and kept his ground against all with unbending courage. These animated conversations in the vale of the Severn are one of the essential features of the picture presented by the Reformation in England. The historians of antiquity invented the speeches which they have put into the mouths of their heroes. In our times history, without inventing, should make us acquainted with the sentiments of the persons of whom it treats. It is sufficient to read Tyndale's works to form some idea of these conversations. It is from his writings that the following discussion has been drawn.

In the dining-room of the old hall a varied group was assembled round the hospitable table. There were Sir John and Lady Walsh, a few gentlemen of the neighborhood, with several abbots, deans, monks and doctors, in their respective costumes. Tyndale occupied the humblest place, and generally kept Erasmus's New Testament within reach in order to prove what he advanced. Numerous domestics were moving about engaged in waiting on the guests; and at length the conversation, after wandering a little, took a more precise direction. The priests grew impatient when they saw the terrible volume appear. "Your Scriptures only serve to make heretics," they exclaimed.—"On the contrary," replied Tyndale, "the source of all heresies is *pride;* now, the word of God strips man of everything and leaves him as bare as Job."—"*The word of God!* why, even *we* don't understand your word; how can the *vulgar* understand it?"—"You do not understand it," rejoined Tyndale, "because you look into it only for foolish questions, as you would into *Our Lady's Matins* or *Merlin's Prophecies.* Now, the Scriptures are a clue which we must follow, without turning aside, until we arrive at Christ, for Christ is the end."—"And I tell you," shouted out a priest, "that the Scriptures are a Dædalian labyrinth, rather than Ariadne's clue—a conjuring book wherein everybody

finds what he wants."—"Alas!" replied Tyndale, "you read them without Jesus Christ; that's why they are an obscure book to you. What do I say?—a den of thorns where you only escape from the briers to be caught by the brambles."—"No!" exclaimed another clerk, heedless of contradicting his colleague, "nothing is obscure to us; it is we who give the Scriptures, and we who explain them to you."—"You would lose both your time and your trouble," said Tyndale. "Do you know who taught the eagles to find their prey? Well, that same God teaches his hungry children to find their Father in his word. Far from having given us the Scriptures, it is you who have hidden them from us; it is you who burn those who teach them, and if you could you would burn the Scriptures themselves."

Tyndale was not satisfied with merely laying down the great principles of faith; he always sought after what he calls "the sweet marrow within;" but to the divine unction he added no little humor, and unmercifully ridiculed the superstitions of his adversaries. "You set candles before images," he said to them; "and since you give them *light*, why don't you give them *food?* Why don't you make their bellies hollow and put victuals and drink inside? To serve God by such mummeries is treating him like a spoilt child, whom

you pacify with a toy or with a horse made of a stick."

But the learned Christian soon returned to more serious thoughts, and when his adversaries extolled the papacy as the power that would save the Church in the tempest, he replied, "Let us only take on board the anchor of faith, after having dipped it in the blood of Christ, and when the storm bursts upon us let us boldly cast the anchor into the sea; then you may be sure the ship will remain safe on the great waters." And, in fine, if his opponents rejected any doctrine of the truth, Tyndale (says the chronicler), opening his Testament, would set his finger on the verse which refuted the Romish error, and exclaim, "Look and read."

The contemplation of God's works refreshed Tyndale after the discussions he had to maintain at his patron's table. He would often ramble to the top of Sodbury Hill, and there repose amidst the ruins of an ancient Roman camp which crowned the summit. It was here that Queen Margaret of Anjou halted, and here too rested Edward IV., who pursued her, before the fatal battle of Tewkesbury which caused this princess to fall into the hands of the White Rose. Amidst these ruins, monuments of the Roman invasion and of the civil dissensions of England, Tyndale meditated upon other battles which

were to restore liberty and truth to Christendom. Then rousing himself he would descend the hill and courageously resume his task.

Behind the mansion stood a little church overshadowed by two large yew trees and dedicated to St. Adeline. On Sunday, Tyndale used to preach there, Sir John and Lady Walsh, with the eldest of the children, occupying the manorial pew. This humble sanctuary was filled by their household and tenantry, listening attentively to the words of their teacher, which fell from his lips like "the waters of Shiloh that go softly." Tyndale was very lively in conversation, but he explained the Scriptures with so much unction, says the chronicler, "that his hearers thought they heard St. John himself." If he resembled John in the mildness of his language, he resembled Paul in the strength of his doctrine. "According to the pope," he said, "we must first be good after his doctrine, and compel God to be good again for our goodness. Nay, verily, God's goodness is the root of all goodness. Antichrist turneth the tree of salvation topsy-turvy: he planteth the branches, and setteth the roots upward. We must put it straight. . . . As the husband marrieth the wife before he can have any lawful children by her, even so faith justifieth us to make us faithful in good works. But neither the one nor the other should re-

main barren. Faith is the holy candle wherewith we must bless ourselves at the last hour; without it, you will go astray in the valley of the shadow of death, though you had a thousand tapers lighted around your bed."

The priests, irritated at such observations, determined to ruin Tyndale, and some of them invited Sir John and his lady to an entertainment at which he was not present. During dinner they so abused the young doctor and his New Testament that his patrons retired, greatly annoyed that their tutor should have made so many enemies. They told him all they had heard, and Tyndale successfully refuted his adversaries' arguments. "What!" exclaimed Lady Walsh, "there are some of these doctors worth one hundred, some two hundred, and some three hundred pounds; . . . and were it reason, think you, Master William, that we should believe you before them?" Tyndale, opening the New Testament, replied, "No, it is not me you should believe. That is what the priests have told you; but look here: St. Peter, St. Paul and the Lord himself say quite the contrary." The word of God was there, positive and supreme: the sword of the Spirit cut the difficulty.

Before long the manor-house and St Adeline's church became too narrow for Tyndale's zeal. He preached every Sunday, sometimes

in a village, sometimes in a town. The inhabitants of Bristol assembled to hear him in a large meadow called St. Austin's Green. But no sooner had he preached in any place than the priests hastened thither, tore up what he had planted, called him a heretic, and threatened to expel from the Church every one who dared listen to him. When Tyndale returned he found the field laid waste by the enemy, and, looking sadly upon it as the husbandman who sees his corn beaten down by the hail and his rich furrows turned into a barren waste, he exclaimed, "What is to be done? While I am sowing in one place the enemy ravages the field I have just left. I cannot be everywhere. Oh, if Christians possessed the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue they could of themselves withstand these sophists. Without the Bible it is impossible to establish the laity in the truth."

Then a great idea sprang up in Tyndale's heart. "It was in the language of Israel," said he, "that the Psalms were sung in the temple of Jehovah; and shall not the gospel speak the language of England among us? . . . Ought the Church to have less light at noonday than at the dawn? . . . Christians must read the New Testament in their mother-tongue." Tyndale believed that this idea proceeded from God. The new sun would lead

to the discovery of a new world, and the infallible rule would make all human diversities give way to a divine unity. "One holdeth this doctor, another that," said Tyndale; "one followeth Duns Scotus, another St. Thomas, another Bonaventure, Alexander Hales, Raymond of Penaford, Lyra, Gorram, Hugh de Sancto Victore, and so many others besides. . . . Now, each of these authors contradicts the other. How, then, can we distinguish him who says right from him who says wrong? . . . How? Verily, by God's word." Tyndale hesitated no longer. While Wolsey sought to win the papal tiara, the humble tutor of Sodbury undertook to place the torch of heaven in the midst of his fellow-countrymen. The translation of the Bible should be the work of his life.

The first triumph of the word was a revolution in the manor-house. In proportion as Sir John and Lady Walsh acquired a taste for the gospel they became disgusted with the priests. The clergy were not so often invited to Sodbury, nor did they meet with the same welcome. They soon discontinued their visits, and thought of nothing but how they could drive Tyndale from the mansion and from the diocese.

Unwilling to compromise themselves in this warfare, they sent forward some of those light troops which the Church has always at her disposal. Mendicant friars and poor curates,

who could hardly understand their missal, and the most learned of whom made *Albertus de Secretis Mulierum* their habitual study, fell on Tyndale like a pack of hungry hounds. They trooped to the alehouses, and, calling for a jug of beer, took their seats, one at one table, another at another. They invited the peasantry to drink with them, and, entering into conversation with them, poured forth a thousand curses upon the daring Reformer. "He's a hypocrite," said one; "He's a heretic," said another. The most skillful among them would mount upon a stool, and turning the tavern into a temple, deliver, for the first time in his life, an extemporaneous discourse. They reported words that Tyndale had never uttered and actions that he had never committed. Rushing upon the poor tutor (he himself informs us) "like unclean swine that follow their carnal lusts," they tore his good name to very tatters, and shared the spoil among them; while the audience, excited by their calumnies and heated by the beer, departed overflowing with rage and hatred against the heretic of Sodbury.

After the monks came the dignitaries. The deans and abbots accused Tyndale to the chancellor of the diocese, and the storm which had begun in the tavern burst forth in the episcopal palace.

The titular bishop of Worcester (an appanage of the Italian prelates) was Giulio de' Medici, a learned man, great politician and crafty priest, who already governed the popedom without being pope. Wolsey, who administered the diocese for his absent colleague, had appointed Thomas Parker chancellor, a man devoted to the Romish Church. It was to him the churchmen made their complaint. A judicial inquiry had its difficulties; the king's companion-in-arms was the patron of the pretended heretic, and Sir Anthony Poyntz, Lady Walsh's brother, was sheriff of the county. The chancellor was therefore content to convoke a general conference of the clergy. Tyndale obeyed the summons, but, foreseeing what awaited him, he cried heartily to God, as he pursued his way up the banks of the Severn, "to give him strength to stand fast in the truth of his word."

When they were assembled, the abbots and deans and other ecclesiastics of the diocese with haughty heads and threatening looks crowded round the humble but unbending Tyndale. When his turn arrived he stood forward, and the chancellor administered him a severe reprimand, to which he made a calm reply. This so exasperated the chancellor that, giving way to his passion, he treated Tyndale as if he had been a dog. "Where are your witnesses?"

demanded the latter. "Let them come forward, and I will answer them." Not one of them dared support the charge; they looked another way. The chancellor waited; one witness at least he must have, but he could not get that. Annoyed at this desertion of the priests, the representative of the Medici became more equitable and let the accusation drop. Tyndale quietly returned to Sodbury, blessing God who had saved him from the cruel hands of his adversaries, and entertained nothing but the tenderest charity toward them. "Take away my goods," he said to them one day, "take away my good name, yet so long as Christ dwelleth in my heart, so long shall I love you not a whit the less." Here indeed is the St. John to whom Tyndale has been compared.

In this violent warfare, however, he could not fail to receive some heavy blows; and where could he find consolation? Fryth and Bilney were far from him. Tyndale recollected an aged doctor who lived near Sodbury, and who had shown him great affection. He went to see him, and opened his heart to him. The old man looked at him for a while as if he hesitated to disclose some great mystery. "Do you not know," said he, lowering his voice, "that the pope is very Antichrist whom the Scripture speaketh of? But beware what you say; that knowledge may cost you your life." This doc-

trine of Antichrist, which Luther was at that moment enunciating so boldly, struck Tyndale. Strengthened by it, as was the Saxon Reformer, he felt fresh energy in his heart, and the aged doctor was to him what the aged friar had been to Luther.

When the priests saw that their plot had failed they commissioned a celebrated divine to undertake his conversion. The Reformer replied with his Greek Testament to the schoolman's arguments. The theologian was speechless: at last he exclaimed, "Well, then, it were better to be without God's laws than the pope's." Tyndale, who did not expect so plain and blasphemous a confession, made answer, "And I defy the pope and all his laws;" and then, as if unable to keep his secret, he added, "If God spares my life, I will take care that a ploughboy shall know more of the Scriptures than you do."

All his thoughts were now directed to the means of carrying out his plans, and, desirous of avoiding conversations that might compromise them, he thenceforth passed the greater portion of his time in the library. He prayed, he read, he began his translation of the Bible, and in all probability communicated portions of it to Sir John and Lady Walsh.

All his precautions were useless: the scholastic divine had betrayed him, and the priests had sworn to stop him in his translation of the

Bible. One day he fell in with a troop of monks and curates, who abused him in the grossest manner. "It's the favor of the gentry of the country that makes you so proud," said they, "but notwithstanding your patrons there will be a talk about you before long, and in a pretty fashion too! You shall not always live in a manor-house."

"Banish me to the obscurest corner of England," replied Tyndale, "provided you will permit me to teach children and preach the gospel, and give me ten pounds a year for my support; I shall be satisfied." The priests left him, but with the intention of preparing for him a very different fate.

Tyndale indulged in his pleasant dreams no longer. He saw that he was on the point of being arrested, condemned, and interrupted in his great work. He must seek a retreat where he can discharge in peace the task God has allotted him. "You cannot save me from the hands of the priests," said he to Sir John, "and God knows to what troubles you would expose yourself by keeping me in your family. Permit me to leave you." Having said this, he gathered up his papers, took his Testament, pressed the hands of his benefactors, kissed the children, and then descending the hill bade farewell to the smiling banks of the Severn, and departed alone—alone with his faith. What

shall he do? What will become of him? Where shall he go? He went forth like Abraham, one thing alone engrossing his mind: the Scriptures shall be translated into the vulgar tongue, and he will deposit the oracles of God in the midst of his countrymen.

After bidding his sad farewell to the manor-house of Sodbury the learned tutor departed for London. This occurred about the end of 1522 or the beginning of 1523. He had left the university, he had forsaken the house of his protector; his wandering career was about to commence, but a thick veil hid from him all its sorrows. Tyndale, a man simple in his habits, sober, daring and generous, fearing neither fatigue nor danger, inflexible in his duty, anointed with the Spirit of God, overflowing with love for his brethren, emancipated from human traditions, the servant of God alone, and loving naught but Jesus Christ, imaginative, quick at repartee and of touching eloquence,—such a man might have shone in the foremost ranks, but he preferred a retired life in some poor corner, provided he could give his countrymen the Scriptures of God. Where could he find this calm retreat? was the question he put to himself as he was making his solitary way to London. The metropolitan see was then filled by Cuthbert Tonstall, who was more of a statesman and a scholar than a churchman—

"the first of Englishmen in Greek and Latin literature," said Erasmus. This eulogy of the learned Dutchman occurred to Tyndale's memory. "It was the Greek Testament of Erasmus that led me to Christ," he said to himself; "why should not the house of Erasmus's friend offer me a shelter that I may translate it?" At last he reached London, and, a stranger in that crowded city, he wandered along the streets, a prey by turns to hope and fear.

Being recommended by Sir John Walsh to Sir Harry Guildford, the king's comptroller, and by him to several priests, Tyndale began to preach almost immediately, especially at St. Dunstan's, and bore into the heart of the capital the truth which had been banished from the banks of the Severn. The *word* of God was with him the basis of salvation, and the *grace* of God its essence. His inventive mind presented the truths he proclaimed in a striking manner. He said on one occasion, "It is the blood of Christ that opens the gates of heaven, and not thy works. I am wrong. Yes, if thou wilt have it so, by thy good works shalt thou be saved. Yet understand me well: not by those which thou hast done, but by those which Christ has done for thee. Christ is in thee, and thou in him, knit together inseparably. Thou canst not be damned, except Christ be damned with thee; neither can Christ be

saved, except thou be saved with him." This lucid view of justification by faith places Tyndale among the Reformers. He did not take his seat on a bishop's throne or wear a silken cope, but he mounted the scaffold and was clothed with a garment of flames. In the service of a crucified Saviour this latter distinction is higher than the former.

Yet the translation was his chief business; he spoke to his acquaintances about it, and some of them opposed his project. "The teachings of the doctors," said some of the city tradesmen, "can alone make us understand Scripture."—"That is to say," replied Tyndale, "I must measure the *yard* by the *cloth*. Look here," continued he, using a practical argument: "here are in your shop twenty pieces of stuff of different lengths. Do you measure the yard by these pieces, or the pieces by the yard? The universal standard is Scripture." This comparison was easily fixed in the minds of the petty tradesmen of the capital.

Desirous of carrying out his project, Tyndale aspired to become the bishop's chaplain; his ambition was more modest than Wolsey's. The Hellenist possessed qualities which could not fail to please the most learned of Englishmen in Greek literature: Tonstall and Tyndale both liked and read the same authors. The ex-tutor determined to plead his cause through the

elegant and harmonious disciple of Radicus and Gorgias. "Here is one of Isocrates' orations that I have translated into Latin," said he to Sir Harry Guildford; "I should be pleased to become chaplain to his lordship the bishop of London; will you beg him to accept this trifle? Isocrates ought to be an excellent recommendation to a scholar; will you be good enough to add yours?" Guildford spoke to the bishop, placed the translation in his hands, and Tonstall replied with that benevolence which he showed to every one. "Your business is in a fair way," said the comptroller to Tyndale; "write a letter to his lordship, and deliver it yourself."

Tyndale's hopes now began to be realized. He wrote his letter in the best style, and then, commending himself to God, proceeded to the episcopal palace. He fortunately knew one of the bishop's officers, William Hebilthwayte, to whom he gave the letter. Hebilthwayte carried it to his lordship while Tyndale waited. His heart throbbed with anxiety: shall he find at last the long-hoped-for asylum? The bishop's answer might decide the whole course of his life. If the door is opened, if the translator of the Scriptures should be settled in the episcopal palace, why should not his London patron receive the truth like his patron at Sodbury? and in that case what a future for the Church and

for the kingdom! The Reformation was knocking at the door of the hierarchy of England, and the latter was about to utter its yea or its nay. After a few moments' absence Hebilthwayte returned: "I am going to conduct you to his lordship." Tyndale fancied himself that he had attained his wishes.

The bishop was too kind-hearted to refuse an audience to a man who called upon him with the triple recommendation of Isocrates, of the comptroller and of the king's old companion-in-arms. He received Tyndale with kindness, a little tempered, however, with coldness, as if he were a man whose acquaintanceship might compromise him. Tyndale having made known his wishes, the bishop hastened to reply: "Alas! my house is full; I have now more people than I can employ." Tyndale was discomfited by this answer. The bishop of London was a learned man, but wanting in courage and consistency; he gave his right hand to the friends of letters and of the gospel, and his left hand to the friends of the priests, and then endeavored to walk with both. But when he had to choose between the two parties clerical interests prevailed. There was no lack of bishops, priests and laymen about him, who intimidated him by their clamors. After taking a few steps forward he suddenly recoiled. Still, Tyndale ventured to hazard a word, but the prelate was

cold as before. The humanists, who laughed at the ignorance of the monks, hesitated to touch an ecclesiastical system which lavished on them such rich sinecures. They accepted the new ideas in theory, but not in practice. They were very willing to discuss them at table, but not to proclaim them from the pulpit, and, covering the Greek Testament with applause, they tore it in pieces when rendered into the vulgar tongue. "If you will look well about London," said Tonstall coldly to the poor priest, "you will not fail to meet with some suitable employment." This was all Tyndale could obtain. Hebilthwayte waited on him to the door, and the Hellenist departed sad and desponding.

His expectations were disappointed. Driven from the banks of the Severn, without a home in the capital, what would become of the translation of the Scriptures? "Alas!" he said, "I was deceived. There is nothing to be looked for from the bishops. Christ was smitten on the cheek before the bishop, Paul was buffeted before the bishop, and a bishop has just turned me away." His dejection did not last long: there was an elastic principle in his soul. "I hunger for the word of God," said he; "I will translate it, whatever they may say or do. God will not suffer me to perish. He never made a mouth but he made food for it, nor a body but he made raiment also."

This trustfulness was not misplaced. It was the privilege of a layman to give what the bishop refused. Among Tyndale's hearers at St. Dunstan's was a rich merchant named Humphrey Monmouth, who had visited Rome, and to whom (as well as to his companions) the pope had been so kind as to give certain Roman curiosities, such as indulgences *a culpâ et a pœnâ*. Ships laden with his manufactures every year quitted London for foreign countries. He had formerly attended Colet's preaching at St. Paul's, and from the year 1515 he had known the word of God. He was one of the gentlest and most obliging men of England, he kept open house for the friends of learning and of the gospel, and his library contained the newest publications. In putting on Jesus Christ, Monmouth had particularly striven to put on his character; he helped generously with his purse both priests and men of letters; he gave forty pounds sterling to the chaplain of the bishop of London, the same to the king's, to the provincial of the Augustines, and to others besides. Latimer, who sometimes dined with him, once related in the pulpit an ancedote characteristic of the friends of the Reformation in England. Among the regular guests at Monmouth's table was one of his poorest neighbors, a zealous Romanist, to whom his generous host often used to lend money. One day, when the pious

merchant was extolling Scripture and blaming popery, his neighbor turned pale, rose from the table and left the room. "I will never set foot in his house again," he said to his friends, "and I will never borrow another shilling of him." He next went to the bishop and laid an information against his benefactor. Monmouth forgave him, and tried to bring him back, but the neighbor constantly turned out of his way. Once, however, they met in a street so narrow that he could not escape. "I will pass by without looking at him," said the Romanist, turning away his head. But Monmouth went straight to him, took him by the hand and said affectionately, "Neighbor, what wrong have I done you?" and he continued to speak to him with so much love that the poor man fell on his knees, burst into tears and begged his forgiveness. Such was the spirit which, at the very outset, animated the work of the Reformation in England: it was acceptable to God and found favor with the people.

Monmouth, being edified by Tyndale's sermons, inquired into his means of living. "I have none," replied he, "but I hope to enter into the bishop's service." This was before his visit to Tonstall. When Tyndale saw all his hopes frustrated he went to Monmouth and told him everything. "Come and live with me," said the wealthy merchant, "and there

labor." God did to Tyndale according to his faith. Simple, frugal, devoted to work, he studied night and day; and, wishing to guard his mind against "being overcharged with surfeiting," he refused the delicacies of his patron's table, and would take nothing but sodden meat and small beer. It would even seem that he carried simplicity in dress almost too far. By his conversation and his works he shed over the house of his patron the mild light of the Christian virtues, and Monmouth loved him more and more every day.

Tyndale was advancing in his work when John Fryth, the mathematician of King's College, Cambridge, arrived in London. It is probable that Tyndale, feeling the want of an associate, had invited him. United like Luther and Melanchthon, the two friends held many precious conversations together. "I will consecrate my life wholly to the Church of Jesus Christ," said Fryth.—"To be a good man, you must give great part of yourself to your parents, a greater part to your country, but the greatest of all to the Church of the Lord."—"The people should know the word of God," they said both. "The interpretation of the gospel, without the intervention of councils or popes, is sufficient to create a saving faith in the heart." They shut themselves up in the little room in Monmouth's house and trans-

lated chapter after chapter from the Greek into plain English. The bishop of London knew nothing of the work going on a few yards from him, and everything was succeeding to Tyndale's wishes when it was interrupted by an unforeseen circumstance.

Longland, the persecutor of the Lincolnshire Christians, did not confine his activity within the limits of his diocese; he besieged the king, the cardinal and the queen with his cruel importunities, using Wolsey's influence with Henry, and Henry's with Wolsey. "His Majesty," he wrote to the cardinal, "shows in this holy dispute as much goodness as zeal, . . . yet be pleased to urge him to overthrow God's enemies." And then turning to the king, the confessor said, to spur him on, "The cardinal is about to fulminate the greater excommunication against all who possess Luther's works or hold his opinions, and to make the booksellers sign a bond before the magistrates not to sell heretical books."—"Wonderful!" replied Henry with a sneer; "they will fear the magisterial bond, I think, more than the clerical excommunication." And yet the consequences of the "clerical" excommunication were to be very positive; whosoever persevered in his offence was to be pursued by the law *ad ignem*—even to the fire. At last the confessor applied to the queen. "We cannot be sure of restraining

the press," he said to her. "These wretched books come to us from Germany, France and the Low Countries, and are even printed in the very midst of us. Madam, we must train and prepare skillful men, such as are able to discuss the controverted points, so that the laity, struck on the one hand by well-developed arguments and frightened by the fear of punishment on the other, may be kept in obedience." In the bishop's system "fire" was to be the complement of Romish learning. The essential idea of Jesuitism is already visible in this conception of Henry VIII.'s confessor. That system is the natural development of Romanism.

Tonstall, urged forward by Longland, and desirous of showing himself as holy a churchman as he had once been a skillful statesman and elegant scholar,—Tonstall, the friend of Erasmus, began to persecute. He would have feared to shed blood like Longland, but there are measures which torture the mind and not the body, and which the most moderate men fear not to make use of. John Higgins, Henry Chambers, Thomas Eaglestone, a priest named Edmund Spilman, and some other Christians in London, used to meet and read portions of the Bible in English, and even asserted publicly that "Luther had more learning in his little finger than all the doctors in Eng-

land." The bishop ordered these rebels to be arrested: he flattered and alarmed them, threatening them with a cruel death (which he would hardly have inflicted on them), and by these skillful practices reduced them to silence.

Tyndale, who witnessed this persecution, feared lest the stake should interrupt his labor. If those who read a few fragments of Scripture are threatened with death, what will he not have to endure who is translating the whole? His friends entreated him to withdraw from the bishop's pursuit. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "is there, then, no place where I can translate the Bible? It is not the bishop's house alone that is closed against me, but all England."

He then made a great sacrifice. Since there is no place in his own country where he can translate the word of God, he will go and seek one among the nations of the Continent. It is true the people are unknown to him; he is without resources; perhaps persecution and even death await him there. It matters not. Some time must elapse before it is known what he is doing, and perhaps he will have been able to translate the Bible. He turned his eyes toward Germany. "God does not destine us to a quiet life here below," he said. "If he calls us to peace on the part of Jesus Christ, he calls us to war on the part of the world."

There lay at that moment in the river Thames

a vessel loading for Hamburg. Monmouth gave Tyndale ten pounds sterling for his voyage, and other friends contributed a like amount. He left the half of this sum in the hands of his benefactor to provide for his future wants, and prepared to quit London, where he had spent a year. Rejected by his fellow-countrymen, persecuted by the clergy, and carrying with him only his New Testament and his ten pounds, he went on board the ship, shaking off the dust of his feet according to his Master's precept, and that dust fell back on the priests of England. He was indignant (says the chronicler) against those coarse monks, covetous priests and pompous prelates who were waging an impious war against God. "What a trade is that of the priests!" he said in one of his later writings. "They want money for everything—money for baptisms, money for churchings, for weddings, for buryings, for images, brotherhoods, penances, soul-masses, bells, organs, chalices, copes, surplices, ewers, censers and all manner of ornaments. Poor sheep! The parson shears, the vicar shaves, the parish priest polls, the friar scrapes, the indulgence-seller pares: all that you want is a butcher to flay you and take away your skin. He will not leave you long. Why are your prelates dressed in red? Because they are ready to shed the blood of whomsoever seeketh the word of God. Scourges of

states, devastators of kingdoms, the priests take away not only Holy Scripture, but also prosperity and peace; but of their councils is no layman: reigning over all, they obey nobody, and, making all concur to their own greatness, they conspire against every kingdom."

No kingdom was to be more familiar than England with the conspiracies of the papacy of which Tyndale spoke, and yet none was to free itself more irrevocably from the power of Rome.

Yet Tyndale was leaving the shores of his native land, and as he turned his eyes toward the new countries hope revived in his heart. He was going to be free, and he would use his liberty to deliver the word of God, so long held captive. "The priests," he said one day, "when they had slain Christ, set pole-axes to keep him in his sepulchre, that he should not rise again; even so have our priests buried the Testament of God, and all their study is to keep it down, that it rise not again. But the hour of the Lord is come, and nothing can hinder the word of God, as nothing could hinder Jesus Christ of old from issuing from the tomb." Indeed, that poor man then sailing toward Germany was to send back, even from the banks of the Elbe, the eternal gospel to his countrymen.

The ship which carried Tyndale and his MSS. cast anchor at Hamburg, where since the year

1521 the gospel had counted numerous friends. Encouraged by the presence of his brethren, the Oxford fellow had taken a quiet lodging in one of the narrow, winding streets of that old city, and had immediately resumed his task. A secretary, whom he terms his "faithful companion," aided him in collating texts, but it was not long before this brother, whose name is unknown to us, thinking himself called to preach Christ in places where he had as yet never been proclaimed, left Tyndale. A former friar-Observant of the Franciscan order at Greenwich having abandoned the cloister, and being at this time without resources, offered his services to the Hellenist. William Roye was one of those men (and they are always pretty numerous) whom impatience of the yoke alienates from Rome, without their being attracted by the Spirit of God to Christ. Acute, insinuating, crafty, and yet of pleasing manners, he charmed all those who had mere casual relations with him. Tyndale, banished to the distant shores of the Elbe, surrounded by strange customs and hearing only a foreign tongue, often thought of England, and was impatient that his country should enjoy the result of his labors: he accepted Roye's aid. The Gospels of Matthew and Mark, translated and printed at Hamburg, became, it would seem, the first-fruits to England of his great task.

But Tyndale was soon overwhelmed by annoyances. Roye, who was pretty manageable while he had no money, had become intractable now that his purse was less empty. What was to be done? The Reformer, having spent the ten pounds he had brought from England, could not satisfy the demands of his assistant, pay his own debts and remove to another city. He became still more sparing and economical. The Wartburg, in which Luther had translated the New Testament, was a palace in comparison with the lodging in which the Reformer of wealthy England endured hunger and cold while toiling day and night to give the gospel to the English Christians.

About the end of 1524, Tyndale sent the two Gospels to Monmouth, and a merchant named John Collenbeke, having brought him the ten pounds he had left in the hands of his old patron, he prepared to depart immediately.

Where should he go? Not to England; he must complete his task before all things. Could he be in Luther's neighborhood and not desire to see him? He needed not the Saxon Reformer either to find the truth, which he had already known at Oxford, or to undertake the translation of the Scriptures, which he had already begun in the vale of the Severn. But did not all evangelical foreigners flock to Wittemberg? To remove all doubt as to the inter-

view of the Reformers, it would be desirable perhaps to find some trace of it at Wittemberg either in the university registers or in the writings of the Saxon Reformers. Yet several contemporaneous testimonies seem to give a sufficient degree of probability to this conference. Fox tells us, "He had an interview with Luther and other learned men of that country." This must have been in the spring of 1525.

Tyndale, desirous of drawing nearer to his native country, turned his eyes toward the Rhine. There were at Cologne some celebrated printers well known in England, and among others Quentel and the Byrckmans. Francis Byrckman had warehouses in St. Paul's Churchyard in London, a circumstance that might facilitate the introduction and sale of the Testament printed on the banks of the Rhine. This providential circumstance decided Tyndale in favor of Cologne, and thither he repaired with Roye and his MSS. Arrived in the gloomy streets of the city of Agrippina, he contemplated its innumerable churches, and above all its ancient cathedral re-echoing to the voices of its canons, and was oppressed with sorrow as he beheld the priests and monks and mendicants and pilgrims who, from all parts of Europe, poured in to adore the pretended relics of the three wise men and of the eleven thousand virgins. And then Tyndale asked himself wheth-

er it was really in this superstitious city that the New Testament was to be printed in English. This was not all. The Reform movement then at work in Germany had broken out at Cologne during the feast of Whitsuntide, and the archbishop had just forbidden all evangelical worship. Yet Tyndale persevered, and submitting to the most minute precautions, not to compromise his work, he took an obscure lodging, where he kept himself closely hidden.

Soon, however, trusting in God, he called on the printer, presented his manuscripts to him, ordered six thousand copies, and then, upon reflection, sank down to three thousand for fear of a seizure. The printing went on; one sheet followed another; gradually the gospel unfolded its mysteries in the English tongue, and Tyndale could not contain himself for very joy. He saw in his mind's eye the triumphs of the Scriptures over all the kingdon, and exclaimed with transport, "Whether the king wills it or not, ere long all the people of England, enlightened by the New Testament, will obey the gospel."

But on a sudden that sun whose earliest beams he had hailed with songs of joy was hidden by thick clouds. One day, just as the tenth sheet had been thrown off, the printer hastened to Tyndale and informed him that the senate of Cologne forbade him to con-

tinue the work. Everything was discovered, then? No doubt Henry VIII., who has burnt Luther's books, wishes to burn the New Testament also, to destroy Tyndale's manuscripts and deliver him up to death. Who had betrayed him? He was lost in unavailing conjectures, and one thing only appeared certain: alas! his vessel, which was moving onward in full sail, had struck upon a reef! The following is the explanation of this unexpected incident.

One of the most violent enemies of the Reformation — we mean Cochlæus — had arrived in Cologne. The wave of popular agitation which had stirred this city during the Whitsuntide holidays had previously swept over Frankfort during the festival of Easter, and the dean of Notre Dame, taking advantage of a moment when the gates of the city were open, had escaped a few minutes before the burghers entered his house to arrest him. On arriving at Cologne, where he hoped to live unknown under the shadow of the powerful elector, he had gone to lodge with George Lauer, a canon in the church of the Apostles.

By a singular destiny the two most opposite men, Tyndale and Cochlæus, were in hiding in the same city; they could not long remain there without coming into collision.

On the right bank of the Rhine, and opposite

Cologne, stood the monastry of Deutz, one of whose abbots, Rupert, who lived in the twelfth century, had said, "To be ignorant of Scripture is to be ignorant of Jesus Christ. This is *the Scripture of nations.* This book of God, which is not pompous in words and poor in meaning like Plato, ought to be set before every people and to proclaim aloud to the whole world the salvation of all." One day, when Cochlæus and his host were talking of Rupert, the canon informed the dean that the heretic Osiander of Nuremberg was in treaty with the abbot of Deutz about publishing the writings of this ancient doctor. Cochlæus guessed that Osiander was desirous of bringing forward the contemporary of St. Bernard as a witness in defence of the Reformation. Hastening to the monastery, he alarmed the abbot. "Entrust to me the manuscripts of your celebrated predecessor," he said; "I will undertake to print them and prove that he was one of us." The monks placed them in his hands, stipulating for an early publication, from which they expected no little renown. Cochlæus immediately went to Peter Quentel and Arnold Byrckman to make the necessary arrangements. They were Tyndale's printers.

There Cochlæus made a more important discovery than that of Rupert's manuscripts. Byrckman and Quentel having invited him one

day to meet several of their colleagues at dinner, a printer somewhat elevated by wine declared in his cups (to borrow the words of Cochlæus), "Whether the king and the cardinal of York wish it or not, all England will soon be Lutheran." Cochlæus listened and grew alarmed; he made inquiry, and was informed that two Englishmen, learned men and skilled in the languages, were concealed at Cologne. But all his efforts to discover more proved unavailing.

There was no more repose for the dean of Frankfort; his imagination fermented, his mind became alarmed. "What," said he, "shall England, that faithful servant of the popedom, be perverted like Germany? Shall the English, the most religious people of Christendom, and whose king once ennobled himself by writing against Luther,—shall they be invaded by heresy? Shall the mighty cardinal-legate of York be compelled to flee from his palace, as I was from Frankfort?" Cochlæus continued his search; he paid frequent visits to the printers, spoke to them in a friendly tone, flattered them, invited them to visit him at the canon's; but as yet he dared not hazard the important question: it was sufficient for the moment to have won the good graces of the depositaries of the secret. He soon took a new step; he was careful not to question them before one

another, but he procured a private interview with one of them and supplied him plentifully with Rhine wine: he himself is our informant. Artful questions embarrassed the unwary printer, and at last the secret was disclosed. "The New Testament," Cochlæus learnt, "is translated into English; three thousand copies are in the press; fourscore pages in quarto are ready; the expense is fully supplied by English merchants, who are secretly to convey the work when printed, and to disperse it widely through all England before the king or the cardinal can discover or prohibit it. Thus will Britain be converted to the opinions of Luther."

The surprise of Cochlæus equaled his alarm; he dissembled; he wished to learn, however, where the two Englishmen lay concealed; but all his exertions proved ineffectual, and he returned to his lodgings filled with emotion. The danger was very great. A stranger and an exile, what can he do to oppose this impious undertaking? Where shall he find a friend to England prepared to show his zeal in warding off the threatened blow? He was bewildered.

A flash of light suddenly dispelled the darkness. A person of some consequence at Cologne, Herman Rincke, a patrician and imperial councilor, had been sent on important business by the emperor Maximilian to Henry VII., and from that time he had always shown a great

attachment to England. Cochlæus determined to reveal the fatal secret to him, but, being still alarmed by the scenes at Frankfort, he was afraid to conspire openly against the Reformation. He had left an aged mother and a little niece at home, and was unwilling to do anything which might compromise them. He therefore crept stealthily toward Rincke's house (as he tells us himself), slipped in secretly, and unfolded the whole matter to him. Rincke could not believe that the New Testament in English was printing at Cologne; however, he sent a confidential person to make inquiries, who reported to him that Cochlæus's information was correct, and that he had found in the printing-office a large supply of paper intended for the edition. The patrician immediately proceeded to the senate and spoke of Wolsey, of Henry VIII. and of the preservation of the Romish Church in England; and that body, which, under the influence of the archbishop, had long since forgotten the rights of liberty, forbade the printer to continue the work. Thus, then, there were to be no New Testaments for England! A practiced hand had warded off the blow aimed at Roman Catholicism; Tyndale would perhaps be thrown into prison, and Cochlæus enjoy a complete triumph.

Tyndale was at first confounded. Were so many years of toil lost, then, for ever? His

trial seemed beyond his strength. "They are ravening wolves," he exclaimed; "they preach to others, 'Steal not,' and yet they have robbed the soul of man of the bread of life, and fed her with the shales [shells?] and cods of the hope in their merits and confidence in their good works." Yet Tyndale did not long remain cast down, for his faith was of that kind which would remove mountains. Is it not the word of God that is imperiled? *If he does not abandon himself, God will not abandon him.* He must anticipate the senate of Cologne. Daring and prompt in all his movements, Tyndale bade Roye follow him, hastened to the printing-office, collected the sheets, jumped into a boat and rapidly ascended the river, carrying with him the hope of England.

When Cochlæus and Rincke, accompanied by the officers of the senate, reached the printing-office, they were surprised beyond measure. The apostate had secured the abominable papers. Their enemy had escaped like a bird from the net of the fowler. Where was he to be found now? He would no doubt go and place himself under the protection of some Lutheran prince, whither Cochlæus would take good care not to pursue him; but there was one resource left. These English books can do no harm in Germany; they must be prevented reaching London. He wrote to Henry VIII.,

to Wolsey and to the bishop of Rochester. "Two Englishmen," said he to the king, "like the two eunuchs who desired to lay hands on Ahasuerus, are plotting wickedly against the peace of your kingdom; but I, like the faithful Mordecai, will lay open their designs to you. They wish to send the New Testament in English to your people. Give orders at every seaport to prevent the introduction of this most baneful merchandise." Such was the name given by this zealous follower of the pope to the word of God. An unexpected ally soon restored peace to the soul of Cochlæus. The celebrated Dr. Eck, a champion of popery far more formidable than he was, had arrived at Cologne on his way to London, and he undertook to arouse the anger of the bishops and of the king. The eyes of the greatest opponents of the Reformation seemed now to be fixed on England. Eck, who boasted of having gained the most signal triumphs over Luther, would easily get the better of the humble tutor and his New Testament.

During this time Tyndale, guarding his precious bales, ascended the rapid river as quickly as he could. He passed before the antique cities and the smiling villages scattered along the banks of the Rhine amidst scenes of picturesque beauty. The mountains, glens and rocks, the dark forests, the ruined fortresses,

the Gothic churches, the boats that passed and repassed each other, the birds of prey that soared over his head as if they bore a mission from Cochlæus,—nothing could turn his eyes from the treasure he was carrying with him. At last, after a voyage of five or six days, he reached Worms, where Luther four years before had exclaimed, "Here I stand; I can do no other; may God help me!" These words of the German Reformer, so well known to Tyndale, were the star that had guided him to Worms. He knew that the gospel was preached in that ancient city. "The citizens are subject to fits of Lutheranism," said Cochlæus. Tyndale arrived there, not, as Luther did, surrounded by an immense crowd, but unknown and imagining himself pursued by the myrmidons of Charles and of Henry. As he landed from the boat he cast an uneasy glance around him and laid down his precious burden on the bank of the river.

He had had time to reflect on the dangers which threatened his work. As his enemies would have marked the edition, some few sheets of it having fallen into their hands, he took steps to mislead the inquisitors, and began a new edition, striking out the prologue and the notes, and substituting the more portable octavo form for the original quarto. Peter Schœfer, the grandson of Fust, one of the inventors of

printing, lent his presses for this important work. The two editions were quietly completed about the end of the year 1525.

Thus were the wicked deceived: they would have deprived the English people of the oracles of God, and *two* editions were now ready to enter England. "Give diligence," said Tyndale to his fellow-countrymen as he sent from Worms the Testament he had just translated, "unto the words of eternal life, by the which, if we repent and believe them, we are born anew, created afresh and enjoy the fruits of the blood of Christ." In the beginning of 1526 these books crossed the sea by way of Antwerp or Rotterdam. Tyndale was happy, but he knew that the unction of the Holy Ghost alone could enable the people of England to understand these sacred pages; and accordingly he followed them night and day with his prayers. "The scribes and Pharisees," said he, "had thrust up the sword of the word of God in a scabbard or sheath of glosses, and therein had knit it fast, so that it could neither stick nor cut. Now, O God, draw this sharp sword from the scabbard. Strike, wound, cut asunder the soul and the flesh, so that man, being divided in two and set at variance with himself, may be in peace with thee to all eternity."

Tyndale's English New Testament was now crossing the sea; five pious Hanseatic mer-

chants had taken charge of the books. Captivated by the Holy Scriptures, they had taken them on board their ships, hidden them among their merchandise and then made sail from Antwerp for London.

Thus those precious pages were approaching England which were to become its light and the source of its greatness. The merchants, whose zeal unhappily cost them dear, were not without alarm. Had not Cochlæus caused orders to be sent to every port to prevent the entrance of the precious cargo they were bringing to England? They arrived and cast anchor; they lowered the boat to reach the shore: what were they likely to meet there? Tonstall's agents no doubt, and Wolsey's and Henry's, ready to take away their New Testaments. They landed, and soon again returned to the ship; boats passed to and fro, and the vessel was unloaded. No enemy appeared, and no one seemed to imagine that these ships contained so great a treasure.

Just at the time this invaluable cargo was ascending the river an invisible hand had dispersed the preventive guard. Tonstall, bishop of London, had been sent to Spain; Wolsey was occupied in political combinations with Scotland, France and the Empire; Henry VIII., driven from his capital by an unhealthy winter, was passing the Christmas holidays at Eltham;

and even the courts of justice, alarmed by an extraordinary mortality, had suspended their sittings. God, if we may so speak, had sent his angel to remove the guards.

Seeing nothing that could stop them, the five merchants, whose establishment was at the Steelyard in Thames Street, hastened to conceal their precious charge in their warehouses. But who will receive them? Who will undertake to distribute these Holy Scriptures in London, Oxford, Cambridge and all England? It is a little matter that they have crossed the sea. The principal instrument God was about to use for their dissemination was a humble servant of Christ.

In Honey Lane, a narrow thoroughfare adjoining Cheapside, stood the old church of All Hallows, of which Robert Forman was the rector. His curate was a plain man, of lively imagination, delicate conscience and timid disposition, but rendered bold by his faith, to which he was to become a martyr. Thomas Garret, for that was his name, having believed in the gospel, earnestly called his hearers to repentance; he urged upon them that works, however good they might be in appearance, were by no means capable of justifying the sinner, and that faith alone could save him. He maintained that every man had the right to preach the word of God, and called those bishops Phari-

sees who persecuted Christian men. Garret's discourses, at once so quickening and so gentle, attracted great crowds, and to many of his hearers the street in which he preached was rightly named Honey Lane, for there they found the honey out of the rock. But Garret was about to commit a fault still more heinous in the eyes of the priests than preaching faith. The Hanse merchants were seeking some sure place where they might store up the New Testaments and other books sent from Germany; the curate offered his house, stealthily transported the holy deposits thither, hid them in the most secret corners and kept a faithful watch over this sacred library. He did not confine himself to this. Night and day he studied the holy books, he held gospel meetings, read the word and explained its doctrines to the citizens of London. At last, not satisfied with being at once student, librarian and preacher, he became a trader, and sold the New Testament to laymen, and even to priests and monks, so that the Holy Scriptures were dispersed over the whole realm. This humble and timid priest was then performing alone the biblical work of England.

And thus the word of God, presented by Erasmus to the learned in 1517, was given to the people by Tyndale in 1526.

Wolsey had not been inactive. The cardi-

nal hoped to find elsewhere the co-operation which Margaret of Austria refused. It was Tyndale that he wanted, and everything seemed to indicate that he was then hidden at Cologne or in its neighborhood. Wolsey, recollecting Senator Rincke and the services he had already performed, determined to send to him one John West, a friar of the Franciscan convent at Greenwich. West, a somewhat narrow-minded but energetic man, was very desirous of distinguishing himself, and he had already gained some notoriety in England among the adversaries of the Reformation. Flattered by his mission, the vain monk immediately set off for Antwerp, accompanied by another friar, in order to seize Tyndale, and even Roye, once his colleague at Greenwich, and against whom he had there ineffectually contended in argument.

While these men were conspiring his ruin Tyndale composed several works, got them printed and sent them to England, and prayed God night and day to enlighten his fellow-countrymen. "Why do you give yourself so much trouble?" said some of his friends; "they will burn your books as they have burnt the gospel."—They will only do what I expect," replied he, "if they burn me also." Already he beheld his own burning pile in the distance, but it was a sight which only served to increase his

zeal. Hidden, like Luther at the Wartburg—not, however, in a castle, but in a humble lodging—Tyndale, like the Saxon Reformer, spent his days and nights translating the Bible. But not having an elector of Saxony to protect him, he was forced to change his residence from time to time.

At this epoch, Fryth, who had escaped from the prisons of Oxford, rejoined Tyndale, and the sweets of friendship softened the bitterness of their exile. Tyndale having finished the New Testament and begun the translation of the Old, the learned Fryth was of great use to him. The more they studied the word of God, the more they admired it. In the beginning of 1529 they published the books of Genesis and Deuteronomy, and, addressing their fellow-countrymen, they said, "As thou readest, think that every syllable pertaineth to thine own self, and suck out the pith of the Scripture." Then, denying that visible signs naturally impart grace, as the schoolmen had pretended, Tyndale maintained that the sacraments are effectual only when the Holy Ghost sheds his influence upon them. "The ceremonies of the law," he wrote, "stood the Israelites in the same stead as the sacraments do us. We are saved not by the power of the sacrifice or the deed itself, but by virtue of *faith in the promise*, whereof the sacrifice or ceremony was a token

or sign. The Holy Ghost is no dumb God, no God that goeth a-mumming. Wherever the word is proclaimed this inward witness worketh. If baptism preach me the washing in Christ's blood, so doth the Holy Ghost accompany it, and that deed of preaching through faith doth put away my sins. The ark of Noah saved them in the water through faith."

The man who dared address England in language so contrary to the teaching of the Middle Ages must be imprisoned. John West, who had been sent with this object, arrived at Antwerp; Hackett procured for him as interpreter a friar of English descent, made him assume a secular dress and gave him "three pounds" on the cardinal's account: the less attention the embassy attracted, the more likely it would be to succeed. But great was West's vexation on reaching Cologne to learn that Rincke was at Frankfort. But that mattered not; the Greenwich monk could search for Tyndale at Cologne, and desire Rincke to do the same at Frankfort; thus there would be two searches instead of one. West procured a "swift" messenger (he too was a monk), and gave him the letter Wolsey had addressed to Rincke.

It was fair-time at Frankfort, and the city was filled with merchants and their wares. As soon as Rincke had finished reading Wol-

sey's letter he hastened to the burgomasters, and required them to confiscate the English translation of the Scriptures, and, above all, to seize "the heretic who was troubling England as Luther troubled Germany."—"Tyndale and his friends have not appeared in our fairs since the month of March, 1528," replied the magistrates, "and we know not whether they are dead or alive."

Rincke was not discouraged. John Schoot of Strasburg, who was said to have printed Tyndale's books, and who cared less about the works he published than the money he drew from them, happened to be at Frankfort. "Where is Tyndale?" Rincke asked him.—"I do not know," replied the printer, but he confessed that he had printed a thousand volumes at the request of Tyndale and Roye.—"Bring them to me," continued the senator of Cologne.—"If a fair price is paid me I will give them up to you." Rincke paid all that was demanded.

Wolsey would now be gratified, for the New Testament annoyed him almost as much as the divorce: this book, so dangerous in his eyes, seemed on the point of raising a conflagration which would infallibly consume the edifice of Romish traditionalism. Rincke, who participated in his patron's fears, impatiently opened the volumes made over to him;

but there was a sad mistake: they were not the New Testament, not even a work of Tyndale's, but one written by William Roye, a changeable and violent man whom the Reformer had employed for some time at Hamburg, and who had followed him to Cologne, but with whom he had soon become disgusted. "I bade him farewell for our two lives," said Tyndale, "and a day longer." Roye, on quitting the Reformer, had gone to Strasburg, where he boasted of his relations with him, and had got printed in that city a satire against Wolsey and the monastic orders entitled *The Burial of the Mass:* this was the book delivered to Rincke. The monk's sarcastic spirit had exceeded the legitimate bounds of controversy, and the senator accordingly dared not send the volumes to England. He did not, however, discontinue his inquiries, but searched every place where he thought he could discover the New Testament, and having seized all the suspected volumes set off for Cologne.

Yet he was not satisfied. He wanted Tyndale, and went about asking every one if they knew where to find him. But the Reformer, whom he was seeking in so many places, and especially at Frankfort and Cologne, chanced to be residing at about an equal distance from these two towns; so that Rincke, while traveling from one to the other, might have met him

face to face, as Ahab's messenger met Elijah. Tyndale was at Marburg, whither he had been drawn by several motives. Prince Philip of Hesse was the great protector of the evangelical doctrines. The university had attracted attention in the Reform by the paradoxes of Lambert of Avignon. Here a young Scotsman named Hamilton, afterward illustrious as a martyr, had studied shortly before, and here too the celebrated printer, John Luft, had his presses. In this city Tyndale and Fryth had taken up their abode in September, 1528, and, hidden on the quiet banks of the Lahn, were translating the Old Testament. If Rincke had searched this place he could not have failed to discover them. But either he thought not of it, or was afraid of the terrible landgrave. The direct road by the Rhine was that which he followed, and Tyndale escaped.

When he arrived at Cologne, Rincke had an immediate interview with West. Their investigations having failed, they must have recourse to more vigorous measures. The senator therefore sent the monk back to England, accompanied by his son Hermann, charging them to tell Wolsey, "To seize Tyndale we require fuller powers, ratified by the emperor. The traitors who conspire against the life of the king of England are not tolerated in the Empire, much less Tyndale and all those who conspire

against Christendom. He must be put to death; nothing but some striking example can check the Lutheran heresy. And as to ourselves," they were told to add, "by the favor of God there may possibly be an opportunity for His Royal Highness and Your Grace to recompense us." Rincke had not forgotten the subsidy of ten thousand pounds which he had received from Henry VII. for the Turkish war when he had gone to London as Maximilian's envoy.

In June, 1529, there appeared *A Dialogue of Sir Thomas More, Knt., touching the pestilent Sect of Luther and Tyndale, by the one begun in Saxony, and by the other labored to be brought into England.*

Tyndale soon became informed of More's publication, and a remarkable combat ensued between these two representatives of the two doctrines that were destined to divide Christendom—Tyndale the champion of Scripture, and More the champion of the Church. More having called his book a *Dialogue*, Tyndale adopted this form in his reply, and the two combatants valiantly crossed their swords, though wide seas lay between them. This theological duel is not without importance in the history of the Reformation. The struggles of diplomacy, of sacerdotalism and of royalty were not enough; there must be struggles of doctrine. Rome

had set the hierarchy above the faith; the Reformation was to restore faith to its place above the hierarchy.

More. Christ said not, The Holy Ghost shall *write*, but shall *teach*. Whatsoever the Church says, it is the word of God, though it be not in Scripture.

Tyndale. What! Christ and the apostles not spoken of *Scriptures!* "These are written," says St. John, "that ye believe, and through belief have life" (1 John ii. 1; Rom. xv. 4; Matt. xxii. 29).

More. The apostles have taught by *mouth* many things they did not *write*, because they should not come into the hands of the heathen for mocking.

Tyndale. I pray you, what thing more to be mocked by the heathen could they teach than the resurrection, and that Christ was God and man and died between two thieves? And yet all these things the apostles *wrote*. And again, purgatory, penance and satisfaction for sin, and praying to saints, are marvelous agreeable unto the superstition of the heathen people, so that they need not to abstain from writing of them for fear lest the heathen should have mocked them.

More. We must not examine the teaching of the Church by Scripture, but understand Scripture by means of what the Church says.

Tyndale. What! Does the air give light to the sun, or the sun to the air? Is the Church before the gospel, or the gospel before the Church? Is not the father older than the son? "God begat us with his own will, with the word of truth," says St. James (i. 18). If He who begetteth is before him who is begotten, the *word* is before the *Church*, or, to speak more correctly, before the *congregation*.

More. Why do you say *congregation* and not *Church?*

Tyndale. Because by that word *Church* you understand nothing but a multitude of shorn and oiled, which we now call the spirituality or clergy; while the word of right is common unto all the congregation of them that believe in Christ.

More. The Church is the pope and his sect or followers.

Tyndale. The pope teacheth us to trust in holy works for salvation, as penance, saints' merits and friars' coats. Now, he that hath no faith to be saved through Christ is not of Christ's Church.

More. The Romish Church, from which the Lutherans came out, was before them, and therefore is the right one.

Tyndale. In like manner you may say the Church of the Pharisees, whence Christ and his apostles came out, was before them, and was

therefore the right Church, and consequently Christ and his disciples are heretics.

More. No: the apostles came out from the Church of the Pharisees because they found not Christ there; but your priests in Germany and elsewhere have come out of our Church because they wanted wives.

Tyndale. Wrong! These priests were at first attached to what you call *heresies*, and then they took wives; but yours were first attached to the *holy* doctrine of the pope, and then they took harlots.

More. Luther's books be open, if ye will not believe us.

Tyndale. Nay, ye have shut them up, and have even burnt them.

More. I marvel that you deny *purgatory*, Sir William, except it be a plain point with you to go straight to hell.

Tyndale. I know no other purging but faith in the cross of Christ; while you, for a groat or a sixpence, buy some secret pills [indulgences], which you take to purge yourselves of your sins.

More. Faith, then, is your purgatory, you say; there is no need, therefore, of works—a most immoral doctrine!

Tyndale. It is faith *alone* that saves us, but not a *bare faith.* When a horse beareth a saddle and a man thereon, we may well say that the

horse only and alone beareth the saddle, but we do not mean the saddle empty and no man thereon.

In this manner did the Catholic and the evangelical carry on the discussion. According to Tyndale, what constitutes the true Church is the work of the Holy Ghost within; according to More, the constitution of the papacy without. The spiritual character of the gospel is thus put in opposition to the formalist character of the Romish Church. The Reformation restored to our belief the solid foundation of the word of God; for the sand it substituted the rock. In the discussion to which we have just been listening the advantage remained not with the Catholic. Erasmus, a friend of More's, embarrassed by the course the latter was taking, wrote to Tonstall, "I cannot heartily congratulate More."

Henry interrupted the celebrated knight in these contests to send him to Cambray, where a peace was negotiating between France and the Empire. Wolsey would have been pleased to go himself, but his enemies suggested to the king that "it was only that he might not expedite the matter of the divorce." Henry therefore despatched More, Knight and Tonstall, but Wolsey had created so many delays that they did not arrive until after the conclusion of the "Ladies' Peace" (August, 1529). The king's

vexation was extreme. Du Bellay had in vain helped him to spend a *good preparatory July* to make him *swallow the dose.* Henry was angry with Wolsey; Wolsey threw the blame on the ambassador; and the ambassador defended himself, he tells us, "with tooth and nail."

By way of compensation, the English envoys concluded with the emperor a treaty prohibiting on both sides the printing and sale of "any Lutheran books." Some of them could have wished for a good persecution, for a few burning piles, it may be. A singular opportunity occurred. In the spring of 1529, Tyndale and Fryth had left Marburg for Antwerp, and were thus in the vicinity of the English envoys. What West had been unable to effect, it was thought the two most intelligent men in Britain could not fail to accomplish. "Tyndale must be captured," said More to Tonstall.—"You do not know what sort of a country you are in," replied Hackett. "Will you believe that on the 7th of April, Harman arrested me at Antwerp for damages caused by his imprisonment? 'If you can lay anything to my charge as a private individual,' I said to the officer, 'I am ready to answer for myself; but if you arrest me as ambassador, I know no judge but the emperor.' Upon which the procurator had the audacity to reply that I was arrested *as ambassador;* and the lords of Antwerp only set me

at liberty on condition that I should appear again at the first summons. These merchants are so proud of their franchises that they would resist even Charles himself." This anecdote was not at all calculated to encourage More, and not caring about a pursuit which promised to be of little use, he returned to England. But the bishop of London, who was left behind, persisted in the project, and repaired to Antwerp to put it in execution.

Tyndale was at that time greatly embarrassed; considerable debts, incurred with his printers, compelled him to suspend his labors. Nor was this all: the prelate who had spurned him so harshly in London had just arrived in the very city where he lay concealed. What would become of him? A merchant named Augustin Packington, a clever man, but somewhat inclined to dissimulation, happening to be at Antwerp on business, hastened to pay his respects to the bishop. The latter observed in the course of conversation, "I should like to get hold of the books with which England is poisoned."—"I can perhaps serve you in that matter," replied the merchant. "I know the Flemings who have bought Tyndale's books; so that if your lordship will be pleased to pay for them, I will make sure of them all."—"Oh, oh!" thought the bishop; "now, as the proverb says, I shall have God by the toe.—Gentle Master Packington," he added

in a flattering tone, "I will pay for them whatsoever they cost you. I intend to burn them at St. Paul's Cross." The bishop, having his hand already on Tyndale's Testaments, fancied himself on the point of seizing Tyndale himself.

Packington, being one of those men who love to conciliate all parties, ran off to Tyndale, with whom he was intimate, and said, "William, I know you are a poor man, and have a heap of New Testaments and books by you, for which you have beggared yourself; and I have now found a merchant who will buy them all, and with ready money too."—"Who is the merchant?" said Tyndale.—"The bishop of London."—"Tonstall? If he buys my books, it can only be to burn them."—"No doubt," answered Packington, "but what will he gain by it? The whole world will cry out against the priest who burns God's word, and the eyes of many will be opened. Come, make up your mind, William; the bishop shall have the books, you the money, and I the thanks." Tyndale resisted the proposal; Packington became more pressing. "The question comes to this," he said: "shall the bishop pay for the books, or shall he not? for, make up your mind, he will have them."—"I consent," said the Reformer at last; "I shall pay my debts and bring out a new and more correct edition of the Testament." The bargain was made.

Ere long the dangers thickened around Tyndale. Placards posted at Antwerp and throughout the province announced that the emperor, in conformity with the treaty of Cambray, was about to proceed against the Reformers and their writings. Not an officer of justice appeared in the street but Tyndale's friends trembled for his liberty. Under such circumstances how could he print his translation of Genesis and Deuteronomy? He made up his mind about the end of August to go to Hamburg, and took his passage in a vessel loading for that port. Embarking with his books, his manuscripts and the rest of his money, he glided down the Scheldt, and soon found himself afloat on the German Ocean.

But one danger followed close upon another. He had scarcely passed the mouth of the Meuse when a tempest burst upon him, and his ship, like that of old which bore St. Paul, was almost swallowed up by the waves. "Satan, envying the happy course and success of the gospel," says a chronicler, "set to his might how to hinder the blessed labors of this man." The seamen toiled; Tyndale prayed, all hope was lost. The Reformer alone was full of courage, not doubting that God would preserve him for the accomplishment of his work. All the exertions of the crew proved useless; the vessel was dashed on the coast, but the passengers

escaped with their lives. Tyndale gazed with sorrow upon that ocean which had swallowed up his beloved books and precious manuscripts and deprived him of his resources. What labors! what perils! banishment, poverty, thirst, insults, watchings, persecution, imprisonment, the stake! Like Paul, he was in perils by his own countrymen, in perils among strange people, in perils in the city, in perils in the sea. Recovering his spirits, however, he went on board another ship, entered the Elbe, and at last reached Hamburg.

Great joy was in store for him in that city. Coverdale, Fox informs us, was waiting there to confer with him and to help him in his labors. It has been supposed that Coverdale went to Hamburg to invite Tyndale, in Cromwell's name, to return to England; but it is merely a conjecture, and requires confirmation. As early as 1527, Coverdale had made known to Cromwell his desire to translate the Scriptures. It was natural that, meeting with difficulties in this undertaking, he should desire to converse with Tyndale. The two friends lodged with a pious woman named Margaret van Emmersen, and spent some time together in the autumn of 1529, undisturbed by the sweating sickness, which was making such cruel havoc all around them. Coverdale returned to England shortly after; the two Reformers had no doubt dis-

covered that it was better for *each of them to trauslate the Scriptures separately.*

Before Coverdale's return Tonstall had gone back to London, exulting at carrying with him the books he had bought so dearly. But when he reached the capital he thought he had better defer the meditated *auto da fé* until some striking event should give it increased importance. And besides, just at that moment very different matters were engaging public attention on the banks of the Thames, and the liveliest emotions agitated every mind.

Henry VIII., finding that he wanted men like Latimer to resist the pope, sought to win over others of the same stamp. He found one whose lofty range he understood immediately. Thomas Cromwell had laid before him a book then very eagerly read all over England—namely, the *Practice of Prelates.* It was found in the houses not only of the citizens of London, but of the farmers of Essex, Suffolk and other counties. The king read it quite as eagerly as his subjects. Nothing interested him like the history of the slow but formidable progress of the priesthood and prelacy. One parable in particular struck him, in which the oak represented royalty, and the ivy the papacy: "First, the ivy springeth out of the earth, and then a while creepeth along by the ground till it find a great tree. There it joineth itself beneath alow unto

the body of the tree, and creepeth up a little and a little, fair and softly. And at the beginning, while it is yet thin and small, that the burden is not perceived, it seemeth glorious to garnish the tree in the winter and to bear off the tempests of the weather. But in the mean season it thrusteth roots into the bark of the tree to hold fast withal, and ceaseth not to climb up till it be at the top and above all. And then it sendeth its branches along by the branches of the tree, and overgroweth all, and waxeth great, heavy and thick, and sucketh the moisture so sore out of the tree and its branches that it choketh and stifleth them. And then the foul, stinking ivy waxeth mighty in the stump of the tree, and becometh a seat and a nest for all unclean birds and for blind owls, which hawk in the dark and dare not come at the light. Even so the bishop of Rome at the beginning crept along upon the earth. . . . He crept up and fastened his roots in the heart of the emperor, and by subtilty clamb above the emperor and subdued him, and made him stoop unto his feet and kiss them another while. Yea, when he had put the crown on the emperor's head, he smote it off with his feet again." Henry would willingly have clapped his hand on his sword to demand satisfaction of the pope for this outrage. The book was by Tyndale. Laying it down, the king reflected on what he had just read,

and thought to himself that the author had some striking ideas "on the accursed power of the pope," and that he was besides gifted with talent and zeal, and might render excellent service toward abolishing the papacy in England. Henry ordered Stephen Vaughan, one of his agents, then at Antwerp, to try and find the Reformer in Brabant, Flanders, on the banks of the Rhine, in Holland, . . . wherever he might chance to be; to offer him a safe-conduct under the sign-manual, to prevail on him to return to England, and to add the most gracious promises in behalf of His Majesty.

To gain over Tyndale seemed even more important than to have gained Latimer. Vaughan immediately undertook to seek him in Antwerp, where he was said to be, but could not find him. "He is at Marburg," said one; "At Frankfort," said another; "At Hamburg," declared a third. Tyndale was invisible now as before. To make more certain, Vaughan determined to write three letters directed to those three places, conjuring him to return to England. "I have great hopes," said the English agent to his friends, "of having done something that will please His Majesty." Tyndale, the most scriptural of English Reformers, the most inflexible in his faith, laboring at the Reformation with the cordial approbation of the monarch, would truly have been something extraordinary.

Scarcely had the three letters been despatched when Vaughan heard of the ignominious chastisement inflicted by Sir Thomas More on Tyndale's brother. Was it by such indignities that Henry expected to attract the Reformer? Vaughan, much annoyed, wrote to the king (26th January, 1531) that this event would make Tyndale think they wanted to entrap him, and he gave up looking after him.

Three months later (17th April), as Vaughan was busy copying one of Tyndale's manuscripts in order to send it to Henry (it was his answer to the *Dialogue* of Sir Thomas More), a man knocked at his door. "Some one, who calls himself a friend of yours desires very much to speak with you," said the stranger, "and begs you to follow me."—"Who is this friend? Where is he?" asked Vaughan.—"I do not know him," replied the messenger, "but come along, and you will see for yourself." Vaughan doubted whether it was prudent to follow this person to a strange place. He made up his mind, however, to accompany him. The agent of Henry VIII. and the messenger threaded the streets of Antwerp, went out of the city, and at last reached a lonely field, by the side of which the Scheldt flowed sluggishly through the level country. As he advanced, Vaughan saw a man of noble bearing, who appeared to be about fifty years of age. "Do you not recognize

me?" he asked Vaughan.—"I cannot call to mind your features," answered the latter.—"My name is Tyndale," said the stranger.—"Tyndale!" exclaimed Vaughan, with delight. "Tyndale! what a happy meeting!"

Tyndale, who had heard of Henry's new plans, had no confidence either in the prince or in his pretended Reformation. The king's endless negotiations with the pope, his worldliness, his amours, his persecutions of evangelical Christians, and especially the ignominious punishment inflicted on John Tyndale,—all these matters disgusted him. However, having been informed of the nature of Vaughan's mission, he desired to turn it to advantage by addressing a few warnings to the prince. "I have written certain books," he said, "to warn Your Majesty of the subtle demeanor of the clergy of your realm toward your person, in which doing I showed the heart of a true subject, to the intent that Your Grace might prepare your remedies against their subtle dreams. An exile from my native country, I suffer hunger, thirst, cold, absence of friends. Everywhere encompassed with great danger, in innumerable hard and sharp fightings, I do not feel their asperity, by reason that I hope with my labors to do honor to God, true service to my prince and pleasure to his commons."

"Cheer up," said Vaughan; "your exile, pov-

erty, fightings, all are at an end; you can return to England."—"What matters it," said Tyndale, "if my exile finishes, so long as the Bible is banished? Has the king forgotten that God has commanded his word to be spread throughout the world? If it continues to be forbidden to his subjects, very death were more pleasant to me than life."

Vaughan did not consider himself worsted. The messenger, who remained at a distance and could hear nothing, was astonished at seeing the two men in that solitary field conversing together so long and with so much animation. "Tell me what guarantees you desire," said Vaughan: "the king will grant them you."—"Of course the king would give me a safe-conduct," answered Tyndale, "but the clergy would persuade him that promises made to heretics are not binding." Night was coming on. Henry's agent might have had Tyndale followed and seized. The idea occurred to Vaughan, but he rejected it. Tyndale, began, however, to feel himself ill at ease. "Farewell," he said; "you shall see me again before long, or hear news of me." He then departed, walking away from Antwerp. Vaughan, who re-entered the city, was surprised to see Tyndale make for the open country. He supposed it to be a stratagem, and once more doubted whether he ought not to have seized the Reformer to please his master. "I might have

failed of my purpose," he said. Besides, it was now too late, for Tyndale had disappeared.

As soon as Vaughan reached home he hastened to send to London an account of this singular conference. Cromwell immediately proceeded to court and laid before the king the envoy's letter and the Reformer's book. "Good!" said Henry; "as soon as I have leisure, I will read them both." He did so, and was exasperated against Tyndale, who refused his invitation, mistrusted his word, and even dared to give him advice. The king in his passion tore off the latter part of Vaughan's letter, flung it in the fire, and entirely gave up his idea of bringing the Reformer into England to make use of him against the pope, fearing that such a torch would set the whole kingdom in a blaze. He thought only how he could seize him and punish him for his arrogance.

He sent for Cromwell. Before him on the table lay the treatise by Tyndale which Vaughan had copied and sent. "These pages," said Henry to his minister while pointing to the manuscript,—"these pages are the work of a visionary; they are full of lies, sedition and calumny. Vaughan shows too much affection for Tyndale. Let him beware of inviting him to come into the kingdom. He is a perverse and hardened character, who cannot be changed. I am too happy that he is out of England."

Cromwell retired in vexation. He wrote to Vaughan, but the king found the letter too weak, and Cromwell had to correct it to make it harmonize with the wrath of the prince. An ambitious man, he bent before the obstinate will of his master, but the loss of Tyndale seemed irreparable. Accordingly, while informing Vaughan of the king's anger, he added that if wholesome reflection should bring Tyndale to reason, the king was "*so inclined to mercy, pity and compassion*" that he would doubtless see him with pleasure. Vaughan, whose heart Tyndale had gained, began to hunt after him again, and had a second interview with him. He gave him Cromwell's letter to read, and when the Reformer came to the words we have just quoted about Henry's compassion, his eyes filled with tears. "What gracious words!" he exclaimed.—"Yes," said Vaughan; "they have such sweetness that they would break the hardest heart in the world." Tyndale, deeply moved, tried to find some mode of fulfilling his duty toward God and toward the king. "If His Majesty," he said, "would condescend to permit the Holy Scriptures to circulate among the people in all their purity, as they do in the states of the emperor and in other Christian countries, I would bind myself never to write again. I would throw myself at his feet, offering my body as a sacrifice,

ready to submit, if necessary, to torture and death."

But a gulf lay between the monarch and the Reformer. Henry VIII. saw the seeds of heresy in the Scriptures, and Tyndale rejected every reformation which they wished to carry out by proscribing the Bible. "Heresy springeth not from the Scriptures," he said, "no more than darkness from the sun." Tyndale disappeared again, and the name of his hiding-place is unknown.

The king of England was not discouraged by the check he had received. He wanted men possessed of talent and zeal—men resolved to attack the pope. Cambridge had given England a teacher who might be placed beside, and perhaps even above, Latimer and Tyndale. This was John Fryth. He thirsted for the truth; he sought God, and was determined to give himself wholly to Jesus Christ. One day Cromwell said to the king, "What a pity it is, Your Highness, that a man so distinguished as Fryth in letters and sciences should be among the sectarians!" Like Tyndale, he had quitted England. Cromwell, with Henry's consent, wrote to Vaughan: "His Majesty strongly desires the reconciliation of Fryth, who (he firmly believes) is not so far advanced as Tyndale in the evil way. Always full of mercy, the king is ready to receive him to

favor. Try to attract him charitably, politically." Vaughan immediately began his inquiries—it was May, 1531—but the first news he received was that Fryth, a minister of the gospel, was just married in Holland. "This marriage," he wrote to the king, "may by chance hinder my persuasion." This was not all: Fryth was boldly printing, at Amsterdam, Tyndale's answer to Sir Thomas More. Henry was forced to give him up, as he had given up his friend. He succeeded with none but Latimer, and even the chaplain told him many harsh truths. There was a decided incompatibility between the spiritual reform and the political reform. The work of God refused to ally itself with the work of the throne. The Christian faith and the visible Church are two distinct things. Some (and among them the Reformers) require Christianity, a living Christianity; others (and it was the case of Henry and his prelates) look for the Church and its hierarchy, and care little whether a living faith be found there or not. This is a capital error. Real religion must exist first, and then this religion must produce a true religious society. Tyndale, Fryth and their friends desired to begin with religion; Henry and his followers, with an ecclesiastical society hostile to faith. The king and the Reformers could not, therefore, come to an understanding. Henry, profoundly hurt by the boldness

of those evangelical men, swore that as they would not have peace they should have war—war to the knife.

Tyndale had been forced to leave his country, but he had left it only to prepare a seed which, borne on the wings of the wind, was to change the wildernesses of Great Britain into a fruitful garden.

The retired teacher from the vale of the Severn had settled in 1534 as near as possible to England—at Antwerp, whence ships departed frequently for British harbors. The English merchants, of whom there were many in that city, welcomed him with fraternal cordiality. Among them was a friend of the gospel, Mr. Thomas Poyntz, whose brother filled an office in the king's household. This warm-hearted Christian had received Tyndale into his house, and the latter was unremittingly occupied in translating the Old Testament, when an English ship brought the news of the martyrdom of Fryth, his faithful colleague. Tyndale shed many tears, and could not make up his mind to continue his work alone. But the reflection that Fryth had glorified Jesus Christ in his prison aroused him: he felt it his duty to glorify God in his exile. The loss of his friend made his Saviour still more precious to him, and in Jesus he found comfort for his mind. "I have lost my brother," he

said, "but in Christ all Christians, and even all the angels, are father and mother, sister and brother, and God himself takes care of me. O Christ, my Redeemer and my shield! thy blood, thy death, all that thou art and all that thou hast done—thou thyself—art mine!"

Tyndale, strengthened by faith, redoubled his zeal in his Master's service. That indefatigable man was not content to study the Scriptures with eagerness: he desired to combine with learning the charity that worketh. The English merchants of Antwerp having given him a considerable sum of money, he consecrated it to the poor, but he was not content with mere giving. Besides Sunday he reserved two days in the week which he called his "days of recreation." On Monday he visited the most out-of-the-way streets of Antwerp, hunting in garrets for the poor English refugees who had been driven from their country on account of the gospel; he taught them to bear Christ's burden and carefully tended their sick. On Saturday he went out of the city, visiting the villages and solitary houses and "seeking out every hole and corner." Should he happen to meet some hard-working father burdened with children, or some aged or infirm man, he hastened to share his substance with the poor creature. "We ought to be for our neighbor," he said, "what Christ has been for us." This

is what Tyndale called his "pastime." On Sunday morning he went to a merchant's house where a large room had been prepared for evangelical worship, and read and explained the Scriptures with so much sweetness and unction, and in such a practical spirit, that the congregation (it was said) fancied they were listening to John the Evangelist. During the remainder of the week the laborious doctor gave himself entirely to his translation. He was not one of those who remain idle in the hope that grace may abound. "If we are justified by faith," he said, "it is in order that we may do Christian works."

There came good news from London to console him for the death of Fryth. In every direction people were asking for the New Testament; several Flemish printers began to reprint it, saying, "If Tyndale should print two thousand copies, and we as many, they would be few enough for all England." Four new editions of the sacred book issued from the Antwerp presses in 1534.

There was at that time living in the city a man little fitted to be Tyndale's associate. George Joye, a fellow of Cambridge, was one of those active but superficial persons, with little learning and less judgment, who are never afraid to launch out into works beyond their powers. Joye, who had left England in

1527, noticing the consideration which Tyndale's labors brought to their author, and being also desirous of acquiring glory for himself, began, though he knew neither Hebrew nor Greek, to correct Tyndale's New Testament according to the Vulgate and his own imagination. One day, when Tyndale had refused to adopt one of his extravagant corrections, Joye was touched to the quick. "I am not afraid to cope with him in this matter," he said, "for all his high learning in Hebrew, Greek and Latin." Tyndale knew more than these. "He is master of seven languages," said Busche, Reuchlin's disciple—"Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, French—and so thoroughly that whichever he is speaking one might believe it to be his mother-tongue."

In the month of August, Joye's translation appeared at Antwerp: he had advertised it as "clearer and more faithful." Tyndale glanced over the leaves of the work that had been so praised by its author, and was vexed to find himself so unskillfully "corrected." He pointed out some of Joye's errors, and made this touching and solemn declaration: "I protest in the presence of God and Jesus Christ, and before the whole assembly of believers, that I have never written anything through envy, to circulate any error or to attract followers to

me. I have never had any other desire than to lead my brethren to the knowledge of Christ. And if in what I have written or translated there should be anything opposed to God's word, I beg all men to reject it, as I reject it myself before Christ and his assembly." It was in November, 1534, that Tyndale made this noble protest.

The moment seemed favorable now for getting rid of him: he was actually in the states of Charles V., that great enemy of the Reformation.

It was about the end of the year 1534, while the Reformer was still living at Antwerp in the house of Thomas Poyntz, when one day, dining with another merchant, he observed among the guests a tall young man of good appearance whom he did not know. "He is a fellow-countryman," said the master of the house—"Mr. Harry Philips, a person of very agreeable manners." Tyndale drew near the stranger, and was charmed with his conversation. After dinner, just as they were about to separate, he observed another person near Philips, whose countenance, from being less open, pleaded little in his favor. It was "Gabriel, his servant," he was told. Tyndale invited Philips to come and see him; the young layman accepted the invitation, and the candid Reformer was so taken with him that he could not pass a day without

him, inviting him at one time to dinner, at another to supper. At length Philips became so necessary to him that he prevailed upon him, with Poyntz's consent, to come and live in the same house with him. For some time they had lost sight of Gabriel, and on Tyndale's asking what had become of him he was informed that he had gone to Louvain, the centre of Roman clericalism in Belgium. When Tyndale and Philips were once lodged beneath the same roof, their intimacy increased: Tyndale had no secrets from his fellow-countryman. The latter spent hours in the library of the Hellenist, who showed him his books and manuscripts, and conversed with him about his past and future labors and the means that he possessed for circulating the New Testament throughout England. The translator of the Bible, all candor and simplicity, supposing no evil, thinking nothing but good of his neighbor, unbosomed himself to him like a child.

Philips, less of a gentleman than he appeared, was the son of a tax-gatherer in Devonshire, and the pretended domestic, a disguised monk, was that crafty and vicious churchman who had been brought from Stratford and given to the so-called gentleman—apparently as a servant, but really as his counselor and master. Neither Wolsey, More nor Hacket had succeeded in getting hold of Tyndale; but Gardiner, a

man of innate malice and indirect measures, familiar with all holes and corners, all circumstances and persons, knew how to go to work without noise, to watch his prey in silence, and fall upon it at the very moment when he was least expected. Two things were required in order to catch Tyndale: a bait to attract him, and a bird of prey to seize him. Philips was the bait, and the monk Gabriel Dunne the bird of prey. The noble-hearted Poyntz, a man of greater experience than the Reformer, had been for some time watching with inquisitive eye the new guest introduced into his house. It was of no use for Philips to try to be agreeable; there was something in him which displeased the worthy merchant. "Master Tyndale," he said one day to the Reformer, "when did you make that person's acquaintance?"—"Oh, he's a very worthy fellow," replied the doctor, "well educated and a thorough gentleman." Poyntz said no more.

Meanwhile, the monk had returned from Louvain, where he had gone to consult with some leaders of the Ultramontane party. If he and his companion could gain Mr. Poyntz, it would be easy to lay hold of Tyndale. They thought it would be sufficient to show the merchant that they had money, imagining that every man was to be bought. One day Philips said to Poyntz, "I am a stranger here, and should feel much

obliged if you would show me Antwerp." They went out together. Philips thought the moment had come to let Poyntz know that he was well supplied with gold, and even had some to give to others. "I want to make several purchases," he said, "and you would greatly oblige me by directing me. I want the best goods. I have plenty of money," he added. He then took a step further and sounded his man to try whether he would aid him in his designs. As Poyntz did not seem to understand him, Philips went no further.

As stratagem did not succeed, it was necessary to resort to force. Philips, by Gabriel's advice, set out for Brussels in order to prepare the blow that was to strike Tyndale. The emperor and his ministers had never been so irritated against England and the Reformation. The troops of Charles V. were in motion, and people expected to hear every moment that war had broken out between the emperor and the king. On arriving at Brussels the young Englishman appeared at court and waited on the government: he declared that he was a Roman Catholic disgusted with the religious reforms in England and devoted to the cause of Catherine. He explained to the ministers of Charles V. that they had in the Low Countries the man who was poisoning the kingdom, and that if they put Tyndale to death, they would save the

papacy in England. The emperor's ministers, delighted to see Englishmen making common cause with them against Henry VIII., conceded to Gardiner's delegate all that he asked. Philips, sparing no expense to attain his end, returned to Antwerp, accompanied by the imperial prosecutor and other officers of the emperor.

It was important to arrest Tyndale without having recourse to the city authorities, and even without their knowledge. Had not the Hanseatic judges had the strange audacity to declare in Harman's case that they could not condemn a man without positive proof? The monk, who probably had not gone to Brussels, undertook to reconnoitre the ground. One day, when Poyntz was sitting at his door, Gabriel went up to him and said, "Is Master Tyndale at home? My master desires to call upon him." They entered into conversation. Everything seemed to favor the monk's designs: he learnt that in three or four days Poyntz would be going to Bar-le-Duc, where he would remain about six weeks. It was just what Gabriel wanted, for he dreaded the piercing eye of the English merchant.

Shortly after this Philips arrived in Antwerp with the prosecutor and his officers. The former went immediately to Poyntz's house, where he found only the wife at home. "Does Mas-

ter Tyndale dine at home to-day?" he said; "I have a great desire to dine with him. Have you anything good to give us?"—"What we can get in the market," she replied laconically. —"Good! good!" said the perfidious papist as he turned away.

The new Judas hurried to meet the officers, and agreed with them upon the course to be adopted. When the dinner-hour drew near he said, "Come along; I will deliver him to you." The imperial prosecutor and his followers, with Philips and the monk, proceeded toward Poyntz's house, carefully noting everything and taking the necessary measures not to attract observation. The entrance to the house was by a long, narrow passage. Philips placed some of the agents a little way down the street, others near the entrance of the alley. "I shall come out with Tyndale," he told the agents, "and the man I point out with my finger is the one you will seize." With these words Philips entered the house; it was about noon.

The creature was exceedingly fond of money; he had received a great deal from the priests in England for the payment of his mission, but he thought it would be only right to plunder his victim before giving him up to death. Finding Tyndale at home, he said to him, after a few compliments, "I must tell you my misfortune. This morning I lost my purse between here and

Mechlin, and I am penniless. Could you lend me some money?"

Tyndale, simple and inexperienced in the tricks of the world, went to fetch the required sum, which was equal to thirty pounds sterling. The delighted Philips put the gold carefully in his pocket, and then thought only of betraying his kind-hearted friend. "Well, Master Tyndale," he said, "we are going to dine together." —"No," replied the doctor, "I am going to dine out to-day; come along with me; I will answer for it that you will be welcome." Philips joyfully consented; promptitude of execution was one element of success in his business. The two friends prepared to start. The alley by which they had to go out was (as we have said) so narrow that two persons could not walk abreast. Tyndale, wishing to do the honors to Philips, desired him to go first. "I will never consent," replied the latter, pretending to be very polite. "I know the respect due to you; it is for you to lead the way." Then, taking the doctor respectfully by the hand, he led him into the passage. Tyndale, who was of middle height, went first, while Philips, who was very tall, came behind him. He had placed two agents at the entrance, who were sitting at each side of the alley. Hearing footsteps, they looked up and saw the innocent Tyndale approaching them without suspicion, and over his

shoulders the head of Philips. He was a lamb led to slaughter by the man who was about to sell him. The officers of justice, frequently so hardhearted, experienced a feeling of compassion at the sight. But the traitor, raising himself behind the Reformer, who was about to enter the street, placed his forefinger over Tyndale's head, according to the signal which had been agreed upon, and gave the men a significant look, as if to say to them, "This is he." The men at once laid hands upon Tyndale, who in his holy simplicity did not at first understand what they intended doing. He soon found it out, for they ordered him to move on, the officers following him, and he was thus taken before the imperial prosecutor. The latter, who was at dinner, invited Tyndale to sit down with him. Then, ordering his servants to watch him carefully, the magistrate set off for Poyntz's house. He seized the papers, books and all that had belonged to the Reformer, and returning home placed him with the booty in a carriage and departed. The night came on, and after a drive of about three hours they arrived in front of the strong castle of Vilvorde, built in 1375 by Duke Wenceslaus, situated two or three leagues from Brussels on the banks of the Senne, surrounded on all sides by water and flanked by seven towers. The drawbridge was lowered, and Tyndale was delivered into the

hands of the governor, who put him into a safe place. The Reformer of England was not to leave Vilvorde as Luther left the Wartburg. This occurred, as it would appear, in August, 1535.

The object of his mission once attained, Philips, fearing the indignation of the English merchants, escaped to Louvain. Sitting in taverns or at the tables of monks, professors and prelates, sometimes even at the court of Brussels, he would boast of his exploit, and, desiring to win the favor of the Imperialists, would call Henry VIII. a tyrant and a robber of the state.

The English merchants of Antwerp, being reasonably offended, immediately called upon the governor of the English factory to take measures in favor of their countryman, but the governor refused. Tyndale, deprived of all hope, sought consolation in God. "Oh, what a happy thing it is to suffer for righteousness' sake!" he said. "If I am afflicted on earth with Christ, I have joy in the hope that I shall be glorified with him in heaven. Trials are a most wholesome medicine, and I will endure them with patience. My enemies destine me for the stake, but I am as innocent as a new-born child of the crimes of which they accuse me. My God will not forsake me. O Christ, thy blood saves me, as if it had been mine own that was shed upon the cross. God,

as great as he is, is mine, with all that he hath."

Tyndale in his prison at Vilvorde was happier than Philips at court. In vain was he girt around with the thick walls of that huge fortress. Tyndale was free. "There is the captivity and bondage," he could say, "whence Christ delivered us, redeemed and loosed us. His blood, his death, his patience in suffering rebukes and wrongs, his prayers and fastings, his meekness and fulfilling of the uttermost point of the law, broke the bonds of Satan wherein we were so strait bound." Thus Tyndale was as truly free at Vilvorde as Paul had been at Rome. He felt pressed to accomplish a vow made many years before. "If God preserves my life," he had said, "I will cause a boy that driveth a plough to know more of the Scriptures than the pope." True Christianity shows itself by the attention it gives to Christ's little ones. It was time for Tyndale to keep his promise. He occupied his prison-hours in preparing for the humble dwellers in the Gloucestershire villages and the surrounding counties an edition of the Bible in which he employed the language and orthography used in that part of England. When near his end he returned lovingly to the familiar speech of his childhood; he wrote in the dialect of the peasantry to save the souls of the peasants, and for

the first time put titles to the chapters of the Scripture, in order to make the understanding of it easier to his humbler fellow-countrymen. Two other editions of the New Testament appeared during the first year of his captivity. He did more: he had translated the Old Testament according to the Hebrew text, and was going to see to the printing of it just when Philips betrayed him. The fear that this labor would be lost grieved him even more than his imprisonment: a friend undertook the work he could no longer do himself.

At that time there lived at Antwerp, as chaplain to the English merchants in that city, a young man from the county of Warwick named Rogers, who had been educated at Cambridge, and was a little more than thirty years old. Rogers was learned, but submissive to the Romish traditions. Tyndale, having made his acquaintance, asked him to help in translating the Holy Scriptures, and Rogers caught joyfully at the opportunity of employing his Greek and Hebrew. Close and constant contact with the word of God gradually effected in him that great transformation, that total renewal of the man, which is the object of redemption. "I have found the true light in the gospel," he said one day to Tyndale; "I now see the filthiness of Rome, and I cast from my shoulders the heavy yoke it had imposed upon me." From that hour Tyn-

dale received from Rogers the help which he had formerly received from John Fryth, that pious martyr whose example Rogers was to follow by enduring, the first under Mary, the punishment of fire. The Holy Scriptures have been written in English with the blood of martyrs, if we may so speak—the blood of Fryth, Tyndale and Rogers; it is a crown of glory for that translation.

At the moment of Tyndale's perfidious arrest Rogers had fortunately saved the manuscript of the Old Testament, and now resolved to delay the printing no longer. When the news of this reached the Reformer in his cell at Vilvorde, it cast a gleam of light upon his latter days and filled his heart with joy. The *whole Bible!*—that was the legacy which the dying Tyndale desired to leave to his fellow-countrymen. He took pleasure in his gloomy dungeon in following with his mind's eye that divine Scripture from city to city and from cottage to cottage; his imagination pictured to him the struggles it would have to go through, and also its victories. "The word of God," he said, "never was without persecution, no more than the sun can be without his light. By what right doth the pope forbid God to speak in the English tongue? Why should not the sermons of the apostles, preached no doubt in the mother-tongue of those who heard them, be now

written in the mother-tongue of those who read them?" Tyndale did not think of proving the divinity of the Bible by learned dissertations. "Scripture derives its authority from Him who sent it," he said. "Would you know the reason why men believe in Scripture? It is *Scripture*. It is itself the instrument which outwardly leads men to believe, whilst inwardly the spirit of God himself, speaking through Scripture, gives faith to his children."

We do not know for certain in what city Rogers printed the great English folio Bible. Hamburg, Antwerp, Marburg, Lubeck, and even Paris, have been named. Extraordinary precautions were required to prevent the persecutors from entering the house where men had the boldness to print the word of God, and from breaking the printing-presses. Tyndale had the great comfort of knowing that the whole Bible was going to be published, and that prophets, apostles, and Christ himself, would speak by it after his death.

This man, so active, so learned and so truly great, whose works circulated far and wide with so much power, had at the same time within him a pure and beneficent light, the love of God and of man, which shed its mild rays on all around him. The depth of his faith, the charm of his conversation, the uprightness of his conduct, touched those who came near him. The

jailer liked to bring him his food in order to talk with him, and his young daughter often accompanied him and listened eagerly to the words of the pious Englishman. Tyndale spoke of Jesus Christ; it seemed to him that the riches of the divine Spirit were about to transform Christendom, that the children of God were about to be manifested, and that the Lord was about "to gather together his elect." "Grace is there, summer is nigh," he was wont to say, "for the trees blossom." In truth, young shoots, and even old trees long barren, flourished within the very walls of the castle. The jailer, his daughter and other members of their house were converted to the gospel by Tyndale's life and doctrine. However dark the machinations of his enemies, they could not obscure the divine light kindled in his heart, and which "shone before men." There was an invincible power in this Christian man. Full of hope in the final victory of Jesus Christ, he courageously trampled under foot tribulations, trials, and death itself. He believed in the victory of the word. "I am bound like a malefactor," he said, "but the word of God is not bound." The bitterness of his last days was changed into great peace and divine sweetness.

His friends did not forget him. Among the English merchants at Antwerp was one whose affection had often reminded him that "friend-

ship is the assemblage of every virtue," as a wise man of antiquity styles it. Thomas Poyntz, one of whose ancestors had come over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, had perhaps known the Reformer in the house of Lady Walsh, who also belonged to this ancient family. For nearly a year the merchant had entertained the translator of the Scriptures beneath his roof, and a mutual and unlimited confidence was established between them. When Poyntz saw his friend in prison he resolved to do everything to save him. Poyntz's elder brother, John, who had retired to his estate at North Okendon in Essex, had accompanied the king in 1520 to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and although no longer at court he still enjoyed the favor of Henry VIII. Thomas determined to write to John. "Right well-beloved brother," he said, "William Tyndale is in prison, and like to suffer death unless the king should extend his gracious help to him. He has lain in my house three quarters of a year, and I know that the king has never a truer-hearted subject. When the pope gave His Majesty the title of Defender of the Faith, he prophesied like Caiaphas. The papists thought our prince should be a great maintainer of their abominations, but God has entered His Grace into the right battle. The king should know that the death of this man will be one of the

highest pleasures to the enemies of the gospel. If it might please His Majesty to send for this man, it might, by the means thereof, be opened to the court and council of this country (Brabant) that they would be at another point with the bishop of Rome within a short space."

John lost no time; he succeeded in interesting Cromwell in the Reformer's cause, and on the 10th of September, 1535, a messenger arrived in Antwerp with two letters from the vicar-general—one for the marquis of Bergen-op-Zoom, and the other for Carondelet, archbishop of Palermo and president of the council of Brabant. Alas! the marquis had started two days before for Germany, whither he was conducting the princess of Denmark. Thomas Poyntz mounted his horse and caught up to the escort about fifteen miles from Maestricht. The marquis hurriedly glanced over Cromwell's despatch. "I have no leisure to write," he said; "the princess is making ready to depart."—"I will follow you to the next baiting-place," answered Tyndale's indefatigable friend.—"Be it so," replied Bergen-op-Zoom.

On arriving at Maestricht the marquis wrote to Flegge, to Cromwell and to his friend the archbishop, president of the council of Brabant, and gave the three letters to Poyntz. The latter presented the letters of Cromwell and of the marquis to the president, but the arch-

bishop and the council of Brabant were opposed to Tyndale. Poyntz immediately started for London, and laid the answer of the council before Cromwell, entreating him to insist that Tyndale should be immediately set at liberty, for the danger was great. The answer was delayed a month. Poyntz handed it to the chancery of Brabant, and every day this true and generous friend went to the office to learn the result. "Your request will be granted," said one of the clerks on the fourth day. Poyntz was transported with joy. Tyndale was saved.

The traitor Philips, however, who had delivered him to his enemies, was then at Louvain. He had run away from Antwerp, knowing that the English merchants were angry with him, and had sold his books with the intent of escaping to Paris. But the Louvain priests, who still needed him, reassured him, and, remaining in that stronghold of Romanism, he began to translate into Latin such passages in Tyndale's writings as he thought best calculated to offend the Catholics. He was thus occupied when the news of Tyndale's approaching deliverance filled him and his friends with alarm. What was to be done? He thought the only means of preventing the liberation of the prisoner was to shut up the liberator himself. Philips went straight to the procurator-general. "That man,

Poyntz," he said, "is as much a heretic as Tyndale." Two sergeants-at-arms were sent to keep watch over Poyntz at his house, and for six days in succession he was examined upon a hundred different articles. At the beginning of February, 1536, he learnt that he was about to be sent to prison, and, knowing what would follow, he formed a prompt resolution. One night, when the sergeants-at-arms were asleep, he escaped and left the city early, just as the gates were opened. Horsemen were sent in search of him, but as Poyntz knew the country well he escaped them, got on board a ship, and arrived safe and sound at his brother's house at North Okendon.

When Tyndale heard of this escape he knew what it indicated; but he was not overwhelmed, and almost at the foot of the scaffold he bravely fought many a tough battle. The Louvain doctors undertook to make him abjure his faith, and represented to him that he was condemned by the Church. "The authority of Jesus Christ," answered Tyndale, "is independent of the authority of the Church." They called upon him to make submission to the successor of the apostle Peter. "Holy Scripture," he said, "is the first of the apostles and the *ruler* in the kingdom of Christ." The Romish doctors ineffectually attacked him in his prison: he showed them that they were entangled in vain tra-

ditions and miserable superstitions, and overthrew all their pretences.

During this time Poyntz was working with all his might in England to ward off the blow by which his friend was about to be struck. John assisted Thomas, but all was useless. Henry just at that time was making great efforts to arrest some of his subjects whom their devotion to the pope had driven out of England. "Cover all the roads with spies in order to catch them," he wrote to the German magistrates; but there was not a word about Tyndale. The king cared very little for these evangelicals. His religion consisted in rejecting the Roman pontiff and making himself pope: as for these Reformers, let them be burnt in Brabant; it will save him the trouble.

All hope was not, however, lost. They had confidence in the vicegerent, the *hammer* of the monks. On the 13th of April, Vaughan wrote to Cromwell from Antwerp: "If you will send me a letter for the privy council, I can still save Tyndale from the stake; only make haste, for if you are slack about it, it will be too late." But there were cases in which Cromwell could do nothing without the king, and Henry was deaf. He had special motives at that time for sacrificing Tyndale; the discontent which broke out in the north of England

made him desirous of conciliating the Low Countries. Charles V. also, who was vigorously attacked by Francis I., prayed *his very good brother* (Henry VIII.) to unite with him *for the public good of Christendom.* Queen Mary, regent of the Netherlands, wrote from Brussels to her uncle, entreating him to yield to this prayer, and the king was quite ready to abandon Tyndale to such powerful allies. Mary, a woman of upright heart but feeble character, easily yielded to outward impressions, and had at that time bad counselors about her. "Those animals [the monks] are all powerful at the court of Brussels," said Erasmus. "Mary is only a puppet placed there by our nation; Montigny is the plaything of the Franciscans; the cardinal-archbishop of Liège is a domineering person and full of violence; and as for the archbishop of Palermo, he is a mere giver of words and nothing else."

Among such personages and under their influence the court was formed and the trial of the Reformer of England began. Tyndale refused to be represented by counsel. "I will answer my accusers myself," he said. The doctrine for which he was tried was this: "The man who throws off the worldly existence which he has lived far from God, and receives by a living faith the complete remission of his sins, which the death of Christ has purchased for him, is

introduced by a glorious adoption into the very family of God." This was certainly a crime for which a Reformer could joyfully suffer. In August, 1536, Tyndale appeared before the ecclesiastical court. "You are charged." said his judges, "with having infringed the imperial decree which forbids any one to teach that faith alone justifies." The accusation was not without truth. Tyndale's *Unjust Mammon* had just appeared in London under the title *Treatise of Justification by Faith only*. Every man could read in it the crime with which he was charged.

Tyndale had his reasons when he declared he would defend himself. It was not his own cause that he undertook to defend, but the cause of the Bible; a Brabant lawyer would have supported it very poorly. It was in his heart to proclaim solemnly, before he died, that while all human religions make salvation proceed from the works of man, the divine religion makes it proceed from a work of God. "A man whom the sense of his sins has confounded," said Tyndale, "loses all confidence and joy. The first thing to be done to save him is, therefore, to lighten him of the heavy burden under which his conscience is bowed down. He must believe in the perfect work of Christ, which reconciles him completely with God; then he has peace, and Christ imparts to him, by his Spirit, a holy regeneration.

Yes," he exclaimed, "we believe and are at peace in our consciences, because that God who cannot lie, hath promised to forgive us for Christ's sake. As a child when his father threateneth him for his fault hath never rest till he hear the word of mercy and forgiveness of his father's mouth again, but as soon as he heareth his father say, 'Go thy way, do me no more so; I forgive thee this fault,' then is his heart at rest; then runneth he to no man to make intercession for him; neither, though there come any false merchant, saying, 'What wilt thou give me and I will obtain pardon of thy father for thee?' will he suffer himself to be beguiled. No, he will not buy of a *wily fox* what his father hath given him freely."

Tyndale had spoken to the consciences of his hearers, and some of them were beginning to believe that his cause was the cause of the gospel. "Truly," exclaimed the procurator-general, as did formerly the centurion near the cross—"truly this was a good, learned and pious man." But the priests would not allow so costly a prey to be snatched from them. Tyndale was declared guilty of erroneous, captious, rash, ill-sounding, dangerous, scandalous and heretical propositions, and was condemned to be solemnly degraded and then handed over to the secular power. They were

eager to make him go through the ceremonial, even all the mummeries, used on such occasions: it was too good a case to allow of any curtailment. The Reformer was dressed in his sacerdotal robes, the sacred vessels and the Bible were placed in his hands, and he was taken before the bishop. The latter, having been informed of the *crime* of the accused man, stripped him of the ornaments of his order, took away the Bible from the translator of the Bible, and, after a barber had shaved the whole of his head, the bishop declared him deprived of the crown of the priesthood, and expelled like an undutiful child from the inheritance of the Lord.

One day would have been sufficient to cut off from this world the man who was its ornament, and those who walked in the darkness of fanaticism waited impatiently for the fatal hour; but the secular power hesitated for a while, and the Reformer stayed nearly two months longer in prison, always full of faith, peace and joy. "Well," said those who came near him in the castle of Vilvorde, "if that man is not a good Christian, we do not know of one upon earth." Religious courage was personified in Tyndale. He had never suffered himself to be stopped by any difficulty, privation or suffering; he had resolutely followed the call he had received, which was to give

England the word of God. Nothing had terrified him, nothing had dispirited him; with admirable perseverance he had continued his work, and now he was going to give his life for it. Firm in his convictions, he had never sacrificed the least truth to prudence or to fear; firm in his hope, he had never doubted that the labor of his life would bear fruit, for that labor had the promises of God. That pious and intrepid man is one of the noblest examples of Christian heroism.

The faint hope which some of Tyndale's friends had entertained on seeing the delay of justice was soon destroyed. The imperial government prepared at last to complete the wishes of the priests. Friday, the 6th of October, 1536, was the day that terminated the miserable but glorious life of the Reformer. The gates of the prison rolled back, a procession crossed the foss and the bridge, under which slept the waters of the Senne, passed the outward walls and halted without the fortifications. Before leaving the castle, Tyndale, a grateful friend, had entrusted the jailer with a letter intended for Poyntz; the jailer took it himself to Antwerp not long after, but it has not come down to us. On arriving at the scene of punishment the Reformer found a numerous crowd assembled. The government had wished to show the people the punishment of a heretic, but they only witnessed the tri-

umph of a martyr. Tyndale was calm. "I call God to record," he could say, "that I have never altered, against the voice of my conscience, one syllable of his word, nor would do this day if all the pleasures, honors and riches of the earth might be given me." The joy of hope filled his heart, yet one painful idea took possession of him. Dying far from his country, abandoned by his king, he felt saddened at the thought of that prince, who had already persecuted so many of God's servants, and who remained obstinately rebellious against that divine light which everywhere shone around him. Tyndale would not have that soul perish through carelessness. His charity buried all the faults of the monarch; he prayed that those sins might be blotted out from before the face of God; he would have saved Henry VIII. at any cost. While the executioner was fastening him to the post the Reformer exclaimed in a loud and suppliant voice, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes!" They were his last words. Instantly afterward he was strangled, and flames consumed the martyr's body. His last cry was wafted to the British isles and repeated in every assembly of Christians. A great death had crowned a great life. "Such," says the old chronicler, John Fox—"such is the story of that true servant and martyr of God, William Tyndale, who, for his notable pains

and travail, may well be called *the apostle of England in this our later age.*"

His fellow-countrymen profited by the work of his life. As early as 1526 more than twenty editions of Tyndale's New Testament had been circulated over the kingdom, and others had followed them. It was like a mighty river continually bearing new waters to the sea.

XXIII.

LOUIS BERQUIN,

A. D. 1523–29.

Louis Berquin, a friend of Erasmus, of letters, and especially of Scripture, who had free access to the court of the duchess of Alençon,* and with whom that princess loved to converse about the gospel and the new times, had been arrested on a charge of heresy; then set at liberty in 1523 by her intercession and by the orders of the king of France. Leaving Paris, he had gone to his native province of Artois. A man of upright heart, generous soul and intrepid zeal, "in whom you could see depicted the marks of a great mind," says the chronicler, he worthily represented by his character that nobility of France, and especially of Artois, so distinguished at all times by

* Her name was Margaret of Navarre.

its devotedness and valor. Happy in the liberty which God had given him, Berquin had sworn to consecrate it to him, and was zealously propagating in the cottages on his estate the doctrine of salvation by Christ alone. The ancient country of the Atrebates, wonderfully fertile as regards the fruits of the earth, was equally fertile as regards the seed from heaven.

Berquin attacked the priesthood, such as Rome had made it. He said, "You will often meet with these words in Holy Scripture, '*honorable marriage, undefiled bed*,' but of *celibacy* you will not find a syllable." Another time he said, "I have not yet known a monastery which was not infected with hatred and dissension." Such language, repeated in the refectories and long galleries of the convents, filled the monks with anger against this noble friend of learning. But he did not stop there. "We must teach the Lord's flock," he said, "to pray with understanding, that they may no longer be content to gabble with their lips, like ducks with their bills, without comprehending what they say."— "He is attacking us," said the chaplains. Berquin did not, however, always indulge in this caustic humor; he was a pious Christian, and desired to see a holy and living unity succeed the parties that divided the Roman Church. He said, "We ought not to hear these words among Christians, 'I am of the Sorbonne,' 'I

am of Luther,' or 'I am a Grey Friar, or Dominican, or Bernardite.' Would it be too much, then, to say, '*I am a Christian*'? Jesus, who came for us all, ought not to be divided by us."

But this language aroused still greater hatred. The priests and nobles, who were firmly attached to ancient usages, rose up against him; they attacked him in the parishes and châteaux, and even went to him and strove to detach him from the new ideas which alarmed them. "Stop!" they said with a sincerity which we cannot doubt —"stop! or it is all over with the Roman hierarchy."

Berquin smiled, but moderated his language; he sought to make men understand that God loves those whom he calls to believe in Jesus Christ, and applied himself "to scattering the divine seed" with unwearied courage. With the Testament in his hand he perambulated the neighborhood of Abbeville, the banks of the Somme, the towns, manors and fields of Artois and Picardy, filling them with the word of God.

These districts were in the see of Amiens, and every day some noble, priest or peasant went to the palace and reported some evangelical speech or act of this Christian gentleman. The bishop, his vicars and canons met and consulted together. On a sudden the bishop started for Paris, eager to get rid of the evangelist who was creating a disturbance through-

out the north of France. He waited upon the archbishop and the doctors of the Sorbonne; he described to them the heretical exertions of the gentleman, the irritation of the priests and the scandal of the faithful. The Sorbonne assembled and went to work: unable to seize Berquin, they seized his books, examined them, and "after the *manner of spiders* sucked from them certain articles," says Crespin, "to make poison and bring about the death of a person who with integrity and simplicity of mind was endeavoring to advance the doctrine of God." Beda especially took a violent part against the evangelist. This suspicious and arbitrary doctor, a thorough inquisitor, who possessed a remarkable talent for discovering in a book everything that could ruin a man by the help of forced interpretations, was seen poring night and day over Berquin's volumes. He read in them, "The Virgin Mary is improperly invoked instead of the Holy Ghost."—"Point against the accused," said Beda.—He continued: "There are no grounds for calling her a treasury of grace, our hope, our life—qualities which belong essentially to our Saviour alone."—"Confirmation!"—"Faith alone justifies."—"Deadly heresy!"—"Neither the gates of hell, nor Satan, nor sin can do anything against him who has faith in God."—"What insolence!" Beda made his report. "Of a truth," said his col-

leagues, "that is enough to bring any man to the stake."

Berquin's death being decided upon, the Sorbonne applied to the Parliament, which raised no objections in the matter. A man was put to death in those times for an offensive passage in his writings; it was the censorship of a period just emerging from the barbarism of the Middle Ages. Demailly, an officer of the court, started for Abbeville, proceeded to the gentleman's estate and arrested him in the name of the law. His vassals, who were devoted to him, murmured and would have risen to defend him, but Berquin thought himself strong in his right; he remembered besides these words of the Son of God: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain;" he entreated his friends to let him depart, and was taken to the prison of the Conciergerie, which he entered with a firm countenance and unbending head.

This sad news, which reached the duchess of Alençon in Spain, moved her deeply, and while she was hurrying from Madrid to Toledo, Alcala and Guadalaxara, soliciting everybody, "plotting" her brother's marriage with the sister of Charles V., and thus paving the way to the reconciliation of the two potentates, she resolved to save her brethren exiled or imprisoned for the gospel. She applied to the king,

attacking him on his better side. Francis I., Brantôme tells us, was called the father of letters. He had sought for learned men all over Europe, and collected a fine library at Fontainebleau. "What!" said his sister to him, "you are founding a college at Paris intended to receive the enlightened men of foreign countries, and at this very time illustrious French scholars, Lefevre of Étaples and others, are compelled to seek an asylum out of the kingdom! You wish to be a propagator of learning, while musty hypocrites, black, white, and gray, are endeavoring to stifle it at home!" Margaret was not content to love with word and tongue; she showed her love by her works. The thought of the poor starving exiles who knew not where to lay their heads haunted her in the magnificent palaces of Spain; she distributed four thousand gold pieces among them, says one of the enemies of the Reformation.

She did more: she undertook to win over her brother to the gospel, and endeavored, she tells us, to rekindle *the true fire* in his heart: but, alas! that fire had never burned there. Touched, however, by an affection so lively and so pure, by a devotedness so complete, which would have gone, if necessary, even to the sacrifice of her life, Francis, desirous of giving Margaret a token of his gratitude, commanded the Parliament to adjourn until his re-

turn all proceedings against the evangelicals. "I intend," he added, "to give the men of letters special marks of my favor." These words greatly astonished the Sorbonne and the Parliament, the city and the court. They looked at each other with an uneasy air; grief, they said, had affected the king's judgment. "Accordingly, they paid no great attention to his letter, and on the 24th of November, 1525, twelve days after its receipt, orders were given to the bishop to supply the money necessary for the prosecution of the heretics." One circumstance filled the duchess of Alençon with hope: the king declared in favor of Berquin.

Three monks, his judges, entered Berquin's prison and reproached him with having said that "the gates of hell can do nothing against him who has faith." This notion of a salvation entirely independent of priests exasperated the clergy. "Yes," answered Berquin. "When the eternal Son of God receives the sinner who believes in his death and makes him a child of God, this divine adoption cannot be forfeited." The monks, however, could see nothing but a culpable enthusiasm in this joyful confidence. Berquin sent Erasmus the propositions censured by his judges. "I find nothing impious in them," replied the prince of the schools.

The Sorbonne did not think the same. The

prior of the Carthusians, the prior of the Celestines, monks of all colors, "imps of Antichrist," says the chronicler, "gave help to the band of the Sorbonne in order to destroy by numbers the firmness of Berquin." "Your books will be burnt," said the pope's delegates to the accused; "you will make an apology, and then only will you escape. But if you refuse what is demanded of you, you will be led to the stake."—"I will not yield a single point," he answered. Whereupon the Sorbonnists, the Carthusians and the Celestines exclaimed, "Then it is all over with you." Berquin waited calmly for the fulfillment of these threats.

When the duchess of Alençon heard of all this, she immediately wrote to her brother and fell at her mother's knees. Louisa of Savoy was not inaccessible to compassion in the solemn hour that was to decide her son's liberty. That princess was one of those profane characters who think little of God in ordinary times, but cry to him when the sea in its rage is about to swallow them up. Shut in her closet with Margaret, she prayed with her that God would restore the king to France. The duchess, full of charity and a woman of great tact, took advantage of one of these moments to attempt to soften her mother in favor of Berquin. She succeeded: the regent was seized with a sudden zeal, and ordered the pope's delegates

to suspend matters until after the king's return.

The delegates, in great surprise, read the letter over and over again: it seemed very strange to them. They deliberated upon it, and, thinking themselves of more consequence than this woman, quietly pursued their work. The haughty and resolute Louisa of Savoy, having heard of their insolence, was exasperated beyond measure, and ordered a second letter to be written to the pontiff's agents, who contented themselves with saying, "*Non possumus*," and made the more haste, for fear their victim should escape them. The king's mother, still more irritated, applied to the Parliament, which held Berquin in respect, and which said boldly that the whole thing was nothing but a monkish conspiracy. At this the members of the Romish party made a still greater disturbance. Many of them (we must acknowledge) thought they were doing the public a service. "Erasmus is an apostate," they said, "and Berquin is his follower. Their opinions are heretical, schismatic, scandalous. We must burn Erasmus's books, and Berquin with them."

But Margaret did not lose courage. She recollected that the widow in the Gospel had obtained her request by her importunity. She entreated her mother; she wrote to her brother, "If you do not interfere, Berquin is a dead

man.' Francis I. yielded to her prayer, and wrote to the first president that he, the king, would make him answerable for Berquin's life if he dared to condemn him. The president stopped all proceedings; the monks hung their heads, and Beda and his friends, says the chronicler, "were nigh bursting with vexation."

Berquin was still a prisoner, sorrowful, but comforted by his faith, unable to see clearly into the future, but immovable in his loyalty to the gospel. The king determined to save him from "the claws of Beda's faction." "I will not suffer the person or the goods of this gentleman to be injured," he said to the Parliament on the 1st of April; "I will inquire into the matter myself." The officers sent by the king took the Christian captive from his prison, and, though still keeping watch over him, placed him in a commodious chamber. Berquin immediately set about forming plans for the triumph of truth. . . . Though treated with more consideration, he was still deprived of his liberty. Margaret was unwearied in her petitions to the king. She even attempted to soften Montmorency, but the Romish theologians made every attempt to counteract her influence. Friends and enemies were equally of opinion that if Berquin were free he would deal many a hard blow at the hierarchy. At length, after an eight months' struggle, Mar-

garet triumphed; Berquin left his prison in November, 1526, just at the time when Farel was leaving France.

The duchess of Alençon's gratitude immediately burst forth. Calling Montmorency by a tenderer name than usual, she said, "I thank you, my son, for the pleasure you have done me in the cause of poor Berquin. You may say that you have taken me from prison, for I value it as a favor done to myself." . . . "My lord," she wrote to the king, "my desire to obey your commands was already very great, but you have doubled it by the charity you have been pleased to show toward poor Berquin. He for whom he suffered will take pleasure in the mercy you have shown his servant and yours for your honor; and the confusion of those who have forgotten God will not be less than the perpetual glory which God will give you."

As soon as Berquin was free he began to meditate on his great work, which was to destroy the power of error. His liberation was not in his eyes a simple deliverance from prison; it was a call. He cared little (as Erasmus entreated him) to indulge in sweet repose on the banks of the Somme; his earnest desire was to fight. He held that the life of a Christian man should be a continual warfare. No truce with Satan! Now, to him, Satan was the

Sorbonne, and he had no more doubts about the victory than if the war were ended already. Berquin was universally known, loved and respected. To Farel's decision and zeal he added a knowledge of the world which was then most necessary. Margaret clung to him at least as much as to Roussel. It was generally thought among Christians that God had brought him forth from prison in order to set him at the head of the Reform in France: Berquin himself thought so. The friends of the Reformation rejoiced, and an important circumstance increased their hopes.

Berquin, who was liberated by the king in November, 1526, had formed the daring plan of rescuing France from the hands of the pope. He was then thirty years of age, and possessed a charm in his character, a purity in his life, which even his enemies admired—unwearied application in study, indomitable energy, obstinate zeal and firm perseverance for the accomplishment of his work. Yet there was one fault in him. Calvin, like Luther, proceeded by the positive method, putting the truth in front, and in this way seeking to effect the conversion of souls; but Berquin inclined too much at times to the negative method. Yet he was full of love, and having found in God a Father and in Jesus a Saviour, he never contended with theologians, except to impart to souls that

peace and joy which constituted his own happiness.

Berquin did not move forward at hazard; he had calculated everything. He had said to himself that in a country like France the Reformation could not be carried through against the king's will; but he thought that Francis would allow the work to be done, if he did not do it himself. When he had been thrust into prison in 1523, had not the king, then on his way to Italy, sent the captain of the guards to fetch him in order to save his life? When in 1526 he had been transferred as a heretic by the clerical judges to lay judges, had not Francis once more set him at liberty?

But Berquin's noble soul did not suffer the triumph of truth to depend upon the support of princes. A new era was then beginning. God was reanimating society, which had lain torpid during the night of the Middle Ages, and Berquin thought that God would not be wanting to the work. It is a saying of Calvin's, "that the brightness of the divine power alone scatters all silly enchantments and vain imaginations." Berquin did not distinguish this truth so clearly, but he was not ignorant of it. At the same time, knowing that an army never gains a victory unless it is bought with the deaths of many of its soldiers, he was ready to lay down his life.

At the moment when he was advancing almost alone to attack the colossus he thought it his duty to inform his friends. "Under the cloak of religion," he wrote to Erasmus, "the priests hide the vilest passions, the most corrupt manners, the most scandalous unbelief. We must tear off the veil that conceals this hideous mystery, and boldly brand the Sorbonne, Rome and all their hirelings with impiety."

At these words his friends were troubled and alarmed; they endeavored to check his impetuosity. "The greater the success you promise yourself," wrote Erasmus, "the more afraid I am. O my friend! live in retirement, taste the sweets of study, and let the priests rage at their leisure. Or, if you think they are plotting your ruin, employ stratagem. Let your friends at court obtain some embassy for you from the king, and under that pretext leave France. Think, dear Berquin, think constantly, what a hydra you are attacking, and by how many mouths it spits its venom. Your enemy is immortal, for a faculty never dies. You will begin by attacking three monks only, but you will raise up against you numerous legions, rich, mighty and perverse. Just now the princes are for you, but backbiters will contrive to alienate their affection. As for me, I declare I will have nothing to do with the Sorbonne and its armies of monks."

This letter disturbed Berquin. He read it again and again, and each time his trouble increased. He an ambassador! he the representative of the king at foreign courts! Ah! when Satan tempted Christ he offered him the kingdoms of this world. Better be a martyr on the Grêve for the love of the Saviour. Berquin separated from Erasmus. "His spirit," said his friends, "resembles a palm tree; the more you desire to bend it, the straighter it grows." A trifling circumstance contributed to strengthen his decision.

One day Beda, syndic of the Sorbonne, went to court, where he had some business to transact with the king on behalf of that body. Some time before he had published a refutation of the *Paraphrases and Annotations* of Erasmus, and Francis I., who boasted of being a pupil of this king of letters, having heard of Beda's attack, had given way to a fit of passion. As soon, therefore, as he heard that Beda was in the palace, he gave orders that he should be arrested and kept prisoner. Accordingly, the syndic was seized, shut up in a chamber and closely watched. Beda was exasperated, and the hatred he felt against the Reformation was turned against the king. Some of his friends, on hearing of this strange adventure, conjured Francis to set him at liberty. He consented on the following day, but on con-

dition that the syndic should appear when called for.

The Sorbonne, said Berquin to himself, represents the papacy. It must be overthrown in order that Christ may triumph. He began first to study the writings of Beda, who had so bitterly censured those of his adversaries, and extracted from them twelve propositions "manifestly impious and blasphemous" in the opinion of Erasmus. Then, taking his manuscript, he proceeded to court and presented it to the king, who said, "I will interdict Beda's polemical writings." As Francis smiled upon him, Berquin resolved to go farther—namely, to attack the Sorbonne and popery, as equally dangerous to the State and to the Church, and to make public certain doctrines of theirs which struck at the power of the throne. He approached the king, and said to him in a lower tone, "Sire, I have discovered in the acts and papers of the Sorbonne certain secrets of importance to the state—some mysteries of iniquity." Nothing was better calculated to exasperate Francis I. "Show me those passages," he exclaimed. Meantime, he told the Reformer that the twelve propositions of the syndic of the Sorbonne should be examined. Berquin left the palace full of hope. "I will follow these redoubtable hornets into their holes," he said to his friends. "I will fall upon these insensate

babblers, and scourge them on their own dunghill." Some people who heard him thought him out of his mind. "This gentleman will certainly get himself put to death," they said, "and he will richly deserve it."

Everything seemed to favor Berquin's design. Francis I. was acting the part of Frederick the Wise: he seemed even more ardent than that moderate protector of Luther. On the 12th of July, 1527, the bishop of Bazas appeared at court, whither he had been summoned by the king. Francis gave him the twelve famous propositions he had received from Berquin, and commanded him to take them to the rector of the university, with orders to have them examined not only by doctors of divinity, of whom he had suspicions in such a matter, but by the four assembled faculties. Berquin hastened to report this to Erasmus, still hoping to gain him over by the good news.

Erasmus had never before felt so alarmed; he tried to stop Berquin in his "mad" undertaking. The eulogies which this faithful Christian lavished upon him particularly filled him with terror: he would a thousand times rather they had been insults. "The love which you show for me," he wrote to Berquin, "stirs up unspeakable hatred against me everywhere. The step you have taken with the king will only serve to irritate the hornets. You wish for a

striking victory rather than a sure one; your expectations will be disappointed; the Bedists are contriving some atrocious plot. Beware! Even should your cause be holier than that of Christ himself, your enemies have resolved to put you to death. You say that the king protects you: do not trust to that; the favor of princes is short-lived. You do not care for your life, you add. Good! but think at least of learning and of our friends, who, alas! will perish with you."

Berquin was grieved at this letter. In his opinion the moment was unparalleled. "If Erasmus, Francis I. and Berquin act in harmony, no one can resist them; France, and perhaps Europe, will be reformed. And it is just when the king of France is stretching out his hand that the scholar of Rotterdam draws his back! What can be done without Erasmus?" A circumstance occurred, however, which gave some hope to the evangelist.

The Sorbonne, little heeding the king's opposition, persevered in their attacks upon learning. They forbade the professors in the colleges to read the *Colloquies* of Erasmus with their pupils, and excommunicated the king of the schools in the schools themselves. Erasmus, who was a vain, susceptible, choleric man, will now unite with Berquin: the latter had no doubt of it. "The time is come," wrote Ber-

quin to the illustrious scholar; "let us pull off the mask behind which these theologians hide themselves." But the more Berquin urged Erasmus, the more Erasmus shrank back; he wished for peace at any cost. It was of no use to point to the blows which the Sorbonne were aiming at him: it pleased him to be beaten, not from weakness, but from fear of the world. The wary man, who was now growing old, became impatient, not against his slanderers, but against his friend. His "son" wanted to lead him as if he were his master. He replied with sadness, almost bitterness, "Truly I admire you, my dear Berquin. You imagine, then, that I have nothing else to do than spend my days in battling with theologians. I would rather see all my books condemned to the flames than go fighting at my age." Unhappily, Erasmus did not abandon his books only; he abandoned truth; and there he was wrong. Berquin did not despair of victory, and undertook to win it unaided. He thought to himself, "Erasmus admires in the gospel a certain harmony with the wisdom of antiquity, but he does not adore in it the foolishness of the cross: he is a theorist, not a Reformer." From that hour Berquin wrote more rarely and more coldly to his illustrious master, and employed all his strength to carry by main force the place he was attacking. If Erasmus, like Achilles, had retired to

his tent, were not Margaret and Francis, and truth especially, fighting by his side?

Wherever Berquin or other evangelicals turned their steps, they encountered fierce glances and heard cries of indignation. "What tyrannical madness! what platonic rage!" called out the mob as they passed. "Rascally youths! imps of Satan! brands of hell! *vile-naille* brimful of Leviathans! venomous serpents! servants of Lucifer!" This was the usual vocabulary.

Berquin, as he heard this torrent of insult, answered not a word: he thought it his duty to let the storm blow over, and kept himself tranquil and solitary before God. Sometimes, however, his zeal caught fire; there were sudden movements in his heart, as of a wind tossing up the waves with their foamy heads; but he struggled against these "gusts" of the flesh; he ordered his soul to be still, and ere long nothing was left but some little "fluttering."

While Berquin was silent before the tempest, Beda and his party did all in their power to bring down the bolt upon that haughty head which refused to bend before them. "See!" they said, as they described the mutilation of Our Lady—"see to what our toleration of heresy leads! Unless we uproot it entirely, it will soon multiply and cover the whole country."

The doctors of the Sorbonne and other

priests went out of their houses in crowds; they spread right and left, buzzing in the streets, buzzing in the houses, buzzing in the palaces. "These hornets," says a chronicler, "make their tedious noise heard by all they meet, and urge them on with repeated stings." "Away with Berquin!" was their cry.

His friends grew alarmed. "Make your escape!" wrote Erasmus to him. "Make your escape!" repeated the friends of learning and of the gospel around him. But Berquin thought that by keeping quiet he did all that he ought to do. Flight he would have considered a disgrace, a crime. "With God's help," he said, "I shall conquer the monks, the university, and the Parliament itself."

Such confidence exasperated the Sorbonne. Beda and his followers stirred university and Parliament, city, court and Church, heaven and earth. Francis I. was puzzled, staggered and annoyed. At last, being beset on every side, and hearing it continually repeated that Berquin's doctrines were the cause of the outrage in the Rue des Rosiers, the king yielded, believing, however, that he yielded but little: he consented only that an inquiry should be opened against Berquin. The wild beast leapt with joy. His prey was not yet given to him, but he already foresaw the hour when he would quench his thirst in blood. . . . The Sorbonne

was increasing its exertions to destroy Berquin, who, forsaken by almost everybody, had no one to support him but God and the queen of Navarre.

Berquin now resolved to address the king and to get Margaret to support him. "It was generally reported," says one of the enemies of the Reformation, "that the queen of Navarre took wondrous pains to save those who were in danger, and that she alone prevented the Reformation from being stifled in the cradle." Berquin went to the palace and made his danger known to the queen. He found in Margaret the compassion which failed him elsewhere. She knew that we ought not "to stand aside from those who suffer persecution for the name of Christ, and would not be ashamed of those in whom there was nothing shameful." Margaret immediately took up her pen, and sitting down at that table where she had so often pleaded both in prose and verse the cause of Christ and of Christians, she wrote the king the following letter:

"MONSEIGNEUR: The unhappy Berquin, who maintains that God, through your goodness, has twice saved his life, presents himself before you to make manifest his innocence to you, having no one else to whom he can apply. Knowing, monseigneur, the esteem in which

you hold him, and the desire which he has now and always has had to serve you, I fear not to entreat that you will be pleased to have pity upon him. He will convince you that these heretic-finders are more slanderous and disobedient toward you than zealous for the faith. He knows, monseigneur, that you desire to maintain the rights of every one, and that the just man needs no advocate in the eyes of your compassion. For this cause I shall say no more. Entreating Him who has given you such graces and virtues to grant you a long and happy life, in order that he may long be glorified by you in this world and everlastingly in the world to come,

"Your most obedient and most humble subject and sister. MARGARET."

Having finished, the queen rose and gave the letter to Berquin, who immediately sought an audience of the king. We know not how he was received, or what effect Margaret's intercession had upon Francis. It would seem, however, that the king addressed a few kind words to him. We know, at least, that Beda and the Sorbonne were uneasy, and that, fearing to see their victim once more escape them, they increased their exertions and brought one charge after another against him. At last the authorities gave way; the police received or-

ders to avoid every demonstration calculated to alarm him, lest he should escape to Erasmus at Basle. All their measures were arranged, and at the moment when he least expected it, about three weeks before Easter (in March, 1529), Berquin was arrested and taken to the Conciergerie.

Thus, then, was "the most learned of the nobles," as he was termed, thrown into prison in despite of the queen. He paced sadly up and down his cell, and one thought haunted him. Having been seized very unexpectedly, he had left in his room at Paris certain books which were condemned at Rome, and which consequently might ruin him. "Alas!" he exclaimed, "they will cost me serious trouble." Berquin resolved to apply to a Christian friend whom he could trust to prevent the evil which he foresaw; and the next day after his incarceration, when the domestic, who had free access to him and passed in and out on business, came for orders, the prisoner gave him, with an anxious and mysterious air, a letter which he said was of the greatest importance. The servant immediately hid it under his dress. "My life is at stake," repeated Berquin. In that letter, addressed to a familiar friend, the prisoner begged him without delay to remove the books pointed out to him and to burn them.

The servant, who did not possess the courage

of a hero, departed trembling. His emotion increased as he proceeded, his strength failed him, and as he was crossing the Pont au Change, and found himself in front of the image of Our Lady, known as *la belle image*, the poor fellow, who was rather superstitious, although in Berquin's service, lost his presence of mind and fainted. "A sinking of the heart came over him, and he fell to the ground as if in a swoon," says the Catholic chronicler. The neighbors and the passers-by gathered round him and lifted him up. One of these kind citizens, eager to assist him, unbuttoned his coat to give him room to breathe, and found the letter which had been so carefully hidden. The man opened and read it; he was frightened, and told the surrounding crowd what were its contents. The people declared it to be a miracle. "He is a heretic," they said. "If he has fallen like a dead man, it is the penalty of his crime; it was Our Lady who did it."— "Give me the letter," said one of the spectators; "the famous Jacobin doctor who is preaching the Lent sermons at St. Bartholomew's dines with me to-day. I will show it to him." When the dinner-hour came the company invited by this citizen arrived, and among them was the celebrated preacher of the Rue St. Jacques in his white robe and scapulary and pointed hood. This Jacobin monk was no holiday in-

quisitor. He understood the great importance of the letter, and, quitting the table, hastened with it to Beda, who, quite overjoyed at the discovery, eagerly laid it before the court. The Christian gentleman was ruined. The judges found the letter very compromising. "Let the said Berquin," they ordered, "be closely confined in a strong tower." This was done. Beda, on his side, displayed fresh activity, for time pressed and it was necessary to strike a decisive blow. With some the impetuous syndic spoke gently, with others he spoke loudly; he employed threats and promises, and nothing seemed to tire him.

From that hour Berquin's case appeared desperate. Most of his friends abandoned him; they were afraid lest Margaret's intervention, always so powerful, should now prove unavailing. The captive alone did not give way to despair. Although shut up in a strong tower, he possessed liberty and joy, and, uplifting his soul to God, he hoped even against hope.

On Friday, the 16th of April, 1529, the inquiry was finished, and at noon Berquin was brought into court. The countenance of Budæus was sorrowful and kind, but the other judges bore the stamp of severity on their features. The prisoner's heart was free from rancor, his hands pure from revenge, and the calm

of innocence was on his face. "Louis Berquin," said the president, "you are convicted of belonging to the sect of Luther, and of having written wicked books against the majesty of God and of his glorious mother. Wherefore we condemn you to do public penance, bareheaded and with a lighted taper in your hand, in the great court of our palace, asking pardon of God, of the king and of justice for the offence you have committed. You shall then be taken, bareheaded and on foot, to the Grêve, where you shall see your books burnt. Next you shall be led to the front of the church of Notre Dame, where you shall do penance to God and the glorious Virgin, his mother. Afterward you shall have your tongue pierced—that instrument of unrighteousness by which you have so grievously sinned. Lastly, you shall be taken to the prison of Monsieur de Paris (the bishop), and be shut up there all your life between four walls of stone; and we forbid you to be supplied either with books to read or pen or ink to write."

Berquin, startled at hearing such a sentence, which Erasmus terms "atrocious," and which the pious nobleman was far from expecting, at first remained silent, but soon regaining his usual courage and looking firmly at his judges, he said, "I appeal to the king,"—"Take care," answered his judges; "if you do not acquiesce

in our sentence we will find means to prevent you from ever appealing again." This was clear. Berquin was sent back to prison.

Margaret began to fear that her brother would withdraw his support from the evangelicals. If the Reformation had been a courtly religion, Francis would have protected it, but the independent air that it seemed to take, and, above all, its inflexible holiness, made it distasteful to him. The queen of Navarre saw that the unhappy prisoner had none but the Lord on his side. She prayed—

> "Thou, God, alone canst cry:
> 'Touch not my son, take not his life away.'
> Thou only canst thy sovereign hand outstretch
> To ward the blow."

Everything indicated that the blow would be struck. On the afternoon of the very day when the sentence had been delivered, Maillard, the lieutenant-criminel, with the archers, bowmen and arquebusiers of the city, surrounded the Conciergerie. It was thought that Berquin's last hour had come, and an immense crowd hurried to the spot. "More than twenty thousand people came to see the execution," says a manuscript. "They are going to take one of the king's officers to the Grêve," said the spectators. Maillard, leaving his troops under arms, entered the prison, ordered the martyr's cell to be opened, and told him that

he had come to execute the sentence. "I have appealed to the king," replied the prisoner. The lieutenant-criminel withdrew. Everybody expected to see him followed by Berquin, and all eyes were fixed upon the gate; but no one appeared. The commander of the troops ordered them to retire; the archers marched back, and "the great throng of people that was round the court-house and in the city separated." The first president immediately called the court together to take the necessary measures. "We must lose no time," said some, "for the king has twice already rescued him from our hands." Was there no hope left?

There were in France at that time two men of the noblest character, both friends of learning, whose whole lives had been consecrated to doing what was right: they were Budæus on the bench and Berquin in his cell. The first was united to the second by the purest friendship, and his only thought was how to save him. But what could he do singly against the Parliament and the Sorbonne? Budæus shuddered when he heard of his friend's appeal; he knew the danger to which this step exposed him, and hastened to the prison. "Pray do not appeal," said he; "a second sentence is all ready, and it orders you to be put to death. If you accept the first, we shall be able to save you eventually. Pray do not ruin yourself."

Berquin, a more decided man than Budæus, would rather die than make any concession to error. His friend, however, did not slacken his exertions; he desired at whatever risk to to save one of the most distinguished men of France. Three whole days were spent by him in the most energetic efforts. He had hardly quitted his friend before he returned and sat down by his side or walked with him sorrowfully up and down the prison. He entreated him for his own safety, for the good of the Church and for the welfare of France. Berquin made no reply; only, after a long appeal from Budæus, he gave a nod of dissent. Berquin, says the historian of the University of Paris, "sustained the encounter with indomitable obstinacy."

Would he continue firm? Many evangelicals were anxiously watching the struggle. Remembering the fall of the apostle Peter at the voice of a serving-maid, they said one to another that a trifling opposition was sufficient to make the strongest stumble. "Ah!" said Calvin, "if we cease but for an instant to lean upon the hand of God, a puff of wind or the rustling of a falling leaf is enough, . . . and straightway we fall." It was not a puff of wind, but a tempest rather, by which Berquin was assailed. While the threatening voices of his enemies were roaring around him, the gentle voice of Budæus, full

of the tenderest affection, penetrated the prisoner's heart and shook his firmest resolutions. "O my dear friend," said Budæus, "there are better times coming, for which you ought to preserve yourself." Then he stopped, and added in a more serious tone, "You are guilty toward God and man if by your own act you give yourself up to death."

Berquin was touched at last by the perseverance of this great man; he began to waver; his sight became troubled. Turning his face away from God, he bent it to the ground. The power of the Holy Spirit was extinguished in him for a moment (to use the language of a Reformer), and he thought he might be more useful to the kingdom of God by preserving himself for the future than by yielding himself up to present death. "All that we ask of you is to beg for pardon. Do we not all need pardon?" Berquin consented to ask pardon of God and the king in the great court of the palace of justice.

Budæus ran off with delight and emotion to inform his colleagues of the prisoner's concession. But at the very moment when he thought he had saved his friend he felt a sudden sadness come over him. He knew at what a price Berquin would have to purchase his life; besides, had he not seen that it was only after a struggle of nearly sixty hours that the prisoner had given way? Budæus was uneasy. "I know the

man's mind," he said. "His ingenuousness and the confidence he has in the goodness of his cause will be his ruin."

During this interval there was a fierce struggle in Berquin's soul. All peace had forsaken him; his conscience spoke tumultuously. "No," he said to himself, "no sophistry! Truth before all things! We must fear neither man nor torture, but render all obedience to God. I will persevere to the end; I will not pray the Leader of this good war for my discharge. Christ will not have his soldiers take their ease until they have conquered over death."

Budæus returned to the prison shortly afterward. "I will retract nothing," said his friend; "I would rather die than by my silence countenance the condemnation of truth." He was lost! Budæus withdrew, pale and frightened, and communicated the terrible news to his colleagues. Beda and his friends were filled with joy, being convinced that to remove Berquin from the number of the living was to remove the Reformation from France. The judges, by an unprecedented exercise of power, revised their sentence and condemned the nobleman to be strangled and then burnt on the Grêve.

Margaret, who was at St. Germain, was heart-broken when she heard of this unexpected severity. Alas! the king was at Blois with Madame ——. Would there be time to reach him?

She would try? She wrote to him again, apologizing for the very humble recommendations she was continually laying before him, and adding, "Be pleased, sire, to have pity on poor Berquin, who is suffering only because he loves the word of God and obeys you. This is the reason why those who did the contrary during your captivity hate him so; and their malicious hypocrisy has enabled them to find advocates about you to make you forget his sincere faith in God and his love for you." After having uttered this cry of anguish the queen of Navarre waited.

But Francis gave no signs of life. In his excuse it has been urged that if he had at that time been victorious abroad and honored at home, he would have saved Berquin once more; but the troubles in Italy and the intrigues mixed up with the treaty of Cambray, signed three months later, occupied all his thoughts. These are strange reasons. The fact is, that if the king (as is probable) had desired to save Berquin he had not the opportunity; the enemies of this faithful Christian had provided against that. They had scarcely got the sentence in their hands when they called for its immediate execution. They fancied they could already hear the gallop of the horse arriving from Blois and see the messenger bringing the pardon. Beda fanned the flame. Not a week's

delay, not even a day or an hour! "But," said some, "this prevents the king from exercising the right of pardon, and is an encroachment upon his royal authority."—"It matters not; put him to death!" The judges determined to have the sentence carried out the very day it was delivered, "*in order that he might not be helped by the king.*"

In the morning of the 22d of April, 1529, the officers of Parliament entered the gloomy cell where Berquin was confined. The pious disciple, on the point of offering up his life voluntarily for the name of Jesus Christ, was absorbed in prayer; he had long sought for God and had found him; the Lord was near him and peace filled his soul. Having God for his Father, he knew that nothing would be wanting to him in that last hour when everything else was to fail him: he saw a triumph in reproach, a deliverance in death. At the sight of the officers of the court, some of whom appeared embarrassed, Berquin understood what they wanted. He was ready; he rose calm and firm, and followed them. The officers handed him over to the lieutenant-criminel and his sergeants, who were to carry out the sentence.

Meanwhile, several companies of archers and bowmen were drawn up in front of the Conciergerie. These armed men were not alone

around the prison. The news had spread far and wide that a gentleman of the court, a friend of Erasmus and of the queen of Navarre, was about to be put to death, and accordingly there was a great commotion in the capital. A crowd of common people, citizens, priests and monks, with a few gentlemen and friends of the condemned noble, waited, some with anger, others with curiosity and others with anguish, for the moment when he would appear. Budæus was not there; he had not the courage to be present at the punishment. Margaret, who was at St. Germain, could almost see the flames of the burning pile from the terrace of the château.

When the clock struck twelve the escort began to move. At its head was the grand penitentiary Merlin, then followed the archers and bowmen, and after them the officers of justice and more armed men. In the middle of the escort was the prisoner. A wretched tumbril was bearing him slowly to punishment. He wore a cloak of velvet, a doublet of satin and damask, and golden hose, says the Bourgeois of Paris, who probably saw him pass. The King of heaven having invited him to the wedding, Berquin had joyfully put on his finest clothes. "Alas!" said many as they saw him, "he is of noble lineage, a very great scholar, expert and quick in learning, . . . and yet he has gone out of his mind!"

There was nothing in the looks and gestures of the Reformer which indicated the least confusion or pride. He neither braved nor feared death: he approached it with tranquillity, meekness and hope, as if entering the gates of heaven. Men saw peace unchangeable written on his face. Montius, a friend of Erasmus, who had desired to accompany this pious man even to the stake, said in the highest admiration, "There was in him none of that boldness, of that hardened air, which men led to death often assume; the calmness of a good conscience was visible in every feature."—"He looks," said other spectators, "as if he were in God's house meditating upon heavenly things."

At last the tumbril had reached the place of punishment, and the escort halted. The chief executioner approached and desired Berquin to alight. He did so, and the crowd pressed more closely round the ill-omened spot. The principal officer of the court, having beckoned for silence with his hand, unrolled a parchment and read the sentence—"with a husky voice," says the chronicler. But Berquin was about to die for the Son of God who had died for him; his heart did not flinch one jot; he felt no confusion, and, wishing to make the Saviour who supported him in that hour of trial known to the poor people around him, he uttered a few Christian words. But the doctors of the Sor-

bonne were watching all his movements, and had even posted about a certain number of their creatures in order to make a noise if they thought it was necessary. Alarmed at hearing the soft voice of the evangelist, and fearing lest the people should be touched by his words, these "sycophants" hastily gave the signal. Their agents immediately began to shout, the soldiers clashed their arms, "and so great was the uproar that the voice of the holy martyr was not heard in the extremity of death." When Berquin found that these clamors drowned his voice, he held his peace. A Franciscan friar who had accompanied him from the prison, eager to extort from him one word of recantation, redoubled his importunities at this last moment, but the martyr remained firm. At length the monk was silent and the executioner drew near. Berquin meekly stretched out his head; the hangman passed the cord round his neck and strangled him.

There was a pause of solemn silence, but not for long. It was broken by the doctors of the Sorbonne and the monks, who hastily went up and contemplated the lifeless body of their victim. No one cried "Jesus! Jesus!"—a cry of mercy heard even at the execution of a parricide. The most virtuous man in France was treated worse than a murderer. One person, however, standing near the stake, showed some

emotion, and, strange to say, it was the grand penitentiary Merlin. "Truly," he said, "so good a Christian has not died these hundred years and more." The dead body was thrown into the flames, which mounted up and devoured those limbs once so vigorous and now so pale and lifeless. A few men, led away by passion, looked on with joy at the progress of the fire, which soon consumed the precious remains of him who should have been the Reformer of France. They imagined they saw heresy burnt out, and when the body was entirely destroyed they thought that the Reformation was destroyed with it, and that not a fragment of it remained. But all the spectators were not so cruel. They gazed upon the burning pile with sorrow and with love. The Christians who had looked upon Berquin as the future Reformer of France were overwhelmed with anguish when they saw the hero in whom they had hoped reduced to a handful of dust. The temper of the people seemed changed, and tears were seen to flow down many a face. In order to calm this emotion certain rumors were set afloat. A man stepped out of the crowd, and going up to the Franciscan confessor, asked him, "Did Berquin acknowledge his error?"—"Yes, certainly," answered the monk, "and I doubt not that his soul departed in peace." This man was Montius; he wrote and told the

anecdote to Erasmus. "I do not believe a word of it," answered the latter. "It is the usual story which those people invent after the death of their victims, in order to appease the anger of the people."

Some such stratagems were necessary, for the general agitation was increasing. Berquin's innocence, stamped on his features and on all his words, struck those who saw him die, and they were beginning to murmur. The monks noticed this, and had prepared themselves beforehand in case the indignation of the people should break out. They penetrated into the thickest of the crowd, making presents to the children and to the common people, and, having worked them up, they sent them off in every direction. The impressionable crowd spread over the Grêve and through the neighboring streets, shouting out that Berquin was a heretic. Yet here and there men gathered in little groups, talking of the excellent man who had been sacrificed to the passion of the theological faculty. "Alas!" said some with tears in their eyes, "there never was a more virtuous man." Many were astonished that a nobleman who held a high place in the king's affections should be strangled like a criminal. "Alas!" rejoined others indignantly, "what caused his ruin was the liberty which animated him, which is al-

ways the faithful companion of a good conscience." Others of more spirit exclaimed, "Condemn, quarter, crucify, burn, behead,—that is what pirates and tyrants can do; but God is the only just Judge, and blessed is the man whom he pardoneth!" The more pious looked for consolation to the future. "It is only through the cross," they said, "that Christ will triumph in this kingdom." The crowd dispersed.

The news of this tragedy soon spread through France, everywhere causing the deepest sorrow. Berquin was not the only person struck down; other Christians also suffered the last punishment. Philip Huaut was burnt alive, after having his tongue cut out, and Francis Desus had both hand and head cut off. The story of these deaths, especially that of Berquin, was told in the shops of the workmen and in the cottages of the peasants. Many were terrified at it, but more than one evangelical Christian, when he heard the tale at his own fireside, raised his head and cast a look toward heaven, expressive of his joy at having a Redeemer and a *Father's house* beyond the sky. "We too are ready," said these men and women of the Reformation to one another; "we are ready to meet death cheerfully, setting our eyes on the life that is to come."

One of these Christian souls, who had known

Berquin best and who shed most tears over him, was the queen of Navarre. Distressed and alarmed by his death and by the deaths of the Christians sacrificed in other places for the gospel, she prayed fervently to God to come to the help of his people. She called to mind these words of the gospel: "Shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him?" A stranger to all hatred, free from every evil desire of revenge, she called to the Lord's remembrance how dear the safety of his children is to him, and implored his protection for them:

"O Lord our God, arise,
Chastise thy enemies
Thy saints who slay.
Death, which to heathen men
Is full of grief and pain,
To all who in heaven shall reign
With thee is dear.

"They through the gloomy vale
Walk firm, and do not quail,
To rest with thee.
Such death is happiness,
Leading to that glad place
Where in eternal bliss
Thy sons abide.

"Stretch out thy hand, O Lord,
Help those who trust thy word,
And give for sole reward
This death of joy.
O Lord our God, arise,
Chastise thy enemies
Thy saints who slay."

This little poem by the queen of Navarre, which contains several other verses, was the martyr's hymn in the sixteenth century. Nothing shows more clearly that she was heart and soul with the evangelicals.

Terror reigned among the Reformed Christians for some time after Berquin's martyrdom. They endured reproach, without putting themselves forward; they did not wish to irritate their enemies, and many of them retired to *the desert*—that is, to some unknown hiding-place. It was during this period of sorrow and alarm, when the adversaries imagined that by getting rid of Berquin they had got rid of the Reformation as well, and when the remains of the noble martyr were hardly scattered to the winds of heaven, that Calvin once more took up his abode in Paris, not far from the spot where his friend had been burnt. Rome thought she had put the Reformer to death, but he was about to rise again from his ashes, more spiritual, more clear and more powerful, to labor at the renovation of society and the salvation of mankind.

XXIV.

JEAN DE CATURCE,

A. D. 1531–32.

The licentiate Jean de Caturce, a professor of laws in the University of Toulouse, and a native of Limoux, having learnt Greek, procured a New Testament and studied it. Being a man of large understanding, of facile eloquence, and, above all, of a thoughtful soul, he found Christ the Saviour, Christ the Lord, Christ the life eternal, and adored him. Ere long Christ transformed him, and he became a new man. Then the Pandects lost their charm, and he discovered in the Holy Scriptures a divine life and light which enraptured him. He meditated on them day and night. He was consumed by an ardent desire to visit his birthplace and preach the Saviour whom he loved and who dwelt in his heart. Accordingly, he set out for Limoux, which is not far from Toulouse, and on All Saints' Day, 1531, delivered "an exhortation" there. He resolved to return at the Epiphany, for every year on that day there was a great concourse of people for the festival, and he wished to take advantage of it by openly proclaiming Jesus Christ.

Everything had been prepared for the festival. On the eve of Epiphany there was usu-

ally a grand supper, at which, according to custom, the king of the feast was proclaimed, after which there were shouting and joking, singing and dancing. Caturce was determined to take part in the festival, but in such a way that it should not pass off in the usual manner. When the services of the day in honor of the three kings of the East were over the company sat down to table: they drank the wine of the South, and at last the cake was brought in. One of the guests found the bean, the gayety increased, and they were about to celebrate the new royalty by the ordinary toast, "The king drinks!" when Caturce stood up. "There is only one King," he said, "and Jesus Christ is he. It is not enough for his name to flit through our brains; he must dwell in our hearts. He who has Christ in him wants for nothing. Instead, then, of shouting, 'The king drinks!' let us say this night, 'May Christ, the true King, reign in all our hearts!'"

The professor of Toulouse was much esteemed in his native town, and many of his acquaintances already loved the gospel. The lips that were ready to shout "The king drinks!" were dumb, and many sympathized, at least by their silence, with the new "toast" which he proposed to them. Caturce continued: "My friends, I propose that after supper, instead of loose talk, dances and revelry, each of us

shall bring forward in his turn one passage of Holy Scripture." The proposal was accepted, and the noisy supper was changed into an orderly Christian assembly. First, one man repeated some passage that had struck him, then another did the same; but Caturce, says the chronicler, "entered deeper into the matter than the rest of the company," contending that Jesus Christ ought to sit on the throne of our hearts. The professor returned to the university.

This Twelfth-Night supper produced so great a sensation that a report was made of it at Toulouse. The officers of justice apprehended the licentiate in the midst of his books and his lessons, and brought him before the court. "Your worships," he said, "I am willing to maintain what I have at heart, but let my opponents be learned men with their books, who will prove what they advance. I should wish each point to be decided without wandering talk." The discussion began, but the most learned theologians were opposed to him in vain, for the licentiate, who had the divine word with him, answered "promptly, pertinently and with much power, quoting immediately the passages of Scripture which best served his purpose," says the chronicle. The doctors were silenced, and the professor was taken back to prison.

The judges were greatly embarrassed. One

of them visited the heretic in his dungeon, to see if he could not be shaken. "Master Caturce," said he, "we offer to set you at full liberty on condition that you will first retract only three points in a lecture which you will give in the schools." The chronicler does not tell us what these three points were. The licentiate's friends entreated him to consent, and for a moment he hesitated, only to regain his firmness immediately after. "It is a snare of the Evil One," he replied. Notwithstanding this, his friends laid a form of recantation before him, and when he had rejected it they brought him another still more skillfully drawn up. But "the Lord strengthened him, so that he thrust all these papers away from him." His friends withdrew in dismay. He was declared a heretic, condemned to be burnt alive, and taken to the square of St. Étienne.

Here an immense crowd had assembled, especially of students of the university, who were anxious to witness the degradation of so esteemed a professor. The "mystery" lasted three hours, and they were three hours of triumph for the word of God. Never had Caturce spoken with greater freedom. In answer to everything that was said he brought some passage of Scripture "very pertinent to reprove the stupidity of his judges before the scholars." His academical robes were taken

off, the costume of a merry-andrew was put on him, and then another scene began.

A Dominican monk, wearing a white robe and scapulary, with a black cloak and pointed cap, made his way through the crowd and ascended a little wooden pulpit which had been set up in the middle of the square. This by no means learned individual assumed an important air, for he had been commissioned to deliver what was called "the sermon of the Catholic faith." In a voice that was heard all over the square he read his text: "The Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils." The monks were delighted with a text which appeared so suitable; but Caturce, who almost knew his Testament by heart, perceiving that, according to their custom of distorting Scripture, he had only taken a fragment (*lopin*) of the passage, cried out with a clear voice, "Read on." The Dominican, who felt alarmed, stopped short, upon which Caturce himself completed the passage: "Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe." The monks were confounded; the students and other friends of the licentiate smiled. "We know them," continued the energetic professor, "these deceivers of the people,

who, instead of the doctrine of faith, feed them with trash. In God's service there is no question of fish or of flesh, of black or of gray, of Wednesday or Friday. . . . It is nothing but foolish superstition which requires celibacy and abstaining from meats. Such are not the commandments of God." The Dominican in his pulpit listened with astonishment; the prisoner was preaching in the midst of the officers of justice, and the students heard him "with great favor." The poor Dominican, ashamed of his folly, left his sermon unpreached.

After this the martyr was led back to the court, where sentence of death was pronounced upon him. Caturce surveyed his judges with indignation, and as he left the tribunal exclaimed in Latin, "Thou seat of iniquity! thou court of injustice!" He was now led to the scaffold, and at the stake continued exhorting the people to know Jesus Christ. "It is impossible to calculate the great fruit wrought by his death," says the chronicle, "especially among the students then at the University of Toulouse"— that is to say, in the year 1532.

XXV.

LAURENT (ALEXANDER),

A. D. 1533–34.

The friar De la Croix, a Dominican monk, called also Father Laurent, having abandoned Paris, his convent, his cowl and his monkish title, had reached Geneva under the name of Alexander Canus. Cordially welcomed by Farel and Froment, he had been instructed by their care in the knowledge of the truth. His transformation had been complete. Christ had become to him "the Sun of righteousness; he had a burning zeal to know him and great boldness in confessing him. Incontinent, he showed himself resolute, and resisted all gainsayers." Accordingly, the Geneva magistracy, which was under the influence of the priests, had condemned him to death as a heretic; the sentence had, however, been commuted, "for fear of the king of France," who would not suffer a Frenchman, even if heretical, to be maltreated, and Alexander was simply turned out of the city. When on the highroad beyond the gates, and near the mint, he stopped and preached to the people who had followed him. Such was the power of his language that it inspired respect in all around him. "Nobody could stop him," says Froment, "so

strongly did his zeal impel him to win people to the Lord."

Alexander first went to Berne with Froment, and then, retracing his steps, seriously reflected whether he ought not to return into France. He did not deceive himself: persecution, imprisonment, death, awaited him there. Then ought he not rather, like so many others, preach the gospel in Switzerland? But France had so much need of the light and grace of God; should he abandon her? To preach Christ to his countrymen, Alexander was ready to bear all manner of evil, and even death. One single passion swallowed up all others: "O my Saviour! thou hast given thy life for me; I desire to give mine for thee."

He crossed the frontier, and learning that Bresse and Maçonnais (Saône-et-Loire), where Michael d'Aranda had preached Christ in 1524, were without evangelists, he began to proclaim the forgiveness of the gospel to the simple and warm-hearted people of that district, among whom fanaticism had so many adherents. He did not mind this: wandering along the banks of the Bienne, the Ain, the Seille and the Saône, he entered the cottages of the poor peasants and courageously scattered the seed of the gospel. A rumor of his doings reached Lyons, where certain pious goldsmiths, always ready to

make sacrifices for their faith, invited Alexander to come and preach in their city.

It was a wider field than the plains of Bresse. Alexander departed, arrived at Lyons and entered the goldsmiths' shops. He conversed with them, and made the acquaintance of several poor men of Lyons who were rich in faith; they edified one another, but this did not satisfy him. The living faith by which he was animated gave him an indefatigable activity. He was prompt in his decisions, full of spirit in his addresses, ingenious in his plans. He began to preach from house to house; next "he got a number of people together here and there and preached before them, to the great advancement of the word." Opposition soon began to show itself, and Alexander exclaimed, "Oh that Lyons were a free city like Geneva!" Those who desired to hear the word grew more thirsty every day; they went to Alexander and conversed with him; they dragged him to their houses, but the evangelist could not supply all their wants. He wrote to Farel, asking for help from Geneva, but none came; the persecution was believed to be so fierce at Lyons that nobody dared expose himself to it. Alexander continued, therefore, to preach alone, sometimes in by-streets and sometimes in an upper chamber. The priests and their creatures, always on the watch, endeavored to seize him,

but the evangelist had hardly finished his sermon when the faithful, who loved him devotedly, surrounded him, carried him away and conducted him to some hiding-place. But Alexander did not remain there long: wistfully putting out his head, and looking round the house to see that there was no one on the watch, he came forth to go and preach at the other extremity of the city. He had hardly finished when he was carried away again, and the believers took him to some new retreat, "hiding him from one house to another," says the chronicler, "so that he could not be found." The evangelist was everywhere and nowhere. When the priests were looking after him in some suburb in the south, he was preaching in the north on the heights which overlook the city. He put himself boldly in the van, he proclaimed the gospel loudly, and yet he was invisible.

Alexander did more than this: he even visited the prisons. He heard one day that two men, well known in Geneva, who had come to Lyons on business, had been thrown into the bishop's dungeons on the information of the Genevan priests: they were the energetic Baudichon de la Maison Neuve and his friend Cologny. The gates opened for Alexander: he entered, and that mysterious evangelist, who baffled the police of Lyons, was inside the episcopal prison. If one of the agents who

are in search of him should recognize him, the gates will never open again for him. But Alexander felt no uneasiness; he spoke to the two Genevans and exhorted them; he even went and consoled other brethren imprisoned for the gospel, and then left the dungeons, no man laying a hand on him. The priests and their agents, bursting with vexation at seeing the futility of all their efforts, met and lamented with one another. "There is a Lutheran," they said, "who preaches and disturbs the people, collecting assemblies here and there in the city, whom we must catch, for he will spoil all the world, as everybody is running after him; and yet we cannot find him or know who he is." They increased their exertions, but all was useless. Never had preacher in so extraordinary a manner escaped so many snares. At last they began to say that the unknown preacher must be possessed of Satanic powers, by means of which he passed invisible through the police and no one suspected his presence. . . .

One day, a few weeks after Easter, a man loaded with chains entered the capital; he was escorted by archers, all of whom showed him much respect. They took him to the Conciergerie. It was Alexander Canus, known among the Dominicans by the name of Father Laurent de la Croix. At Lyons, as at Paris, Easter had been the time appointed by the evangelicals for

boldly raising their banner. The goldsmiths were no longer satisfied with preachings in secret. Every preparation was made for a great assembly; the locality was settled; pious Christians went through the streets from house to house and gave notice of the time and place. Many were attracted by the desire of hearing a doctrine that was so much talked about, and on Easter Day the ex-Dominican preached before a large audience. Was it in a church, in some hall or in the open air? The chronicler does not say. Alexander moved his hearers deeply, and it might have been said that Christ rose again that Easter morn in Lyons, where he had so long lain in the sepulchre. All were not, however, equally friendly; some cast sinister glances. Alexander was no longer invisible: the spies in the assembly saw him, heard him, studied his physiognomy, took note of his *blasphemies*, and hurried off to report them to their superiors.

While the police were listening to the reports and taking their measures there were voices of joy and deliverance in many a humble dwelling. A divine call had been heard, and many were resolved to obey it. Alexander, who had belonged to the order of *Preachers*, combined the gift of eloquence with the sincerest piety. Accordingly, his hearers requested him to preach again the second day

of Easter. The meeting took place on Monday, and was more numerous than the day before. All eyes were fixed on the evangelist, all ears were attentive, all faces were beaming with joy; here and there, however, a few countenances of evil omen might be seen: they were the agents charged to seize the mysterious preacher. The assembly heard a most touching discourse, but just when Alexander's friends desired, as usual, to surround him and get him away, the officers of justice, more expeditious this time, came forward, laid their hands upon him and took him to prison. He was brought before the tribunal and condemned to death. This cruel sentence distressed all the evangelicals, who urged him to appeal; he did appeal, which had the effect of causing him to be transferred to Paris. "That was not done without great mystery," says Froment, "and without the great providence of God." People said to one another that Paul, having appealed to the emperor, won over a great nation at Rome, and they asked whether Alexander might not do the same at Paris. The evangelist departed under the escort of a captain and his company.

The captain was a worthy man: he rode beside Alexander, and they soon entered into conversation. The officer questioned him, and the ex-Dominican explained to him the cause

of his arrest. The soldier listened with astonishment; he took an interest in the story, and by degrees the words of the pious prisoner entered into his heart. He heard God's call and awoke; he experienced a few moments of struggle and doubt, but ere long the assurance of faith prevailed. "The captain was converted," says Froment, "while taking him to Paris." Alexander did not stop at this: he spoke to each of the guards, and some of them also were won over to the gospel. The first evening they halted at an inn, and the prisoner found means to address a few good words to the servants and the heads of the household. This was repeated every day. People came to see the strange captive; they entered into conversation with him, and he answered every question. He employed in the service of the gospel all the skill that he possessed in discussion. "He was learned in the doctrine of the Sophists," says a contemporary, "having profited well and studied long at Paris with his companions [the Dominicans]." Now and then the people went and fetched the priest or orator of the village to dispute with him, but each was easily reduced to silence. Many of the hearers were enlightened and touched, and some were converted. They said, as they left the inn, "Really, we have never seen a man answer and confound his adversaries better by

Holy Scripture." The crowd increased from town to town. At last Alexander arrived in Paris. "Wonderful thing!" remarks the chronicler, "he was more useful at the inns and on the road than he had ever been before."

This remarkable prisoner was soon talked of in many quarters of Paris. The case was a serious one. "A friar, a Dominican, an inquisitor," said the people, "has gone over to the Lutherans and is striving to make heretics everywhere." The monks of his own convent made the most noise. The king, who detained Beda in prison, desired to preserve the balance by giving some satisfaction to the Catholics. He was not uneasy about the German Protestants; he had observed closely the landgrave's ardor, and had no fear that the fiery Philip would break off the alliance for a Dominican monk. Francis, therefore, allowed matters to take their course, and Alexander appeared before a court of Parliament.

"Name your accomplices," said the judges; and as he refused to name his accomplices, who did not exist, the president added, "Give him the boot." The executioners brought forward the boards and the wedges, with which they tightly compressed the legs of the evangelist. His sufferings soon became so severe that, hoping they had converted him, they stopped the torture, and the president once

more called upon him to name all who like himself had separated from the Church of Rome; but he was not to be shaken, and the punishment began again. "He was severely tortured several times," says the *Actes*, "to great extremity of cruelty." The executioners drove the wedges so tightly between the boards in which his limbs were confined that his left leg was crushed. Alexander groaned aloud. "O God!" he exclaimed, "there is neither pity nor mercy in these men! Oh, that I may find both in thee!"—"Keep on," said the head-executioner. The unhappy man, who had observed Budæus among the assessors, turned on him a mild look of supplication, and said, "Is there no Gamaliel here to moderate the cruelty they are practicing on me?" The illustrious scholar, an honest and just man, although irresolute in his proceedings, kept his eyes fixed on the martyr, astonished at his patience. "It is enough," he said; "he has been tortured too much; you ought to be satisfied." Budæus was a person of great authority; his words took effect, and the *extraordinary gehenna* ceased. "The executioners lifted up the martyr and carried him to his dungeon a cripple."

It was the custom to deliver sentence in the absence of the accused, and to inform him of it in the Conciergerie through a clerk of the

criminal office. The idea occurred of pronouncing it in Alexander's presence; perhaps in his terror he might ask for some alleviation, and by this means they might extort a confession. But all was useless. The court made a great display, and a crowd of spectators increased the solemnity, to no purpose: Alexander Canus of Evreux in Normandy was condemned to be burnt alive. A flash of joy suddenly lit up his face. "Truly," said the spectators, "is he more joyful than he was before."

The priests now came forward to perform the sacerdotal degradation. "If you utter a word," they told him, "you will have your tongue cut out." "The practice of cutting off the tongue," adds the historian, "began that year." The priests took off his sacerdotal dress, shaved his head and went through all the *usual mysteries*. During this ceremony Alexander uttered not a word; only at one of the absurdities of the priests he let a smile escape him. They dressed him in the *robe de fol*—a garment of coarse cloth, such as was worn by the poorer peasantry. When the pious martyr caught sight of it, he exclaimed, "O God, is there any greater honor than to receive this day the livery which thy Son received in the house of Herod?"

A cart generally used to carry mud or dust was brought to the front of the building. Some

Dominicans, his former brethren, got into it along with the humble Christian, and all proceeded toward the Place Maubert. As the cart moved but slowly, Alexander, standing up, leant over toward the people and "scattered the seed of the gospel with both hands." Many persons, moved even to tears, exclaimed that they were putting him to death wrongfully, but the Dominicans pulled him by his gown and annoyed him in every way. At first he paid no attention to this, but when one of the monks said to him coarsely, "Either recant or hold your tongue," Alexander turned round and said to him with firmness, "I will not renounce Jesus Christ. Depart from me, ye deceivers of the people!"

At last they reached the front of the scaffold. While the executioners were making the final preparations, Alexander, observing some lords and ladies in the crowd with common people, monks and several of his friends, asked permission to address a few words to them. An ecclesiastical dignitary, a chanter of the Sainte Chapelle, carrying a long staff, presided over the clerical part of the ceremony, and he gave his consent. Then, seized with a holy enthusiasm, Alexander confessed, "with great vehemence and vivacity of mind," the Saviour whom he loved so much and for whom he was condemned to die. "Yes," he exclaimed, "Jesus, our

only Redeemer, suffered death to ransom us to God his Father. I have said it, and I say it again. O ye Christians who stand around me, pray to God that, as his Son Jesus Christ died for me, he will give me grace to die now for him."

Having thus spoken, he said to the executioner, "Proceed." The officers of justice approached; they bound him to the pile and set it on fire. The wood crackled, the flames rose, and Alexander, his eyes upraised to heaven, exclaimed, "O Jesus Christ, have pity on me! O Saviour, receive my soul!' He saw the glory of God; by faith he discerned Jesus in heaven, who received him into his kingdom. "My Redeemer!" he repeated, "O my Redeemer!" At last his voice was silent. The people wept; the executioners said to one another, "What a strange criminal!" and even the monks asked, "If this man is not saved, who will be?" Many beat their breasts and said, "A great wrong has been done to that man." And as the spectators separated they went away thinking, "It is wonderful how these people suffer themselves to be burnt in defence of their faith."

XXVI.

JOHN VAN BAKKER,

A. D. 1523–25.

At Woerden, a town in the Netherlands between Leyden and Utrecht, lived a simple man, warden of the collegiate church, an office which gave him a certain position. He was well informed, was of a religious spirit, liked his office and discharged its duties zealously. But his warmest affection was fixed on the person of his son John. John van Bakker (called in Latin Pistorius) studied under Rhodius at the college of Utrecht. He made great progress there in literature, but he also learnt something else. It was at the period of the revival of the Christian religion. The young man was struck by the glorious brightness of the truth, and a living light was shed abroad in his heart. Rhodius was attached to his young disciple, and they were often seen conversing together like father and son. The canons of Utrecht took offence. The two evangelicals were watched, attacked, threatened and denounced as Lutherans, and word had been hastily sent to the father that his son was fallen into heresy.

The old churchwarden, thunderstruck by the the news, trembling at the thought of the danger impending over his beloved son, at once

recalled him to Woerden. But the very evil which he wished to avoid was by this means only increased. John, filled with ardent desire for the propagation of the truth, let slip no opportunity of proclaiming the gospel to his fellow-citizens. Attacks were renewed; the alarm of the father grew greater. He now sent his son to Louvain to improve himself in literature, and also because this town passed for the stronghold of popery. But old ties of hospitality united the father with Erasmus, and John was therefore placed under the influential patronage of this scholar. Out of deference to the wishes of his father, but sorely against his own will, he became a priest. He immediately availed himself, however, of this office to contend more effectively against the anti-Christian traditions and to spread abroad more extensively the knowledge of Christ. The canons of Utrecht, who had not lost sight of him, summoned him to appear before them. He refused to do this, and upon his refusal the prefect of Woerden put him in prison. But Philip, bishop of Utrecht, was favorably disposed toward the gospel, and John regained his liberty, and without delay betook himself to Wittenberg. Here he lived in intimate intercourse with Luther and Melanchthon, and with many pious young men from all the countries of Europe. He thus became established in the faith.

On his return to Holland he taught evangelical truth with still more energy than before. The chapter of Utrecht, whose inquisitorial glance followed him everywhere, now sentenced him to banishment for three years, and ordered him to go to Rome, that he might give himself up to the penances required for the expiation of his errors. But instead of setting out for Italy he began to travel all over Holland, instructing, confirming and building up the Christians scattered abroad and the churches. He visited Hoen and Gnapheus, who were at the time prisoners for the gospel's sake, and consoled them. His father followed him with both joy and anxiety in his Christian wanderings. Although he feared that John's faith would bring down persecution upon him, he nevertheless felt attracted toward it. If the sky looked threatening, the old man in alarm would fain have recalled his son; but if no cloud seemed likely to disturb the serenity of the evangelical day, the father rejoiced in the piety of his son and triumphed in his triumphs.

We have now reached the year 1523. Hitherto, Bakker had outwardly belonged to the Church of Rome. He now began to consider whether he ought not to bring his outward actions into harmony with his inward convictions. This harmony is not always attained at the first step. Bakker discontinued officiating in the

church, and renounced all profit and advantage proceeding from Rome. When he understood that the sacerdotal life is opposed to the gospel, he married, and, calling to mind the example of Paul, who was a tent-maker, this lettered disciple of Rhodius set himself to earn his livelihood by baking bread, digging the ground and other manual labor. But at the same time he preached in private houses, and welcomed all who came to seek at his hands consolation and instruction.

A step at this time taken by Rome tended to increase his zeal. The pope, anxious to consolidate his tottering see, invented a new species of indulgences, which were not to be offered for sale like those of Tetzel, but were to be given gratuitously by the priests to all persons who at certain times and in certain places should come to hear a mass. These indulgences having been preached in Woerden, Bakker rose in opposition to them. He unveiled the craft of those who distributed them, boldly proclaimed the grace of Christ, strengthened the feeble and pacified troubled consciences. The inhabitants of Woerden, affected by such zeal, resorted in crowds to the lowly dwelling in which they found the peace of God, a Christian woman who sympathized with all their sorrows and endeavored to relieve their necessities, and a pious minister who earned his living by the

labor of his own hands. The ordinary priest of the place, provoked by the neglect into which he had fallen, denounced Bakker, at first to the magistrate, and next to the governess of the Netherlands. He made such desperate efforts that one day in 1525 the officers of justice, by order of Margaret, arrested Bakker and committed him to prison at the Hague. The poor father on hearing the news was struck as by a thunderbolt. Bakker, doomed to harsh and solitary confinement, perceived the danger which hung over him. He looked all round and saw no defender except the Holy Scriptures. His enemies, who were afraid of his superior knowledge, sent for theologians and inquisitors from Louvain, and an imperial commission was instructed to watch the proceedings and see that the heretic was not spared. The doctors came to an understanding about the trial, and every one's part was fixed. The inquisitorial court was formed, and the young Christian—he was now twenty-seven years of age—appeared before it. Cross-pleadings were set up. The following are some of the affirmations and negations which were then heard at the Hague:

The Court. It is ordered that every one should submit to all the decrees and traditions of the Roman Church.

Bakker. There is no authority except the

Holy Scriptures, and it is from them only that I can receive the doctrine that saves.

The Court. Do you not know that it is the Church itself which, by its testimony, gives to the Holy Scriptures their authority?

Bakker. I want no other testimony in favor of the Scriptures than that of the Scriptures themselves, and that of the Holy Spirit, which inwardly convinces us of the truths which Scripture teaches.

The Court. Did not Christ say to the apostles, "He who heareth you heareth me"?

Bakker. We would assuredly listen to you if you could prove to us that you are sent by Christ.

The Court. The priests are the successors of the apostles.

Bakker. All Christians born of water and of the Spirit are priests, and, although all do not publicly preach, all offer to God through Christ spiritual sacrifices.

The Court. Take care! Heretics are to be exterminated with the sword.

Bakker. The Church of Christ is to make use only of meekness and the power of the word of God.

It was not for one day only, but during many days and in long sessions, that the inquisitors plagued Bakker. They charged him especially with three crimes—despising indulgences, discontinuing to say mass and marrying.

As Bakker's steadfastness frustrated all the efforts of the inquisitors, they bethought themselves of making him go to confession, hoping thus to obtain some criminating admission. So they had him into a niche in the wainscoting where the confessor received penitents, and a priest questioned him minutely on all kinds of subjects. They could only get one answer from him: "I confess freely before God that I am a most miserable sinner, worthy of the curse and of eternal death; but at the same time I hope, and have even a strong confidence, that for the sake of Jesus Christ my Lord and my only Saviour I shall certainly obtain everlasting blessedness." The confessor then pronounced him altogether unworthy of absolution, and he was thrown into a dark dungeon.

So long as Philip, bishop of Utrecht, lived, the canons, although they had indeed persecuted Bakker, had not ventured to put him to death. This moderate bishop, so friendly to good men, having died on the 7th of April, 1525, the chapter felt more at liberty, and Bakker's death was resolved on. The tidings of his approaching execution spread alarm through the little city, and people of all classes immediately hastened to him and implored him to make the required recantation. But he refused. Calm and resolved, one care alone occupied his thoughts—the state of his father. The old

man had followed all the phases of the trial. He had seen the steadfastness of his son's faith and the supreme love which he had for Jesus Christ, so that nothing in the world could separate him from the Saviour. This sight had filled him with joy and had strengthened his own faith. The inquisitors, who were very anxious to induce Bakker to recant, thought that one course was still open to them. They betook themselves therefore to the old man, and entreated him to urge John to submit to the pope. "My son," he replied, "is very dear indeed to me; he has never caused me any sorrow; but I am ready to offer him up a sacrifice to God, as in old time Abraham offered up Isaac."

It was then announced to Bakker that the hour of his death was at hand. This news, says a chronicler, filled him with unusual and astonishing joy. During the night he read and meditated on the divine word. Then he had a tranquil sleep. In the morning (September 15) they led him upon an elevated stage, stripped him of the priestly vestments which he had been obliged to wear, put on him a yellow coat and on his head a hat of the same color. This done, he was led to execution. As he passed by one part of the prison where several Christians were confined for the sake of the faith, he was affected and cried aloud, "Brothers, I am going to suffer martyrdom. Be of good courage like

faithful soldiers of Jesus Christ, and defend the truths of the gospel against all unrighteousness."

The prisoners started when they heard these words, clapped their hands, uttered cries of joy, and then with one voice struck up the *Te Deum*. They determined not to cease singing until the Christian hero should have ceased to live. Bakker, indeed, could not hear them, but these songs, associated with the thoughts of the martyr, ascended to the throne of God. First they sang the *Magnum Certamen;* then the hymn beginning with the words, "*O beata beatorum martyrum solemnia*." This holy concert was the prelude to the festival which was to be celebrated in heaven.

The martyr went up to the stake, took from the hands of the executioner the rope with which he was to be strangled before being given up to the flames, and, passing it round his neck with his own hands, he said with joy, "O death! where is thy sting?" A moment afterward he said, "Lord Jesus, forgive them, and remember me, O Son of God!" The executioner pulled the rope and strangled him. Then the fire consumed him. The great conflict was finished, the solemnity of the martyrdom was over. Such was the death of John van Bakker. His father survived to mourn his loss.

XXVII.

WENDELMUTHA KLÆSSEN,

A. D. 1526–27.

In the town of Monnikendam, on the shores of the Zuyder Zee, there was living at this time a widow named Wendelmutha Klæssen, who had sorrowed greatly for the death of the partner of her life, but had also shed other and still more bitter tears over the sad state of her own soul. She had found the peace which Christ gives, and had clung to the Saviour with a constancy and a courage which some of her friends called obstinacy. The purity of her life created a sanctifying influence around her, and as she openly avowed her full trust in Christ, she was arrested, taken to the fortress of Woerden, and soon after to the Hague to be tried there.

The more steadfast her faith was, the more the priests set their hearts on getting her to renounce it. Monks were incessantly going to see her, and omitted no means of shaking her resolution. They assailed her especially on the subject of transubstantiation, and required her to worship, as if they were God, the little round consecrated wafers of which they made use in the mass. But Wendelmutha, certain that what they presented to her as God was nothing more

than thin bread, replied, "I do not adore them; I abhor them." The priests, provoked at seeing her cling so tenaciously to her ideas, urged her kinsfolk and her friends to try all means of getting her to retract her speeches. This they did.

Among these friends was a noble lady who tenderly loved Wendelmutha. These two Christian women, although they were as one soul, had nevertheless different characters. The Dutch lady was full of anxiety and distress at the prospect of what awaited her friend, and said to her in the trouble of her soul, "Why not be silent, my dear Wendelmutha, and keep what thou believest in thine own heart, so that the schemes of those who want to take away thy life may be baffled?" Wendelmutha replied with simple and affecting firmness, "Dost thou not know, my sister, the meaning of these words, 'With the heart man believeth unto rightousness, *and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation*'?"

Another day one of her kinsfolk, after having endeavored in vain to shake her resolution, said to her, "You look as if you had no fear of death. But wait a little; you have not tasted it." She replied immediately with firm hope, "I confess that I have not yet tasted it, but I also know that I never shall taste it; for Christ has endured it for me, and has

positively said, 'If a man keep my saying he shall never see death.'"

Shortly afterward Wendelmutha appeared before the Dutch supreme court of justice, and answered that nothing should separate her from her Lord and her God. When taken back into prison the priest urged her to confess. "Do this," he said, "while you are still in life." She replied, "I am already dead, and God is my life. Jesus Christ has forgiven me all my sins, and if I have offended any one of my neighbors I humbly beg him to pardon me."

On the 20th of November, 1527, the officers of justice conducted her to execution. They had placed near her a certain monk who held in his hand a crucifix and asked her to kiss the image in token of veneration. She replied, "I know not this wooden Saviour; He whom I know is in heaven at the right hand of God, the Almighty Saviour." She went modestly to the stake, and when the flames gathered round her she peacefully closed her eyes, bowed down her head as if she were falling asleep, and gave up her soul to God while the fire reduced her body to ashes.

XXVIII.

PATRICK HAMILTON,

A. D. 1527.

THERE was at St. Andrew's in Edinburgh a young man who was already acquainted with the great facts of salvation announced in the New Testament, and who was well qualified to circulate and explain it. Patrick Hamilton, gifted with keen intelligence and a Christian heart, knew how to set forth in a concise and natural manner the truths of which he was convinced. He knew that there is in the Scriptures a wisdom superior to the human understanding, and that in order to comprehend them there is need of the illumination of the Holy Spirit. He believed that with the written it is necessary to combine oral teaching, and that as Testaments were come from the Netherlands, Scotland needed the spoken word which should call restless and degenerate souls to seek in them the living water which springs up unto life eternal. God was then preparing his witnesses in Scotland, and the first was Patrick Hamilton. He laid open the New Testament; he set forth the facts and the doctrines contained in it; he defended the evangelical principles. His father, the foremost of Scottish knights, had not bro-

ken so many lances in the tournament as Patrick now broke in his college, at the university, with the canons and with all who set themselves against the truth.

At the beginning of Lent, 1527, he publicly preached in the cathedral and elsewhere the doctrines (heresies, said his sentence) taught by Martin Luther. We have no further particulars of his preaching, but there are sufficient to show us that at this period the people who gathered together in the ancient churches of Scotland heard this faithful minister announce that "it is not the law, that terrible tyrant, as Luther said, that is to reign in the conscience, but the Son of God, the King of justice and of peace, who, like a fruitful rain, descends from heaven and fertilizes the most barren soil."

Circumstances were by no means favorable to the Reformation. Archbishop Beatoun, primate of Scotland, having fled from the wrath of Earl Angus into rural concealment, had now thrown off his shepherd's dress and left the flocks which he was feeding in the solitary pastures of Bogrian in Fifeshire. The simple, rude and isolated life of the keeper of sheep was a sufficiently severe chastisement for an ambitious, intriguing and worldly spirit; day and night, therefore, he was looking for some means of deliverance. Although he was then sleep-

ing on the ground, he had plenty of gold and great estates: this wealth, the omnipotence of which he knew well, would suffice, said he to himself, to ransom him from the abject service to which a political reverse had reduced him. Since the victory of Linlithgow, Angus had exercised the royal power without opposition. It was needful, then, that Beatoun should gain over that terrible conqueror. The queen-mother, who had also fled at first, having ventured two months later to approach Edinburgh, her son had received her and conducted her to Holyrood Palace. This encouraged the archbishop. His nephew, David Beatoun, abbot of Arbroath, was as clever and as ambitious as his uncle, but he hated still more passionately all who refused to submit to the Romish Church. The archbishop entreated him to negotiate his return: the party of the nobles was hard to win; but the abbot, having gained over the provost of Edinburgh, Sir Archibald Douglas, uncle of Angus, the bargain was struck. The archbishop was to pay two thousand Scottish marks to Angus, one thousand to George Douglas, the king's jailer, one thousand to cruel James Hamilton, the assassin of Lennox, and to make a present of the abbey of Kilwinning to the earl of Arran. Beatoun, charmed, threw away his crook, started for Edinburgh and resumed his episcopal functions at St. Andrews.

It was some time after the return of Beatoun that the king's cousin, Patrick Hamilton, began to preach at St. Andrews the glad tidings of free salvation through faith in Christ. Such doctrines could not be taught without giving rise to agitation. The clergy took alarm; some priests and monks went to the castle and prayed the archbishop to chastise the young preacher. Beatoun ordered an inquiry; it was carried out very precisely. The persons with whom Hamilton had engaged in discussion were heard, and some of his hearers gave evidence as to the matter of his discourses. He was declared a heretic. Beatoun was not cruel; he would perhaps have been content with seeking to bring back by fatherly exhortations the young and interesting Hamilton into the paths of the Church. But the primate had by his side some fanatical spirits, especially his nephew David, and they redoubled their urgency to such a degree that the archbishop ordered Hamilton to appear before him to give an account of his faith.

The inquiry could not be made without this noble Christian hearing of it. He perceived the fate that awaited him; his friends perceived it too. If he should appear before the archbishop, it was all up with him. Every one was moved with compassion; some of his enemies even, touched by his youth, the loveliness of his character and his illustrious birth, wished

to see him escape death. There was no time to lose, for the order of the archiepiscopal court was already signed; several conjured him to fly. What should he do? All his desire was to show to others the peace that filled his own soul, but at the same time he knew how much was still wanting to him. Who could better enlighten and strengthen him than the Reformers of Germany? Who more able to put him in a position to return afterward to preach Christ with power? He resolved to go. Two of his friends, Hamilton of Linlithgow and Gilbert Wynram of Edinburgh, determined to accompany him. Preparations for their departure were made with the greatest possible secrecy. Hamilton took with him one servant, and the three young Scotchmen, finding their way furtively to the coast, embarked on board a merchant-ship. It was in the latter half of the month of April, 1527.

This unlooked-for escape greatly provoked those who had set their minds on taking the life of the evangelist. "He, of evil mind, as may be presumed, passed forth of the realm," said the archbishop's familiars. No: his intention was to be instructed, to increase in spiritual life from day to day. He landed at the beginning of May in one of the ports of the Netherlands.

At this time the germ of the Reformation of

Scotland already lay in his heart. His association with the doctors of Germany would prove the identity of this great spiritual movement, which everywhere was overthrowing the same abuses and bringing anew to the surface the same truths. In which direction should the young Christian hero of Scotland now turn his footsteps? All his ambition was to go to Wittenberg, to hear Luther, Melanchthon and the other Reformers, but circumstances led him to go first to Marburg. This town lay on his way, and a renowned printer, Hans Luft, was then publishing there the works of Tyndale. In fact, on May 8, 1527, at the moment of Patrick's arrival on the Continent, there appeared at Marburg the *Parable of the Wicked Mammon*, and seven months later (December 11) Luft published *The Veritable Obedience of a Christian Man*. But Hamilton flattered himself that he should find at Marburg something more than Tyndale's writings—Tyndale himself. English evangelical works had at that time to get printed in Germany, and, as far as possible, under the eye of the author. The young Scotchman had hopes, then, of meeting at Marburg the translator of the New Testament, the Reformer of England, and even Fryth, who might be with him. One reason more positive still influenced Hamilton. He was aware that Lambert d'Avignon, the one

man of all the Reformers whose views most nearly approached those which prevailed afterward in Scotland, had been called to Marburg by the landgrave. Philip of Hesse himself was the most determined, the most courageous, of all the Protestant princes. How many motives were there inclining him to stay in that town! An extraordinary circumstance decided the young Scotchman. The landgrave, defender of piety and of letters, was about to found there the first evangelical university "for the restoration of the liberal sciences." Its inauguration was fixed to take place on May 30. Hamilton and his friends might arrive in time. They bent their course toward Hesse, and reached the banks of the Lahn.

At the time of their arrival the little town was full of unaccustomed movement. Undiverted by this stir, Hamilton hastened to find out the Frenchman whose name had been mentioned to him, and other learned men who were likely also to be at Marburg. He found the sprightly, pious and resolute Lambert, an opponent, like the landgrave, of half measures, and a man determined to take action in such wise that the Reformation should not be checked halfway. The young abbot of the North and the aged monk of the South thus met, understood each other, and soon lived together in

great familiarity. Lambert said to him that the hidden things had been revealed by Jesus Christ; that what distinguishes our religion from all others is the fact that God has spoken to us; that the Scriptures are sufficient to make us perfect. He did not philosophize much, persuaded that by dint of philosophizing one swerves from the truth. He set aside with equal energy the superstition which invents a marvelous mythology and the incredulity which denies divine and supernatural action. "Everything which has been perverted [*deformé*] must be reformed [*reformé*]," said Lambert, "and all reform which proceeds otherwise than according to the word of God is nothing. All the inventions of human reason are, in the matter of religion, nothing but trifling and rubbish."

The commotion which then prevailed amongst the population of Marburg was occasioned by the approaching inauguration of the university founded by the landgrave. On May 30th the chancellor presided at that ceremony. No school of learning had ever been founded on such a basis; one must suppose that the union which ought to exist between science and faith was in this case unrecognized. There is nothing in Hamilton's writings to show that in this matter he shared the opinions of Lambert. With great evangelical simplicity as to the faith, the Scotchman had rather, in his manner

of setting it forth, a metaphysical, speculative tendency, which is a marked feature of the Scottish mind. The principles which were to characterize the new university were these. "The Holy Scriptures," says a document of Marburg which has been preserved, "ought to be purely and piously interpreted, and no one who fails to do so is to teach in the school. From the science of law must be cut off everything which is either unchristian or impious. It is not mere scholars who are to be appointed in the faculties of law, of medicine, of the sciences and of letters, but men who shall combine with science the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and piety."

Thus we see that the opposition between science and faith was already attracting attention, and the landgrave settled the question by excluding science and those learned in it, since they were not in agreement with the Scriptures—just as in other ages men would have theology and theologians set aside, since they were not in agreement with human learning. No one ought to teach in the schools of theology except in conformity with the Scriptures of God, the supreme authority in the Church. To disregard this principle is to take in hand to destroy the flock of God. The fanaticism of the School, however, cannot justify the fanaticism of the Church. It is a grave

matter to banish science on account of the dangers to which it exposes us. To exclude the fire from the hearth for fear of conflagration would not be reasonable; far better to take the precautions which good sense points out for preventing the evil. If science and faith are to advance together without peril, it can only be brought about by the intervention of the moral principle. The existence of so-called freethinkers arises from a moral decay; certain excesses of an exaggerated orthodoxy may perhaps proceed from the same cause. A presumptuous and passionate haste, affirming and denying to the first comer, is a grave fault. How many times has it happened that some law, some fact proclaimed by Science at one period as sufficient to convict the Scriptures of error, has had to be given up soon after by Science herself as a mistake! But let religious men be on their guard against the indolence and the cowardice which would lead them to repulse Science out of fear lest she should remain mistress of the field of battle. By so doing they would deprive themselves of the weapons most serviceable for the defence of their treasures, as well as of the most fitting occasions for spreading them abroad. Lambert did not go to such a length, but he was persuaded that unless a breath divine, coming from on high, give life to academical teaching, the university would be nothing more than a

dead mechanism, and that science, instead of propagating a healthy and enlightened cultivation, would only darken and pervert men's minds. This is surely a very reasonable and very practical thought, and it is to be regretted that it has not always regulated public instruction.

After the delivery of the inaugural discourses, the rector, Montanus, professor of civil law, opened the roll of the university to enter in it the names of its members. Professors, pastors, state functionaries, nobles, foreigners, students, one hundred and ten persons in all, gave their names. The first to sign was the rector, the second was Lambert; then came Adam Crato, Professor Ehrard Schnepf, one of the first Germans converted by Luther, Enricius Cordus, who had accompanied Luther to Worms, and Hermann von dem Busche, professor of poetry and eloquence. In a little while three young men of foreign aspect approached. The first of them signed his name thus: *Patricius Hamilton, a Litgovien, Scotus, magister Parisiensis;* his two friends signed after him.

From that time the Frenchman and the Scotchman frequently studied the Holy Scriptures together, and with interest always new. The large acquaintance with the word of God which Hamilton possessed astonished Lambert; the freshness of his thoughts and of his imagi-

nation charmed him; the integrity of his character inspired a high esteem for him; his profound remarks on the gospel edified him. A short time after this the Frenchman, speaking to the landgrave Philip, said, "This young man, of the illustrious family of the Hamiltons, which is closely allied by the ties of blood to the king and the kingdom of Scotland, who although hardly twenty-three years of age brings to the study of Scripture a very sound judgment and has a vast store of knowledge, is come from the end of the world, from Scotland, to your academy, in order to be more fully established in God's truth. I have hardly ever met a man who expresses himself with so much spirituality and truth on the word of the Lord." Such is the testimony given in Germany by a Frenchman to the young Reformer of Scotland.

Will Hamilton remain at Marburg? Shall he not see Luther, Melanchthon and the other doctors of the Reformation? It has been generally supposed that he did go to Wittenberg, but there is no evidence of this, either in the university registers or in Luther's or Melanchthon's letters. This tradition, therefore, appears to us to be unfounded. As Hamilton had, however, formed the intention of visiting Luther when he left Scotland, what motive led him to relinquish his design? It was this: Early in July, at the very time when the young Scotch-

man might have gone to Wittenberg, a report was spread abroad that Luther had suddenly fallen ill. The plague was at Wittenberg. Two persons died of it in Melanchthon's house; one of his sons was attacked, and one of the sons of Jonas lost his life. Hans Luft, the printer of Marburg, who was at Wittenberg on business, fell ill and his mind wandered. Such, doubtless, were the circumstances which detained Hamilton at Marburg. On hearing that in consequence of the plague the courses of lectures had partly at least been transferred to Jena, he gave up Wittenberg; and thus is explained quite naturally the want of original documents respecting his alleged sojourn at the Saxon university. A very painful sacrifice was thus demanded of him. Lambert resolved to turn the disappointment to good account. Having a high idea of the faith, the judgment and abilities of Hamilton, he begged him to compose some *theses* on the evangelical doctrine, and to defend them publicly. Every one supported this request, for an academical solemnity at which a foreign theologian belonging to the royal family of Scotland should hold the chief place could not fail to throw a certain *éclat* over the new university. Hamilton consented. His subject was quickly chosen. In his eyes a man's religion was not sound unless it had its source in the word of God and in the inmost experi-

ence of the soul which receives that word, and is thereby led into the truth. He deemed it necessary to present the doctrine in this practical aspect, rather than to lose himself in the speculative theorems of an obscure scholasticism.

On the day appointed Hamilton entered the great hall of the university, in which were gathered professors, students and a numerous audience besides. He announced that he was about to establish a certain number of truths respecting *the law and the gospel*, and that he would maintain them against all comers. These theses, all of a practical character, had, however, somewhat of that dialectical spirit which distinguished at a subsequent period the philosophical schools of Scotland, and were drawn up in a pure and *lapidary* style which secures for this theologian of three-and-twenty a noteworthy place among the doctors of the sixteenth century.

"There is a difference, and even an opposition, between the law and the gospel," said Hamilton. "The law showeth us our sin; the gospel showeth us a remedy for it. The law showeth us our condemnation; the gospel showeth us our redemption. The law is the word of ire; the gospel is the word of grace. The law is the word of despair; the gospel is the word of comfort. The law is the word of

unrest; the gospel is the word of peace. The law saith, Pay thy debt; the gospel saith, Christ hath paid it. The law saith, Thou art a sinner —despair, and thou shalt be damned; the gospel saith, Thy sins are forgiven thee—be of good comfort, thou shalt be saved. The law saith, Make amends for thy sins; the gospel saith, Christ hath made it for thee. The law saith, The Father of heaven is angry with thee; the gospel saith, Christ hath pacified him with his blood. The law saith, Where is thy righteousness, goodness and satisfaction? the gospel saith, Christ is thy righteousness, thy goodness, thy satisfaction. The law saith, Thou art bound and obliged to me, to the devil and to hell; the gospel saith, Christ hath delivered thee from them all."

The attack began, and the defence of the young master of arts was as remarkable as his exposition. Even though he made use of the syllogism, he shook off the dust of the School and put something perspicuous and striking in its place. When one opponent maintained that a man is justified by the law, Hamilton replied by this syllogism:

"That which is the cause of condemnation cannot be the cause of justification.

"The law is the cause of condemnation.

"Therefore the law is not the cause of justification."

His phraseology, clear, concise and salient—rare qualities in Germany, except perhaps in Luther—his practical, transparent, conscientious Christianity, struck the minds of his hearers. Certainly, said Lambert, Hamilton has put forward thoroughly Christian axioms, and has maintained them with a great deal of learning.

Hamilton engaged in other public disputations besides this. As faith in Christ and justication by faith is the principle which distinguishes Protestantism from all other Christian systems, he felt bound to establish the nature, importance and influence of that doctrine. He believed that faith is born in a man's heart when, as he hears or reads the word of God, the Holy Spirit bears witness in his heart to the main truth which is found in it, and shows him with clear proof that Jesus is really an almighty Saviour. Faith was for the young Scotchman a divine work, which he carefully distinguished from a faith merely human. On this subject he laid down and defended the following propositions: "He who does not believe the word of God does not believe God himself. Faith is the root of all that is good; unbelief is the root of all evil. Faith makes friends of God and of man; unbelief makes enemies of them. Faith lets us see in God a Father full of gentleness; unbelief presents him to us as a terrible Judge. Faith sets a man steadfast on a

rock; unbelief leaves him constantly wavering and tottering. To wish to be saved by works is to make a man's self his savior, instead of Jesus Christ. Wouldst thou make thyself equal with God? Wouldst thou refuse to accept the least thing from him without paying him the value of it?"

Fryth, who doubtless took part in the discussion, was so much struck with these theses that he translated them into English, and by that means they have come down to us. "The truths which Hamilton expounded are such," said he, "that the man who is acquainted with them has the *pith* of all divinity."—"This little treatise is short," said others who listened to him, "but in effect it comprehendeth matter able to fill large volumes." Yes, Christ is the Author of redemption, and faith is the eye which sees and receives him. There are only these two things: Christ sacrificed, and the eye which contemplates him. The eye, it is true, is not man's only organ; we have besides hands to work, feet to walk, ears to hear, and other members more for our service. But none of all these members can see, but only the eye.

In the midst of all these labors, however, Hamilton was thinking of Scotland. It was not of the benefices which had been conferred on him, not of St. Andrews nor of the misty lochs or picturesque glens; it was not even of

his family or of his friends that he thought the most. What occupied his mind night and day were the ignorance and superstition in which his countrymen were living. What powerfully appealed to him was the necessity of giving glory to God and of doing good to his own people. And yet would it not be madness to return to them? Had he not seen the animosity of the Scottish clergy? Did he not know well the power of the primate Beatoun? Had he not, only six or seven months before, left his country in all haste? Why, then, these thoughts of returning? There was good reason for them. Hamilton had been fortified in spirit during his sojourn at Marburg; his faith and his courage had increased; by living with decided Christians, who were ready to give their lives for the gospel, he had been tempered like steel and had become stronger. It could not be doubted that extreme peril awaited him in Scotland: his two friends, John Hamilton and Wynram, did not understand his impatience and were resolved to wait. But neither their example nor the urgency of Lambert could quench the ardor of the young hero. He felt the sorrow of parting with Lambert and of finally giving up the hope of seeing Luther and Melanchthon; but he had heard God's call; his one duty was to answer to it. About the end of autumn 1527 he embarked with his faithful

servant and sailed toward the shores of Caledonia.

The Church of Rome in the sixteenth century, especially in Scotland, was far from being apostolic, although it assumed that title: nothing was less like St. John or St. Peter than its primates and its prelates, worldlings and sometimes warriors as they were. The real successors of the apostles were those Reformers who taught the doctrines of the apostles, labored as they did, and like them were persecuted and put to death. The theocratic and political elements combined in Rome have, with certain exceptions, substituted the law—that is, outward worship, ceremonial ordinances, pilgrimages and the exercises of ascetic life—for the gospel. The Reformation was a powerful reaction of the evangelical and moral element against the legal, sacerdotal, ascetic and ritualistic elements which had invaded the Church. This reaction was about to display its energy in Scotland, and Hamilton was to be at first its principal organ.

Already, before his return, the sacred books had arrived in large numbers in the principal ports of the kingdom. Attention had been awakened, but at the same time ignorance, dishonesty and fanaticism had risen in revolt against the evangelical Scriptures. The priests said that the *Old* Testament was the only true

one, and pretended that the *New* had been recently invented by Martin Luther. Consequently, in August, 1527, the earl of Angus, at the instigation of Dunbar, bishop of Aberdeen, had confirmed the ordinance of 1525, and had decreed that the king's subjects who circulated the sacred books should be visited with the same penalties as people from abroad. If, therefore, a vessel arrived at Leith, Dundee, St. Andrews or Aberdeen, the king's officers immediately went on board, and if any copies of the *New* Testament were found there the ship and the cargo were confiscated and the captain was imprisoned.

Some time after this ordinance the ship which carried Hamilton reached port, and although this young Christian always had his New Testament in his pocket, he landed without being arrested, and went his way to Kincavil. It was about the end of 1527. Patrick tenderly loved his mother and his sister; everybody appreciated his amiable character; the servants and all his neighbors were his friends. This gentleness made his work easier. But his strength lay, above all, in the depth and the sincerity of his Christian spirit. "Christ bare our sins on his back and bought us with his blood:" this was the master-chord which vibrated in his soul. In setting forth any subject he silenced his own reasonings and

let the Bible speak. No one had a clearer perception of the analogies and the contrasts which characterize the evangelical doctrine. With these intellectual qualities were associated eminent moral virtues; he practiced the principles which he held to be true with immovable fidelity; he taught them with a touching charity; he defended them with energetic decision. Whether he approached a laborer, a monk or a noble, it was with the desire to do him good, to lead him to God. He taxed his ingenuity to devise all means of bearing witness to the truth. His courage was firm, his perseverance unflagging, and in his dignified seriousness his youth was forgotten. His social position added weight to his influence. We have seen that the aristocracy played a far larger part in Scotland than in any other European country. It would have seemed a strange thing to the Scots for a man of the people to meddle with such a matter as reform of the Church; but if the man that spoke to them belonged to an illustrious family, the position which he took appeared to them legitimate, and they were all inclined to listen to his voice. Such was the Reformer whom God gave to Scotland.

Patrick's elder brother, Sir James Hamilton, on succeeding to the estates and titles of his father had been appointed sheriff of Linlith-

gowshire. James had not the abilities of his brother, but he was full of uprightness and humility. His wife, Isabella Sempill, belonged to an ancient Scottish family, and ten young children surrounded this amiable pair. Catherine, Patrick's sister, bore some resemblance to him; she had much simplicity of character, sense and decision. But it was most of all in the society of his mother, the widow of the valiant knight, that Patrick sought and enjoyed the pure and keen delight of domestic life. He opened his heart to all these beloved ones; he made known to them the peace which he had found in the gospel, and by degrees his relations were brought to the faith, of which they afterward gave brilliant evidence.

The zeal which was consuming him could not long be confined within the limits of his own family. His love for the gospel silenced within him all fear, and, full of courage, he was ready to endure the insults which his faith might bring on him. "The bright beams of the true light, which by God's grace were planted in his heart, began most abundantly to burst forth, as well in public as in secret." Hamilton went about in the surrounding country, his name securing for him everywhere a hearty welcome. When the young laird was seen approaching, laborers left the field which they were cultivating, women came out of every poor cottage, and all gath-

ered about him respectfully and lent him an attentive ear. Priests, citizens from the neighboring town, women of rank, lords quitting their castles, people of all classes, met together there. Patrick received them with a kindly smile and a graceful bearing. He addressed to souls that first word of the gospel, "Be converted," but he also pointed out the errors of the Romish Church. His hearers returned astonished at his knowledge of the Scriptures, and the people, touched by the salvation which he proclaimed, increased in number from day to day. Southward of the manor-house of Kincavil extends a chain of rocky hills whose lofty peaks and slopes, dotted with clumps of trees, produced in the midst of that district a most picturesque effect. There more than once he talked freely about the gospel with the country-folk who in the heat of the day came to rest under the shadow of the rocks. Sometimes he climbed the hills, and from their tops contemplated the whole range of country in which he announced the good news. That *craig* still exists, a picturesque monument of Hamilton's gospel mission.

He began soon to set forth the gospel in the lowly churches of the neighboring villages; then he grew bolder and preached even in the beautiful sanctuary of St. Michael at Linlithgow, in the midst of numerous and rich altars. No sooner had the

report of his preaching begun to get abroad than every one wanted to hear him. The name which he bore, his gracious aspect, his learning, his piety, drew about him day by day a larger number of hearers; for a long time such a crowd had not been seen flocking into the church. Linlithgow, the favorite abode of the court, was sometimes bright with unaccustomed splendor. The members of the royal family and the most illustrious nobles of the kingdom came to unite with the citizens and the people in the church. This fashionable auditory, whose looks were fixed on the Reformer of three-and-twenty, did not at all intimidate him; the plainness, clearness and conciseness which characterized Hamilton's style were better adapted to act on the minds of the great than pompous declamation. "Knowest thou what this saying means," said he: "'Christ died for thee'? Verily, that thou shouldest have died perpetually; and Christ, to deliver thee from death, died for thee, and changed thy perpetual death into his own death; for thou madest the fault and he suffered the pain. . . . He desireth naught of thee but that thou wilt acknowledge what he hath done for thee, and bear it in mind, and that thou wilt help others for his sake, even as he hath holpen thee for naught and without reward."

Among his hearers was a young maiden of

noble birth who with joy received the good news of salvation. Hamilton recognized in her a soul akin to his own. He had adopted the principles of Luther on marriage; he was familiar with the conversations which the Reformer had with his friends on the subject, and which were reported all over Germany. "My father and mother," said Luther one day, "lived in the holy state of marriage; even the patriarchs and prophets did the same; why should not I do so? Marriage is the holiest state of all, and the celibacy of priests has been the cause of abominable sins. We must marry, and thus defy the pope, and assert the liberty which God gives us and which Rome presumes to steal away." However, to marry was a daring step for Hamilton to take, considering "the present necessity," as speaks the apostle Paul. As abbot of Ferne and connected with the first families of Scotland, his marriage must needs excite to the highest degree the wrath of the priests. Besides which, it would call for great decision on the part of Patrick and genuine sympathy on the part of the young Christian maiden to unite themselves as it were in sight of the scaffold. The marriage, however, took place, probably at the beginning of 1528. "A little while before his death," says Alesius, "he married a noble young maiden." It is possible that the knowledge of this union did not pass

beyond the family circle. It remained unknown to his biographers till our own time.

While Hamilton was preaching at Linlithgow, Archbishop Beatoun was at the monastery of Dunfermline, about four leagues distant, on the other side of the Forth. The prelate, when he learnt the return of the young noble who had so narrowly escaped him, saw clearly that a missionary animated with Luther's spirit, thoroughly familiar with the manners of the people and supported by the powerful family of the Hamiltons, was a formidable adversary. News which crossed the Forth or came from Edinburgh did but increase the apprehensions of the archbishop. Beatoun was a determined enemy of the gospel. Having governed Scotland during the minority of the king, he was indignant at the thought of the troubles with which Hamilton's preaching menaced the Church and the realm. The clergy shared the alarm of their head; the city of St. Andrews especially, which one Scottish historian has called "the metropolis of the kingdom of darkness," was in a state of great agitation. The dean Spence, the rector Weddel, the official Simson, the canon Ramsay and the heads of various monasteries consulted together and exclaimed that peril was imminent, and that it was absolutely necessary to get rid of so dangerous an adversary.

The archbishop, therefore, took counsel with

his nephew and some other clerics as to the best means of making away with Hamilton. Great prudence was needful. They must make sure of the inclinations of Angus; they must divert the attention of the young king, who, with his generosity of character, might wish to save his relation; they must in some way ensnare the evangelist, for Beatoun did not dream of sending men-at-arms to seize Patrick at Kincavil in the house of his brother the sheriff. So the archbishop resolved to have recourse to stratagem. In pursuit of the scheme, Hamilton, only a few days after his marriage, received an invitation to go to St. Andrews for the purpose of a friendly conference with the archbishop concerning religion. The young noble, who the year before had divined the perfidious projects of the clergy, knew well the import of the interview which was proposed to him, and he told those who were dear to him that in a few days he should lose his life. His mother, his wife, his brother, his sister, exerted all their influence to keep him from going, but he was determined not to flee a second time; and he asked himself whether the moment was not come in which a great blow might be struck and the triumph of the gospel be attained. He declared therefore that he was ready to go to the Scottish Rome.

On his arrival at St. Andrews the young Re-

former presented himself before the archbishop, who gave him the most gracious reception. Is it possible that these good graces were sincere, and not treacherous as was generally supposed? Did Beatoun hope to win him back by such means to the bosom of the Church? Every one in the palace testified respect to Hamilton. The prelate had provided for him a lodging in the city, to which he was conducted. Patrick, when he saw the respect with which he was treated, felt still more encouraged to set forth frankly the faith that was in his heart. He went back to the castle, where the conference with the archbishop and the other doctors was to be held. All of them displayed a conciliatory spirit: all appeared to recognize the evils in the Church; some of them seemed even to share on some points the sentiments of Hamilton. He left the castle full of hope. He thought that he could see in the dense wall of Romish prejudices a small opening which by the hand of God might soon be widened.

He lost no time. Left perfectly free, he went and came whithersoever he would, and was allowed to defend his opinions without any obstacle being thrown in his way. This was the part of the plot. If the archbishop himself were capable of some kindly feeling, his nephew David and several others were pitiless. They wished Hamilton to speak, and to speak

a good deal; he must be taken in the very fact, that they might dare to put him to death. Among those who listened to him there were present, without his being aware of it, some who took notes of his sayings and immediately made their report. His enemies were not satisfied with letting him move about freely in private houses, but even the halls of the university were opened to him; he might "teach there and discuss there openly," as an eye-witness tells us, respecting the doctrines, the sacraments, the rites and the administration of the Church. Many people were pleased to hear this young noble announce, with the permission of the primate of Scotland, dogmas so strange. "They err," said Hamilton to his audience, "whose religion consists in men's merits, in traditions, laws, canons and ceremonies, and who make little or no mention of the faith of Christ. They err who make the gospel to be a law, and Christ to be a Moses. To put the law in the place of the gospel is to put on a mourning gown in the feast of a marriage." Then he repeated what he had already asserted at Marburg, what Luther had said, what Jesus Christ had said: "It is not good works which make a good man, but it is a good man who makes good works." It was above all for this proposition, so Christian, so clear, that he was to be attacked.

The enemies of the young Reformer exulted when they heard him avow principles so opposed to those of Rome; but, desirous of compromising him still further, they engaged him in private conversations, in which they tried hard to draw him to the extreme of his anti-Romish convictions. Nevertheless, there were among his hearers righteous men who loved this young Scotchman, so full of love for God and for men, who went to his house, confided to him their doubts and desired his guidance. He received them with kindliness, frequently invited them to his table and sought to do good to them all.

Among the canons of St. Andrews was Alexder Alane, better known under the Latin name of Alesius, who in his boyhood had narrowly escaped death on Arthur's Seat. This young man, of modest character, with a tender heart, a moderate yet resolute spirit, and a fine intelligence which had been developed by the study of ancient languages, had made great progress in scholastic divinity, and had taken his place at an early age among the adversaries of the Reformation. His keenest desire was to break a lance with Luther; controversy with the Reformer was at that time the great battlefield on which the doctors, young and old, aspired to give proof of their valor. As he could not measure himself personally with the man whom he named *arch-heretic*, Alesius had refuted his

doctrine in a public discussion held at the university. The theologians of St. Andrews had covered him with applause. "Assuredly," said they, "if Luther had been present he would have been compelled to yield." The fairest hopes, too, were entertained respecting the young doctor. Alesius, alive to these praises and a sincere Catholic, thought that it would be an easy task for him to convince young Hamilton of his errors. He had been acquainted with him before his journey to Marburg; he loved him, and he desired to save him by bringing him back from his wanderings.

With this purpose he visited the young noble. Conversation began. Alesius was armed *cap-à-piè*, crammed with scholastic learning, and with all the formulæ *quomodo sit*, *quomodo non sit*. Hamilton had before him nothing but the gospel, and he replied to all the reasonings of his antagonist with the clear, living and profound word of the Scriptures. It has happened more than once that sincere men have embraced the truth a little while after having pronounced against it. Alesius, struck and embarrassed, was silenced, and felt as if "the morning-star were rising in his heart." It was not merely his understanding that was convinced. The breath of a new life penetrated his soul, and at the moment when the scaffolding of his syllogisms fell to the ground the truth appeared to

him all radiant with glory. He did not content himself with that first conference, but frequently came again to see Hamilton, taking day by day more and more pleasure in his discourse. His conscience was won, his mind was enlightened. On returning to his priory-cell he pondered with amazement on the way he had just gone. "The result of my visit has been contrary to all my expectation," said he; "I thought that I should bring Hamilton back to the doctrine of Rome, and instead of that he has brought me to acknowledge my own error."

One day another speaker came to Hamilton. This was a young ecclesiastic, Alexander Campbell, prior of the Dominicans, who like Alesius had a fine genius, great learning and a kindly disposition. The archbishop, who knew his superiority, begged him to visit Hamilton frequently, and to spare no efforts to win him back to the Roman doctrine. Campbell obeyed his chief; but while certain priests or monks craftily questioned the young doctor with the intention of destroying him, the prior of the Dominicans had it in mind to save him. It is a mistake to attribute to him from the first any other intention. Campbell, like Alesius, was open to the truth, but the love of the world and its favors prevailed in him; and therein lay his danger. He frequently conversed with Hamilton on the true sense of the Scriptures, and

acknowledged the truth of Patrick's words. "Yes," said the prior, "the Church is in need of reformation in many ways." Hamilton, pleased with this admission, hoped to bring him to the faith like Alesius, and having no fear of a friend whom he already looked on almost as a brother, he kept back none of his thoughts and attached himself to him with all sincerity. But after several interviews Campbell received orders from the archbishop to go to him to give an account of the result of his proceedings. This request astonished and disturbed the prior; and when he stood before Beatoun and his councilors he was intimidated, overpowered by fear at the thought of offending the primate and of incurring the censures of the Church. He would fain have obeyed at the same time both the Lord and the bishop; he would fain have served God and *sucked in* honors; but he saw no means of reconciling the gospel and the world. When he saw all looks turned on him he was agitated, he wavered, and told everything which the young noble of Kincavil had said to him in the freedom of brotherly confidence. He appeared to condemn him, and even consented to become one of his judges. Choosing ease, reputation and life rather than persecution, opprobrium and death, Campbell turned his back on the truth and abandoned Hamilton.

When the young Reformer heard of Campbell's treachery, it was a great sorrow to him, but he was not disheartened. On the contrary, he went on teaching with redoubled zeal, both at his own lodging and in the university. He bore witness "with hand and with foot," as used to be said at that time (that is to say, with all his heart and with all his might), to the word of God. For making a beginning of the work of reformation there was no place in the kingdom more important than St. Andrews. Hamilton found there students and professors, priests, monks of the orders of St. Augustine, St. Francis and St. Dominic, canons, deans, members of the eccelesiastical courts, nobles, jurisconsults and laymen of all classes. This was the wide and apparently favorable field on which for one month he scattered plentifully the divine seed.

The adversaries of the New Testament, when they saw the success of Hamilton's teachings, grew more and more alarmed every day. There must be no more delay, they thought; all compliance must cease and the great blow must be struck. Patrick was cited to appear at the archiepiscopal palace to make answer to a charge of heresy brought against him. His friends in alarm conjured him to fly: it seemed that even the archbishop would have been glad to see him set out once more for Germany. Lord Hamil-

ton, earl of Arran, was at once Patrick's uncle and the primate's nephew by marriage. The primate would naturally show some consideration for a young man whose family he respected, but the obstacle was to be raised on the part of Hamilton himself. When he crossed the North Sea to return to Scotland he had resolved to lay down his life, if need be, if only by his death *Christ should be magnified.* The joy of a good conscience was so firmly established in his soul that no bodily suffering could take it away.

As Patrick was not minded to fly from the scaffold, his enemies determined to rid themselves of so formidable an antagonist.

One obstacle, however, lay in their way. Would the king, feeble and thoughtless, but still humane and generous, permit them to sacrifice this young member of his family, who excited the admiration even of his adversaries? James V. felt really interested in Patrick: he wished to see him, and had urged him to be reconciled with the bishops. If at the last moment the Hamiltons should entreat his pardon, how could he refuse it? To evade this difficulty the Roman clergy resolved to get the young monarch removed out of the way. His father, James IV., used to make a yearly pilgrimage to the chapel of St. Duthac, founded by James III. in Ross-shire in the north of

Scotland. The bishops determined to persuade this prince, then only seventeen, to undertake this long journey, although it was then the depth of winter. The king consented, either because he was artfully misled by the priests, or because, seeing that they were determined to get rid of Hamilton, he would rather let them alone and wash his hands of it. He set out for St. Duthac, and the priests immediately applied themselves to their task.

The tidings of the imminent danger which threatened Patrick brought anxiety into the manor-house of Kincavil. His wife, his mother and his sister were deeply moved: Sir James was determined not to confine himself to useless lamentation, but to snatch his brother out of the hands of his enemies. As sheriff of Linlithgow and captain of one of the king's castles he could easily assemble some men-at-arms, and he set out for St. Andrews at the head of a small force, confident that in case of success James V., on his return from St. Duthac, would grant him a bill of indemnity. But when he reached the shores of the Forth, which had to be crossed on his way into Fifeshire, he found the waters in agitation from a violent storm, so that he could not possibly make the passage. Sir James and his men-at-arms stopped on the coast, watching the waves with mournful hearts and listening in anguish to

the roar of the storm. When the archbishop heard of the appearance of a troop on the other side of the Forth he collected a large body of horsemen to repulse the attack. Those who were bent on rescuing Hamilton were as full of ardor as those who were bent on his destruction. Which of the two parties would win the day?

Hamilton rose early on the day on which he was to appear before the bishop's council. Calm and yet fervent in spirit, he burned with desire to make confession of the truth in the presence of that assembly. Without waiting for the hour which had been fixed, he left his abode and presented himself unexpectedly at the archbishop's palace between seven and eight o'clock, not long after sunrise. Beatoun was already at his task, wishing to confer with the members of his council before the sitting. They went and told him that Hamilton was come and was asking for him. The archbishop took good care not to give him a private interview. The several heresies of which Hamilton was accused had been formulated. All who took part in the affair were agreed as to the heads of the indictment. Beatoun resolved at once to take advantage of Hamilton's eagerness and to advance the sitting. The archbishop directed the court to constitute itself: each member took his place according to his

rank, and they had the accused before them. One of the members of the council was commissioned to unfold before the young doctor the long catalogue of heresies laid to his charge. Hamilton was brought in. He had expected to converse with Beatoun in private, but he found himself suddenly before a tribunal of sombre and inquisitorial aspect; the lion's jaws were open before him. However, he remained gentle and calm before the judges, although he knew that they had resolved to take away his life.

"You are charged," said the commissioner, "with teaching false doctrines: first, that the corruption of sin remains in the child after baptism; second, that no man is able by mere force of free will to do any good thing; third, that no one continues without sins so long as he is in this life; fourth, that every true Christian must know if he is in the state of grace; fifth, that a man is not justified by works, but by faith alone; sixth, that good works do not make a good man, but that a good man makes good works; seventh, that faith, hope and charity are so closely united that he who has one of these virtues has also the others; eighth, that it may be held that God is cause of sin in this sense, that when he withholds his grace from a man the latter cannot but sin; ninth, that it is a devilish doctrine to teach that remis-

sion of sins can be obtained by means of certain penances; tenth, that auricular confession is not necessary to salvation; eleventh, that there is no purgatory; twelfth, that the holy patriarchs were in heaven before the passion of Jesus Christ; and thirteenth, that the pope is Antichrist, and that a priest has just as much power as a pope."

The young Reformer of Scotland had listened attentively to this long series of charges, drawn up in somewhat scholastic terms. In the official indictment of the priests were included some doctrines for the maintenance of which Hamilton was willing to lay down his life; others which, he admitted, were fair subjects for discussion; but the primate's theologians had, in their zeal, piled up all that they could find, true or false, essential or accidental, and had flung the confused mass at the young man in order to crush him. One of the clergy, who had visited him for the purpose of catching him unawares in some heresy, had given out that the Reformers made God the author of sin. Patrick had denied it, saying—and this was matter of reproach in the eighth article—that a sinner may get to such a pitch of obduracy that God leaves him because he will no longer hear him. Hamilton, therefore, made a distinction between the various heads of the indictment. "I declare," said he, "that I look

on the first seven articles as certainly true, and I am ready to attest them with a solemn oath. As for the other points, they are matter for discussion, but I cannot pronounce them false until stronger reasons are given me for rejecting them than any which I have yet heard."

The doctors conferred with Hamilton on each point, and the thirteen articles were then referred to the judgment of a commission of divines nominated by the primate. A day or two later the commissioners made their report, and declared all the articles, without exception, to be heretical. The primate then, in order that the judgment might be invested with special solemnity, announced that sentence would be delivered in the cathedral on the last day of February before an assembly of the clergy, the nobility and the people.

While the priests were making ready to put to death one of the members of the illustrious family of the Hamiltons, some noble-hearted laymen were preparing to rescue him. The men of Linlithgow were not the only ones to stir in the matter. John Andrew Duncan, laird of Airdrie—who was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Flodden—had during his captivity found friends in England whom he gained for the gospel. On his return to Scotland he had opened his house as an asylum for the gospelers, and

had become intimate with the Hamiltons. Hearing of the danger that beset Patrick, indignant at the conduct of the bishops and burning with desire to save the young Reformer, Duncan had armed his tenants and his servants, and then, marching toward the metropolitan city, intended to enter it by night to carry off his friend and conduct him to England. But the archbishop's horsemen, warned of the enterprise, set out and surrounded Duncan's feeble troop, disarmed them and made Duncan prisoner. The life of this noble, evangelical Christian was spared at the intercession of his brother-in-law, who was in command of the forces which captured him, but he had once more to quit Scotland.

This attempt had been frustrated just at the moment when the commissioners presented their report on the alleged heresies of Hamilton. There was no longer any need for hesitation on the part of the archbishop; he therefore ordered the arrest of the young evangelist. Wishing to prevent any resistance, the governor of the castle of St. Andrews, who was to carry out the order, waited till night, and then, putting himself at the head of a well-armed body of men, he silently surrounded the house in which Hamilton dwelt. According to one historian, he had already retired to rest; according to others, he was in the society of

pious and devoted friends and was conversing with them. The young Reformer, while he appreciated the affection and the eagerness of his friend Duncan, had no wish that force should be employed to save him. He knew that of whatever nature the war is, such must the weapons be; that for a spiritual war the weapons must be spiritual; that Christ's soldiers must fight only with the sword of the holy word. He remained calm in the conviction that God disposes all that befalls his children in such wise that what the world thinks an evil turns out for good to them. At the very moment when the soldiers were surrounding his house he felt himself encompassed with solid ramparts, knowing that God marshals his forces around his people as if for the defence of a fortress. At that moment there were knocks at the door: it was the governor of the castle. Hamilton knew what it meant. He rose, went forward accompanied by his friends, and opening the door asked the governor whom he wanted; the latter having answered, Hamilton said, "It is I," and gave himself up. Then pointing to his friends, he added, "You will allow them to retire;" and he entreated them not to make any resistance to lawful authority. But these ardent Christians could not bear the thought of losing their friend. "Promise us," they

said to the governor—"promise us to bring him back safe and sound." The officer only replied by taking away his prisoner. On the summit of huge rocks which rise perpendicularly from the sea, and whose base is ceaselessly washed by the waves, stood at that time the castle, whose picturesque remains serve still as a beacon to the mariner. It was within the walls of this feudal stronghold that Hamilton was taken and confined.

The last day of February at length arrived, the day fixed by the archbishop for the solemn assembly at which sentence was to be pronounced. The prelate, followed by a large number of bishops, abbots, doctors, heads of religious orders and the twelve commissioners, entered the cathedral, a building some centuries old, which was to be cast down in a day at a word from Knox, and whose magnificent ruins still astonish the traveler. Beatoun sat on the bench of the inquisitorial court, and all the ecclesiastical judges took their places round him. Among these was observed Patrick Hepburn, prior of St. Andrews, son of the earl of Bothwell, a worthless and dissolute man, who had eleven illegitimate children, and who gloried in bringing distress and dishonor into families. This veteran of immorality—who ought to have been on the culprit's seat, but whose pride was greater even than his

licentiousness—took his place with a shameless countenance on the judges' bench. Not far from him was David Beatoun, abbot of Arbroath, an ambitious young man, who was already coveting his uncle's dignity, and who, as if to prepare himself for a long work of persecution, vigorously pressed on the condemnation of Patrick. In the midst of these hypocrites and fanatics sat one man in a state of agitation and distress—the prior of the Dominicans, Alexander Campbell—with his countenance gloomy and fallen. A great crowd of canons, priests, monks, nobles, citizens and the common people filled the church, some of them greedy for the spectacle which was to be presented to them, others sympathizing with Hamilton. "I was myself present," said Alesius, "a spectator of that tragedy."

The tramp of horses was presently heard: the party of troops sent to seek Hamilton was come. The young evangelist passed into the church, and had to mount a lofty desk from which he could be easily seen and heard by the assembly. All eyes were turned toward him. "Ah," said pious folk, "if this young Christian had been a worldling, and had given himself up, like the other lords of the court, to a life of dissipation and rioting, he would doubtless have been loved by everybody, and this flower of youth which we now look on would have

blown amidst flatteries and delights. But because to his rank he has added piety and virtue he must fall under the blows of the wicked."

The proceedings began. The commissioners presented their report to the court, duly signed. Then Alexander Campbell rose, for the archbishop had charged him to read the indictment, and the unfortunate man had not dared to refuse the horrible task. Hamilton was affected at seeing that man whom he took for his friend appear as his accuser. However, he listened with calmness to the address. His quietude, his noble simplicity, his frankness, his trust in the Lord, impressed every one. "Truly," said Alesius, "no man ever more fully realized that saying, 'Trust in the Lord and do good.'"

A contest began between the prior of the Dominicans and the young Reformer. The latter, determined to defend his faith in the presence of that great assembly, pointed out the sophistry of his accusers and established the truth by the testimony of the Holy Scriptures. Campbell replied, but Hamilton, always armed with the word of God, rejoined, and his adversary was silenced. Campbell, unhappy and distressed, inwardly convinced of the doctrine professed by his old friend, could do no more. He approached the tribunal and asked for instructions. The bishops and the theologians, having no mind for a public debate, directed

Campbell to enumerate with a loud voice certain errors which had not yet been reduced to formal articles, and to call Hamilton *heretic*. This was putting the poor Dominican to fresh torture, but he must hold on to the end.

He turned therefore toward Hamilton and said aloud, "Heretic! thou hast said that all men have the right to read the word of God. Thou hast said that it is against the divine law to worship images. Thou hast said that it is idle to invoke the saints and the Virgin. Thou hast said that it is useless to celebrate masses to save souls from purgatory—"

Here the unfortunate Campbell stopped.

"Purgatory!" exclaimed Patrick; "nothing purifies souls but the blood of Jesus Christ."

At these words Campbell turned to the archbishop and said, "My lords, you hear him; he despises the authority of our holy father the pope." Then, as if he meant to stifle by insults the voice of the noble and courageous Christian, "Heretic!" cried he, "rebel! detestable! execrable! impious!"

Hamilton, turning toward him, said, in accents full of kindness, "My brother, thou dost not in thy very heart believe what thou art saying."

This was too much. The word of tender reproof pierced like a dart the soul of the unhappy Dominican. To find himself treated

with so much gentleness by the man whose death he was urging rent his heart, and an accusing cry was heard in the depths of his soul. Campbell was embarrassed and silenced. Hamilton's charity had heaped coals of fire on his head.

Then began the taking of votes. The members of the court unanimously condemning the innocent man, the primate rose and said, "*Christi nomine invocato.* We, James, by the grace of God archbishop of St. Andrews, primate of Scotland, sitting in judgment in our metropolitan church, have found Patrick Hamilton infected with divers heresies of Martin Luther which have been already condemned by general councils. We therefore declare the said Hamilton a heretic; we condemn him, we deprive him all dignities, orders and benefices, and we deliver him over to the secular arm to be punished."

Having thus spoken, the primate laid on the table the sentence which he had just read, and the bishops, priors, abbots and doctors present came and signed the document one by one. The primate next, with the view of investing the act with more authority, invited such persons as had a certain rank in the university to set their hands likewise to it. Young boys—the earl of Cassilis, for example, who was only thirteen—were of the number. The priests

persuaded them that they thereby did God service, and this was very flattering to such children. The court rose, and an escort of some thousands of armed men conducted Hamilton back to the castle.

This numerous escort showed the fears which the clergy entertained. Duncan's attempt had failed, but Sir James Hamilton was still at the head of his soldiers, and many other persons in Scotland were interested about this young man. But nothing short of the death of their victim could pacify the priests. They decided that the sentence should be executed the same day. The primate was sure of the co-operation of the government. Angus offered no opposition to this iniquitous proceeding. Thus condemnation had hardly been pronounced when the executioner's servants were seen before the gate of St. Salvator's College raising the pile on which Hamilton was to be burnt.

While they were heaping up the wood and driving in the stake Patrick was taking his last meal in one of the rooms of the castle; he ate moderately, as his custom was, but without the slightest agitation; his countenance was perfectly serene. He was going to meet death with good courage, because it would admit him into his Father's house; he hoped, too, that his martyrdom would be gain to the Church of God. The hour of noon struck; it was the time ap-

pointed for the execution. Hamilton bade them call the governor of the castle. That officer appeared; he was deeply affected. Hamilton, without leaving the table, inquired of him whether all was ready. The governor, whose heart was breaking to see such innocence and nobleness requited with a cruel death, could not find courage to pronounce a single word which would point to the scaffold, and he answered with emotion, *Dii meliora*—"God give you a better fate!" Hamilton understood him, got up, took the Gospels in one hand, grasped affectionately with the other the hand of the sympathizing governor, and went like a lamb to execution. He was accompanied by a few friends, his faithful servant followed and a numerous guard escorted him. He set the cross of Christ, which he then bore, above all the delights of life. His soul was full of a glorious and solid joy, which was worth more than the joy of the world.

He arrived at the spot. All was ready—wood, coal, powder and other combustible materials. Standing before the pile, he uncovered his head, and, lifting up his eyes to heaven, remained motionless for some moments in prayer. Then he turned to his friends and handed to one of them his copy of the Gospels. Next, calling his servant, he took off his cloak, his coat and his cap, and with his arms stretched

out presented them to him and said, "Take these garments; they can do me no service in the fire, and they may still be of use to thee. It is the last gift thou wilt receive from me, except the example of my death, the remembrance of which I pray thee to bear in mind. Death is bitter for the flesh, but it is the entrance into eternal life, which none can possess who deny Jesus Christ."

The archbishop, wishing to ingratiate himself with the powerful family of the Hamiltons, had ordered some of his clergy to offer the young Reformer his life on condition of his submitting to the absolute authority of the pope. "No," replied Hamilton, "your fire will not make me recant the faith which I have professed. Better that my body should burn in your flames for having confessed the Saviour than that my soul should burn in hell for having denied him. I appeal to God from the sentence pronounced against me, and I commit myself to his mercy."

The executioners came to fulfill their part. They passed an iron chain round the victim's body, and thus fastened him to the stake which rose above the pile. Conscious that acute pains might lead him to err, Hamilton prayed to God that the flames might not extort from him the least word which should grieve his divine Master. "In the name of Jesus," he added, "I give

up my body to the fire and commit my soul into the hands of the Father." Three times the pile was kindled, and three times the fire went out because the wood was green. Suddenly the powder placed among the fagots exploded, and a piece of wood, shot against Hamilton, flayed part of his body; but death was not yet come. Turning to the deathsman, he said mildly, "Have you no dry wood?" Several men hastened to get some at the castle. Alexander Campbell was present, struggling with his evil conscience and in a state of violent agitation, which rose with his distress and misery. The servants of the executioner brought some dry wood and quickened the fire.

"Heretic," said Campbell, "be converted! recant! call upon Our Lady; only say, *Salve Regina.*"

"If thou believest in the truth of what thou sayest," replied Patrick, "bear witness to it by putting the tip only of thy finger into the fire in which my whole body is burning."

The unhappy Dominican took good care to do no such thing. He began to insult the martyr.

Then Hamilton said to him, "Depart from me, messenger of Satan!" Campbell, enraged, stormed around the victim like a roaring lion. "Submit to the pope," he cried; "there is no salvation but in union with him." Patrick was

broken-hearted with grief at seeing to what a pitch of obduracy his old friend had come. "Thou wicked man!" said he to him, "thou knowest the contrary well enough; thou hast told me so thyself."

This noble victim, then, chained to the post and already half burnt, feeling himself to be superior to the wretched man who was vexing him, spoke as a judge, commanded as a king, and said to the Dominican, "I appeal thee before the tribunal-seat of Christ Jesus." At these words Campbell, ceasing his outcries, remained mute, and, leaving the place, fled affrighted into his monastery. His mind wandered; he was seized with madness; he was like one possessed by a demon, and in a little while he died.

The tenderest affections succeeded these most mournful emotions in Hamilton's heart. He was drawing near to the moment of heart-rending separations, but his thoughts, though turning heavenward, were not turned away from his home at Kincavil. He had cherished the hope of becoming a father, and some time afterward his wife gave birth to a daughter who was named Issobel. She lived at court in later years, and received on more than one occasion tokens of the royal favor. Hamilton, who had always felt the tenderest respect for his mother, did not forget her at the stake, but

commended her to the love of his friends. After his wife and his mother, he was mindful of his native place. "O God," said he, "open the eyes of my fellow-citizens, that they may know the truth!"

While the martyr's heart was thus overflowing with love several of the wretches who stood round him aggravated his sufferings. A baker took an armful of straw and threw it into the fire to increase its intensity; at the same moment a gust of wind from the sea quickened the flames, which rose above the stake. The chain round Patrick's body was red hot, and had by this time almost burnt him in two. One of the bystanders, probably a friend of the gospel, cried to him, "If thou still holdest true the doctrine for which thou diest, make us a sign." Two fingers of his hand were consumed; stretching out his arm, he raised the other three and held them motionless in sign of his faith. The torment had lasted from noon, and it was now nearly six o'clock. Hamilton was burnt over a slow fire. In the midst of the tumult he was heard uttering this cry, "O God, how long shall darkness cover this realm? how long wilt thou permit the tyranny of men to triumph?" The end was drawing nigh. The martyr's arm began to fail; his three fingers fell. He said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." His head drooped, his body

sank down, and the flames completed their ravage and reduced it to ashes.

The crowd dispersed, thrilled by this grand and mournful sight; and never was the memory of this young Reformer's death effaced in the hearts of those who had been eye-witnesses of it. It was deeply engraven in the soul of Alesius. "I saw," said he several years afterward in some town in Germany—"I saw in my native land the execution of a high-born man, Patrick Hamilton." And he told the story in brief and penetrating words. "How singular was the fate of the two Hamiltons! Father and son both died a violent death: the former died the death of a hero; the latter, that of a martyr. The father had been in Scotland the last of the knights of the Middle Ages; the son was in same land the first of the soldiers of Christ in the new time. The father brought honor to his family by winning many times the palm of victory in tournaments and combats; the son," says an illustrious man, Theodore Beza, "ennobled the royal race of the Hamiltons, sullied afterward by some of its members, and adorned it with that martyr's crown which is infinitely more precious than all kingly crowns."

That saying of Christian antiquity, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the

Church," was perhaps never verified in a more striking manner than in the case of Hamilton. The rumor of his death, reverberating in loud echoes from the Highlands, ran over the whole land. It was much the same as if the famous big cannon of Edinburgh Castle, Mons Meg, had been fired and the report had been re-echoed from the Borders to Pentland Firth. Nothing was more likely to win feudal Scotland to the Reformation than the end, at once so holy and so cruel, of a member of a family so illustrious. Nobles, citizens and the common people—nay, even priests and monks—were on the point of being aroused by this martyrdom. Hamilton, who by his ministry was Reformer of Scotland, became still more so by his death. For God's work a life long and laborious would have been of less service than were his trial, condemnation and execution, all accomplished on one day. By giving up his earthly life for a life imperishable he announced the end of the religion of the senses and began the worship in spirit and in truth. The pile to which the priests had sent him became a throne, his torture was a triumph.

People everywhere wanted to know the cause for which this young noble had given his life, and every one took the side of the victim. "Just at the time when those cruel

wolves," said Knox, "had, as they supposed, clean devoured their prey, a great crowd surrounded them and demanded of them an account for the blood which they had shed." "The faith for which Hamilton was burnt," said many, "is that which we will have." In vain was it that the guilty men, convicted by their own consciences, were inflamed with wrath and uttered proud threats, for everywhere the abuses and errors which up to that time had been venerated were called in question. Such were the happy results of Hamilton's death.

XXIX.

GEORGE WISHART,

A. D. 1544–46.

In the summer of 1544 a pious man, George Wishart, returned from England to Scotland. He was a brother of the laird of Pittarow in the county of Mearns. While at Montrose, in 1538, he had read the Greek New Testament with several youths whom he was educating, and had been cited by the bishop of Brechin to appear before him. Wishart had then retired to Cambridge, and there he devoted himself to study for six years. In 1544 the Scottish commissioners who came into England

respecting the treaty with Henry VIII. took him back with them to Scotland. He went first to Montrose, his old abode, and thence to Dundee, where he wished to preach the word of God. His personal appearance was entirely prepossessing. He was amiable, unassuming, polite. His chief delight was to learn and to teach. He was tall, his black hair was cut short, his beard was long. His physiognomy was indicative of a somewhat melancholy temperament. He wore a French cap of the best material, a gown which fell to his heels, and a black doublet. There was about his whole person an air of decorum and grace. He spoke with modesty and with great seriousness. He slept on straw, and his charity had no end, night or day. He loved all men. He gave gifts, consolation, assistance; he was studious of all means of doing good to all and hurt to none. He distributed periodically among the poor various articles of clothing, always "saving his French cap, which he kept the whole year of my being with him," says the Cambridge student who drew this portrait of Wishart just before the latter set out for Scotland.

Wishart's reputation having preceded him, a multitude of hearers gathered about him at Dundee. He expounded in a connected series of discourses the doctrine of salvation accord-

ing to the Epistle to the Romans, and his knowledge and eloquence excited general admiration. But the priests declared everywhere that if he were allowed to go on, the Roman system must inevitably fall to the ground. They therefore sought the assistance of an influential layman, Robert Mill, who had once professed the truth, but had since forsaken it. One day, just as Wishart was finishing his discourse, Mill rose in the church and forbade him in the queen's name and the regent's to trouble them any more. Wishart was silent for a while, with his eyes turned heavenward, and then, looking sorrowfully on the assembly, he said, "God is witness that I never minded [intended] you trouble, but your comfort. But I am assured that to refuse God's word and to chase from you his messenger shall not preserve you from trouble, but shall bring you into it. I have offered unto you the word of salvation, and with the hazard of my life I have remained among you. But and [if] trouble unlooked for apprehend you, turn to God, for he is merciful. But if ye turn not at the first, he will visit you with fire and sword." When he had thus spoken he came down from the pulpit and went away at once into the western part of Scotland.

Having arrived at Ayr, he preached there to large numbers of people, who gladly received

his words. Dunbar, bishop of Glasgow, as soon as he was informed of it, hastened to the town with a body of men and took possession of the church in order to prevent Wishart from preaching. The Reformer's friends were indignant at this step. The earl of Glencairn, the laird of Loch Norris and several gentlemen of Kyle went to Wishart and offered to get possession of the church and to place him in the pulpit. "No," said the evangelist wisely, "the bishop's sermon will not much hurt: let us go to the market-cross." They did so, and he there preached with so much energy and animation that some of his hearers, who were enemies of the truth till that day, received it gladly. Meanwhile, the bishop was in the church with a very small audience. There was hardly any one to hear him but some vestry attendants and some poor dependants. They were expecting a sermon, but he had forgotten to put one in his pocket. He made them the best excuse he could. "Hold us still for your bishop," he said, "and we shall provide better the next time." He then with haste departed from the town, not a little ashamed of his enterprise.

Wishart persevered in his work, and his reputation spread all around. The men of Mauchlin came and asked him to preach the gospel to them on the following Sunday. But the

sheriff of Ayr heard of it, and sent a body of men in the night to post themselves about the church. "We will enter by force," said Hugh Campbell to Wishart.—"Brother," replied the evangelist, "it is the word of peace which God sends by me; the blood of no man shall be shed this day for the preaching of it. I find that Christ Jesus oftener preached in the desert, at the seaside, and other places judged profane, than he did in the temple of Jerusalem." He then withdrew to the country, saying to the people who followed him that the Saviour was "as potent upon the fields as in the kirk." He climbed up a dike raised on the edge of the moorland, and there, in the fair warm day, preached for more than three hours. One man present, Lawrence Ranken, laird of Shield, who had previously led a wicked life, was impressed by what he heard. "The tears ran from his eyes in such abundance that all men wondered." Converted by that discourse, the laird of Shield gave evidence in his whole after-life that his conversion was genuine. Wishart preached with like success in the whole district. The harvest was great, says one historian.

The Reformer heard on a sudden that the plague had broken out at Dundee four days after he left the town, and that it was raging cruelly. He resolved instantly to go there.

"They are now in trouble and they need comfort," he said to those who would fain hold him back: "perchance this hand of God will make them now to magnify and reverence that word which before, for the fear of men, they set at light part."

He reached Dundee in August, 1544, and announced the same morning that he would preach. It was necessary to keep apart the plague-stricken from those who were in health, and for that purpose he took his station at the east gate of the town. Those who were in health had their place within the city, and those who were sick remained without. Such a distribution of an audience was surely never seen before. Wishart opened the Bible and read these words: "He sent his word and healed them" (Ps. cvii. 20). "The mercy of God," said he, "is prompt to fall on all such as truly turn to him, and the malice of men can neither eik nor pair [add to nor diminish] his gentle visitation."—"We do not fear death," said some of his hearers; "nay, we judge them more happy that should depart than such as should remain behind." That east gate of Dundee (Cowgate) was left standing in memory of Wishart when the town-walls were taken down at the close of the eighteenth century, and it is still carefully preserved.

Wishart was not satisfied with speech alone;

he personally visited the sick, fearlessly exposing himself to infection in the most extreme cases. He took care that the sick should have what they needed, and the poor were as well provided for as the rich. The town was in great distress lest the mouth from which so much sweetness flowed should be closed.

Nevertheless, at the cardinal's instigation, says Knox, a priest named Wighton took a sword, and, concealing it under his gown, mixed with the crowd as if he were a mere hearer, and stood waiting at the foot of the steps by which Wishart must come down. The discourse was finished, the people dispersed. Wishart, whose glance was keen and whose judgment was swift, noticed as he came down the steps a priest who kept his hand under his gown, and as soon as he came near him he said, "My friend, what would ye do?" At the same moment he laid hold of the priest's hand and snatched the weapon from him. The assassin fell at his feet and confessed his fault. Swiftly ran the report that a priest had attempted to kill the Reformer, and the sick who heard it turned back and cried, "Deliver the traitor to us, or else we will take him by force." And so indeed they rushed on him. But Wishart put his arms around the assassin. "Whosoever troubles him," said he, "shall trouble me, for he has hurt me in nothing." His friends, however,

insisted that for the future one of them in arms should accompany him whithersoever he went.

When the plague had ceased at Dundee, Wishart thought that, as God had put an end to that battle, he called him to another. It was indeed proposed that he should hold a public disputation. He inquired of the bishops where he should be heard. But first he went to Montrose "to salute the kirk there," and, although sometimes preaching the gospel, he was "most part in secret meditation, in the which he was so earnest that night and day he would continue in it."

While there he received a letter purporting to be written by his friend the laird of Kynneir, who, being sick, desired him to come to him. It was a trick of the cardinal. Sixty armed horsemen were lying in wait behind a hill to take him prisoner. He set out unsuspecting, but when he had gone some distance he suddenly stopped in the midst of the friends who were accompanying him and seemed absorbed in deep musing. Then he turned and went back. "What mean you?" said his friends, wondering.—"I will go no farther," he replied; "I am forbidden of God. I am assured there is treason." Pointing to the hill, he added, "Let some of you go to yon place and tell me what they find." These brave men reported with all speed what they saw. "I

know," said he, "that I shall end my life in that bloodthirsty man's hands, but it will not be of this manner."

Shortly after he set out for Edinburgh, in spite of the entreaties of the laird of Dundee, and went to lodge at Innergowrie at the house of a Christian man named James Watson. A little after midnight two men of good credit who were in the house, William Spalding and John Watson, heard him open his door and go down stairs. They followed him secretly, and saw him go into the garden and walk for some time up and down an alley. Wishart, persuaded that he was drawing near to his end, and thinking of the horrors of martyrdom and of his own weakness, was greatly agitated, and felt the need of calling upon God that he might not fail in the midst of the conflict. He was heard sighing and groaning, and just as day began to dawn he was seen to fall on his knees, and afterward on his face. For a whole hour his two friends heard confused sounds of his prayer, interrupted now and then by his tears. At length he seemed to grow quiet and to have found rest for his soul. He rose and went quietly back to his chamber. In the morning his anxious friends began to ask him where he had been. He evaded the question. "Be plain with us," they said, "for we heard your groans; yea, we heard your mourn-

ing, and saw you both upon your knees and upon your face."—"I had rather ye had been in your beds," said he, "for I was scarce well occupied." And, as they urged him, he spoke to them of his approaching death and of his need of God's help. They were much saddened and wept.

Wishart said to them, "God shall send you comfort after me. This realm shall be illuminated with the light of Christ's evangel as clearly as ever was any realm since the days of the apostles. The house of God shall be built into it: yea, it shall not want, whatsoever the enemy imagine to the contrary, the very cape-stone" [top-stone]—meaning, adds Knox, that the house of God should there be brought to full perfection. Wishart went on: "Neither shall this be long to; there shall not many suffer after me till that the glory of God shall evidently appear and shall once triumph in despite of Satan. But, alas! if the people shall be afterward unthankful, then fearful and terrible shall the plagues be that after shall follow." Wishart soon after went into the Lothians—*i. e.* into the shires of Linlithgow, Edinburgh and Haddington.

A man like Wishart assuredly belongs to the history of the Reformation. But there is another motive leading us to narrate these circumstances. The great Reformer of Scotland

was trained in the school of Wishart. Among those who followed the latter from place to place as he preached the gospel was John Knox. He had left St. Andrews because he could not endure either the superstition of the Romish system or the cardinal's despotism, and, having betaken himself to the south of Scotland, he had been for some time tutor in the family of Douglas of Langniddrie. He had openly professed the evangelical doctrine, and the clergy in their wrath had declared him a heretic and deprived him of the priesthood. Knox, attracted by the preaching and the life of Wishart, attached himself to him and became his beloved disciple. In addition to his public discourses, to which he listened with eager attention, he received also instruction in private. He undertook for Wishart a duty which was full of danger, but which he discharged joyfully. During Wishart's evangelical excursions he kept watch for the safety of his person, and bore the sword which his friends had provided after the attempt of the Dundee priest to assassinate him. Knox was soon to bear another sword, the sword of the Spirit, like his master.

The earl of Cassilis and some other friends of Wishart had appointed to meet him at Leith, and as that town is very near Edinburgh, they had advised him not to show himself until their arrival. After awaiting them for a day or two

he fell into a deep melancholy. "What differ I from a dead man," said he, "except that I eat and drink? To this time God has used my labors to the disclosing of darkness, and now I lurk as a man that is ashamed and durst not show himself before men."—"You know," said his friends, "the danger wherein you stand."—"Let my God," he replied, "provide for me as best pleases him." On the following Sunday, fifteen days before Christmas, he preached on the parable of the Sower. From Leith he went to Brownston, Langniddrie and Ormiston, and preached on the Sunday both morning and afternoon at Inveresk to a large concourse of people. Two Franciscan friars came and stood by the church-door and whispered something to those who were going in, to turn them back. Wishart, observing this, said to some who were near the pulpit, "I heartily pray you to make room to these two men; it may be that they be come to learn." Then addressing the monks, he said, "Come near, for I assure you ye shall hear the word of verity, which shall either seal unto you this same day your salvation or your condemnation." He continued his discourse, but the friars, who had taken up their places, did not cease whispering right and left and troubling all that stood near them. Wishart turned sharply to them and said, "O sergeants of Satan and deceivers of the souls of men!

will ye neither hear God's truth nor suffer others to hear it? Depart, and take this for your portion: God shall shortly confound and disclose your hypocrisy within this realm; ye shall be abominable unto men, and your places and habitations shall be desolate." He then resumed his sermon, and preached with so much power that Sir George Douglas, brother of the earl of Angus, who was present at the meeting, said publicly after the sermon, "I know that my lord governor and my lord cardinal shall hear that I have been at this preaching [for they were then in Edinburgh]. Say unto them that I will avow it, and will not only maintain the doctrine that I have heard, but also the person of the teacher, to the uttermost of my power." Those who were present greatly rejoiced at these words, spoken by so influential a man. As for Wishart, it was enough for him to know that God keeps his own people for the end to which he calls them. He preached in other places to large numbers, and with all the more fervor for his persuasion and assertion that the day of his death was at hand.

After Christmas he passed into Haddingtonshire. The cardinal, hearing of his purpose, had informed the earl of Bothwell, who immediately let it be known, both in the town and in the country, that no one was to go and hear the heretic, under pain of his displeasure. The

prohibition of this powerful lord had its effect. The first day there was a large gathering to hear Wishart, but the next day his audience was very small. A new trial now came to afflict him. His friends in Western Scotland had promised to come to Edinburgh to discuss with him the means of advancing the cause of the gospel. Now on the third day after his arrival in Haddingtonshire, when he had already entered the church and was about to go into the pulpit, a messenger approached and handed him a letter. He opened it. His friends at Ayr and other places wrote to tell him that certain obstacles prevented them from fulfilling their promises. Struck with sorrow, "he called for John Knox, who had waited upon him carefully from the time he came to Lothian." "I am wearied of the world," said he, "for I perceive that men begin to be weary of God." Knox wondered that Wishart should enter into conversation with him before sermon, which he was never accustomed to do, and said to him, "Sir, the time of sermon approaches; I will leave you for the present to your meditations." He then took the letter and withdrew.

Wishart, left to himself, began to walk about slowly at the back of the high altar. He paced to and fro, sadness depicted on his countenance, and everything about him revealing the deep

grief that was in his soul. This lasted about half an hour. At length he passed into the pulpit. The audience was small, as it had been the day before. He had not power to treat the subject which he had proposed: his heart was too full, and he must needs unburden it before God. "O Lord," said he, "how long shall it be that thy holy word shall be despised and men shall not regard their own salvation?—I have heard of thee, Haddington, that in thee would have been at a vain clerk-play two or three thousand people, and now to hear the messenger of the eternal God of all the town or parish cannot be numbered one hundred persons. Sore and fearful shall the plagues be that shall ensue this thy contempt; with fire and sword shalt thou be plagued. And that because ye have not known nor will not know the time of God's merciful visitation." After saying these words he made a short paraphrase of the second table of the law. He exhorted to patience, to the fear of God and to works of mercy; and, impressed by the presentiment that this was the last time he should publicly preach, he made (so to speak) his last testament, declaring that the spirit of truth and judgment were both in his heart and on his lips.

He quitted the church, bade farewell to his friends, and then prepared to leave the town.

"I will not leave you alone," said Knox to him. But Wishart, who had his approaching end constantly before his eyes, said, "Nay, return to your bairns [his pupils], and God bless you! One is sufficient for a sacrifice." He then compelled Knox to give up the sword, and parted with him. The laird of Ormiston, who was at the time with Wishart, had invited him to his house in the country. They set out on their journey with several gentlemen of the neighborhood. The cold was severe, and they therefore traveled on foot. While at supper Wishart spoke of the death of God's children. Then he said with a cheerful smile, "Methinks that I desire earnestly to sleep. We'll sing a psalm." He chose Psalm li., and struck up the tune himself: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness." As soon as the psalm was ended he went to his chamber and to bed.

A little before midnight a troop of armed men silently approached, surrounded the house that no one might escape, and demanded Wishart. But neither promises nor threats could induce Ormiston to deliver up his guest. They then went for the earl of Bothwell, the most powerful lord of that region. Bothwell came and said to the laird, "It is but vain to make him to hold his house, for the governor and the cardinal with all their power are coming. But

and if you will deliver the man unto me I will promise upon my honor that he shall be safe and sound, and that it shall pass the power of the cardinal to do him any harm or scathe." Ormiston, confiding in this promise, told Wishart what had occurred. "Open the gates," replied he, immediately; "the blessed will of my God be done!" Bothwell entered, with several gentlemen who accompanied him. Wishart said to him, "I praise my God that so honorable a man as you, my lord, receives me this night in the presence of these noblemen, for now I am assured that, for your honor's sake, ye will suffer nothing to be done unto me besides the order of law." The earl replied, "I shall preserve your body from all violence, neither shall the governor nor cardinal have their will over you; but I shall retain you in my own hands till that either I shall make you free or else restore you in the same place where I receive you."

Immediately after giving this promise the earl set out with Wishart for Elphinstone. The cardinal, bent on getting possession of Wishart's friends, sent five hundred horsemen to Ormiston to seize the laird, together with the lairds of Brownston and Calder. Brownston fled through the woods, but the other two were carried off to Edinburgh Castle. Wishart was removed to the strong castle of Hailes on the

banks of the Tyne, the principal mansion of Bothwell in the Lothians.

That did not satisfy the cardinal, who wanted Wishart more than all. The queen-mother, Mary of Guise, who was not on friendly terms with Bothwell, promised him her support if he would give up the evangelist. The cardinal, on his part, "gave gold, and that largely." "Gold and women have corrupted all worldly and fleshly men from the beginning," says Knox. The earl raised some objections, "but an effeminate man," adds Knox, "cannot long withstand the assaults of a gracious queen." Wishart was first taken to Edinburgh Castle, and at the end of January, 1546, the regent gave him up to the cardinal, who confined him at St. Andrews in the sea-tower. The assistance of a civil judge was, it seems, necessary to give validity to the judgment. The cardinal requested one of Arran, but one of the regent's councilors, Hamilton of Preston, said to him, "What! will you deliver up to wicked men those whose uprightness is acknowledged even by their enemies? Will you put to death those who are guilty of no more crime than that of preaching the gospel of Christ? What ingratitude toward God!"

The regent consequently wrote to the cardinal that he would not consent that any hurt should be done to that man without a careful

investigation of his cause. The cardinal, on receiving this letter, flew into a violent passion. "It was only for civility's sake," said he, "that I made the request. I and my clergy have the power in ourselves to inflict on Wishart the chastisement which he deserves." He invited the archbishop of Glasgow and all bishops and other dignitaries of the Church to assemble at St. Andrews on Febuary 27 to consult on the matter, although it was already decided in his own mind.

The next day the dean of St. Andrews went to the prison where Wishart was confined, and summoned him in the cardinal's name to appear before the judges on the morrow. "What needed," replied the prisoner, "my lord cardinal to summon me to answer for my doctrine openly before him, under whose power and dominion I am thus straitly bound in irons? May not my lord compel me to answer to his extorted power?" On March 1 the cardinal ordered all the household servants of his palace to put themselves under arms. The civil power, it is remembered, had refused to take part in the proceedings, and therefore Beatoun took its place. His men at once equipped themselves with lances, swords, axes, knapsacks and other warlike array. It might have been thought that some military action was in hand, rather than a gathering

of priests who assumed to busy themselves about God's Church. These armed champions, putting themselves in marching order, first escorted the bishops with great ceremony to the abbey church, and then went for Wishart. The governor of the castle put himself at the head of the band, and so they led the prisoner "like a lamb to sacrifice." As he entered the door of the abbey church he threw his purse to a poor infirm man lying there, and at length he stood in the presence of the numerous and brilliant assembly. To invest the proceedings with due formality, Beatoun had caused two platforms to be erected facing each other. Wishart was set on one of them, and the accuser, Lauder, took his place on the other. The dean, Winryme, then appeared in the pulpit. This worthy churchman, who was charged to deliver the customary sermon, was secretly a friend to the gospel. He read the parable of the Good Seed and the Tares (Matt. xiii. 24–30), and set forth various pious considerations which told more against the judges than against the accused, and which the latter heard with pleasure. Winryme concluded, however, by saying that the tares were heresy, and that heretics ought to be put down in this life by the civil magistrate; yet in the passage he was treating stood the words, "Let both grow together until the harvest." It remained to

ascertain which were heretics, the judges or the accused.

When the sermon was ended the bishops ordered Wishart to stand up on his platform to hear the accusation. Then arose the accuser, John Lauder, a priest whom the chronicler calls a monster, and, facing Wishart, unrolled a long paper full of threatenings and devilish maledictions, and, addressing the guiltless evangelist in cruel words, hurled pitilessly at him all the thunders of the papacy. The ignorant crowd who heard him expected to see the earth open and swallow the unhappy Reformer; but he remained quiet, and listened with great patience and without a change of countenance to the violent accusations of his adversary. When Lauder had finished reading at the top of his voice the threatening indictment, he turned to Wishart, his face "all running down with sweat," says the chronicler, "and, frothing at the mouth like a boar, he spat at Master George's face, saying, 'What answerest thou to these sayings, thou renegade, traitor and thief, which we have duly proved by sufficient witness against thee?'"

Wishart knelt down and prayed for the help of God. Then rising, he made answer with all sweetness: "My lords, I pray you quietly to hear me, so that instead of condemning me unjustly, to the great peril of your souls, you

may know that I have taught the pure word of God, and that you may receive it yourselves as the source from which health and life shall spring forth for you. In Dundee I taught the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, and shall show your discretions faithfully what fashion and manner I used when I taught, without any human dread—"

At these words the accuser interrupted him, and cried with all his might, "Thou heretic, renegade, traitor, and thief! it was not lawful for thee to preach, and we forethink that thou hast been a preacher too long."

Then all the prelates, terrified at the thought that he was going to set before that vast audience the very substance and pith of his teaching, said one to another, "He is so crafty, and in Holy Scripture so exercised, that he will persuade the people to his own opinion and raise them against us." Wishart, perceiving that he had no chance of a fair hearing before that ecclesiastical court, said, "I appeal fr
my lord cardinal to my lord the gove
"What!" replied Lauder, "is not
dinal the second person with
cellor of Scotland, arch
bishop of Mirepoi
dator of Arb
tere?"
chr
oath, *legatus natus, legatus a la-*
recited so many titles, says the
chronicler, that you might have laden a ship

with them, much sooner an ass. "Whom desirest thou to be thy judge?" cried Lauder.

Wishart replied with meekness, "I refuse not my lord cardinal, but I desire the word of God to be my judge, and the temporal estate, with some of your lordships, mine auditory, because I am here my lord governor's prisoner." But the priests mocked him, saying, "Such man! such judge!" According to them, the laymen who might have been appointed his judges were heretics also, like him.

The cardinal, without further delay, was going to have sentence of condemnation passed, but some who stood by counseled him to read the articles of accusation and to permit Wishart to answer to them, in order that the people might not be able to say that he was condemned without a hearing.

Lauder therefore began: "Thou, false heretic, renegade, traitor and thief, deceiver of the people, despisest the holy Church's, and in like case contemnest my lord governor's, authority; for when thou preachedst in Dundee, and wert charged by my lord governor's authority to desist, thou wouldst not obey, but perseveredst in the same. Therefore the bishop of Brechin cursed thee, and delivered thee into the hands of the devil, and gave thee in commandment that thou shouldst preach no more; yet notwithstanding thou didst continue obstinately."

Wishart. My lords, I have read in the Acts of the Apostles that it is not lawful, for the threatenings and menaces of men, to desist from the preaching of the evangel.

Lauder. Thou, false heretic, didst say that a priest standing at the altar saying mass was like a fox wagging his tail in July.

Wishart. My lords, I said not so. These were my sayings: The moving of the body outward, without the inward moving of the heart, is naught else but the playing of an ape, and not the true serving of God.

Lauder. Thou false heretic, traitor and thief! thou saidst that the sacrament of the altar was but a piece of bread baken upon the ashes.

Wishart. I once chanced to meet with a Jew when I was sailing upon the water of the Rhine. By prophecies and many other testimonies of the Scriptures I approved that the Messiah was come, the which they called Jesus of Nazareth. He answered, "You adore and worship a piece of bread baken upon the ashes, and say that is your God." I have rehearsed here but the sayings of the Jew, which I never affirmed to be true.

At these words the bishops shook their heads, spitting on the ground and crying out, and showed in all ways that they would not hear him.

Lauder. Thou, false heretic and renegade, hast said that every layman is a priest, and

that the pope hath no more power than another man.

Wishart. I have read in some places of St. John and St. Peter, of the which one sayeth, "He hath made us kings and priests;" the other sayeth, "He hath made us the kingly priesthood." Wherefore I have affirmed any man, being cunning and perfect in the word of God and the true faith of Jesus Christ, to have his power given him of God. And again I say, any unlearned man, and not exercised in the word of God nor yet constant in his faith, whatsoever estate or order he be of, hath no power to bind nor to loose.

These words greatly amused the assembly; the reverends and the most reverends burst out laughing, mocking Wishart and calling him an imbecile. The notion that a layman should have a power which the Holy Father had not seemed to them the very height of madness. "Laugh ye, my lords?" said the messenger of Christ. "Though that these my sayings appear scornful and worthy of derision to your lordships, nevertheless they are very weighty unto me and of great value, because they stand not only upon my life, but also the honor and glory of God."

Some pious men who were in the assembly were indignant at the madness of the prelates and affected by the invincible patience of Wish-

art. But others cried aloud, "Wherefore let we him speak any further?" A man named John Scot, who stood behind Lauder, said to him, "Tarry not upon his witty and godly answers, for we may not abide them, no more nor the devil may abide the sign of the cross when it is named." There was no due form of trial nor any freedom of discussion, says Buchanan, but a great din of voices, shouts of disapprobation and hateful speeches. The accuser thundered from his platform, but that was all. The bishops unanimously pronounced that the pious Wishart must be burnt.

Falling on his knees, Wishart prayed and said, "O immortal God, how long shalt thou suffer the wodness [madness] and great cruelty of the ungodly to exercise their fury upon thy servants which do further thy word in this world? O Lord, we know surely that thy true servants must needs suffer persecution for thy name's sake, affliction and troubles in this present life, which is but a shadow; but yet we desire thee, merciful Father, that thou defend thy congregation which thou hast chosen before the beginning of the world."

The sentence must be pronounced, but the bishops were afraid to pronounce it before the people. They therefore gave orders to have the church cleared; and this could only be done slowly, as many of the people who had a wish

to hear Wishart were removed with difficulty. At length, when the prelates and their colleagues found themselves almost alone, sentence of death was passed on Wishart, and the cardinal ordered his guards to take him back to the castle. Confined in the governor's room, he spent the greater part of the night in prayer. The next morning the bishops sent to him two friars, who asked him if he did not want a confessor. "I will make no confession unto you," he answered: "go and fetch me yonder man that preached yesterday, and I will make my confession unto him." When Winryme was come they talked together for some time. Then the dean said, "Have you a wish to receive the sacrament of the Supper?"—"Assuredly," replied Wishart, "if it be administered according to the institution of the Lord, with the bread and the wine." Winryme then went to the cardinal and declared to him that the man was innocent. Beatoun, inflamed with anger, said, "And you! we have long known what you are." Winryme having inquired if he might give the sacrament to the prisoner, "No," replied the cardinal; "it is not fitting to grant any of the benefits of the Church to a heretic."

The next morning at nine o'clock the governor of the castle informed Wishart that the communion was refused him. Then, as he

was going to breakfast with his dependants and servants, he invited Wishart to join them at the meal. "Right willingly," he answered, "especially because I know that you and yours are good men and are united with me in the same body of Christ."

When the table was spread and the members of the household had taken their places, Wishart said to the governor, "Give me leave, for the Saviour's sake, to make a brief exhortation."

It was to him an opportunity of celebrating the true Supper. He reminded his hearers of the institution of the sacred feast and of the Lord's death. He exhorted those who sat at table with him to lay aside all hatred, to love one another and to lead a holy life. After this he gave thanks, and then took the bread and brake it, and gave of it to such as he knew were willing to communicate, and bade them feed spiritually on Christ. Taking a cup, he spoke of the blood shed for the remission of sins, drank of it and gave them to drink. "I shall no more drink of this cup," said he, "no more eat of this bread in this life; a bitterer draught is reserved for me because I have preached Christ. Pray that I may take that cup with patience as the Lord's appointment." He concluded with further giving of thanks, and then retired to his chamber.

On a plot of ground to the west of the castle, and not far from the priory, men were already busily engaged, some in preparing the pile, others erecting the gallows. The place of execution was surrounded by soldiers, and the gunners had their cannon in position and stood beside them ready to fire. One would have thought that preparations were making for a siege. The cardinal had ordered these measures, fearing lest Wishart's many friends should take him away, and perhaps still more for the sake of making a display of his own power. Meanwhile the windows in the castle-yard were adorned with hangings, silken draperies and velvet cushions, that the cardinal and the prelates might enjoy at their ease the spectacle of the pile and of the tortures which they were going to inflict on that righteous man.

When all was ready two of the deathsmen entered Wishart's prison. One of them brought and put on him a coat of black cloth; the other tied small bags of powder to various parts of his body. Next they bound his hands firmly behind him, put a rope round his neck and a chain about his waist, and led him forth in the midst of a party of soldiers. When he came to the pile he knelt down and prayed. Then he rose and said to the people, "Christian brethren and sisters, be not offended in the

word of God for the affliction and torments which ye see already prepared for me; but I exhort you that you love the word of God, and suffer patiently and with a comfortable heart for the word's sake, which is your undoubted salvation and everlasting comfort. My doctrine was no old wives' fable after the constitutions made by men. But for the true evangely, which was given to me by the grace of God, I suffer this day by men—not sorrowfully, but with a glad heart and mind. For this cause I was sent, that I should suffer this fire for Christ's sake. This grim fire I fear not. Some have said of me that I taught that the soul of man should sleep until the last day. But I know surely, and my faith is such, that my soul shall sup with my Saviour Christ this night (ere it be six hours), for whom I suffer this."

Then he prayed, "I beseech thee, Father of heaven, to forgive them that have of any ignorance or else have of any evil mind forged any lies upon me: I forgive them with all my heart. I beseech Christ to forgive them that have condemned me to death this day ignorantly."

The hangman fell on his knees before him and said, "I pray you forgive me."—"Come hither to me," replied Wishart; and he kissed him, and added, "Lo, here is a token that I forgive thee from my heart. Do thine office."

He was then bound with ropes to the stake, and said, "Saviour of the world, have mercy on me! Father of heaven, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

The executioner lighted the fire. The cardinal and his accomplices beheld from the windows the martyr and the fire which was consuming him. The governor of the castle, watching the flames, exclaimed, "Take courage!" Wishart answered, "This fire torments my body, but no ways abates my spirit." Then, catching sight of the cardinal at the window with his courtiers, he added, "He who in such state, from that high place, feedeth his eyes with my torments, within few days shall be hanged out at the same window, to be seen with as much ignominy as he now leaneth there in pride."

Some authors consider these words, reported by Buchanan, to be an instance of that *second-sight* with which they allege the Scots to be endowed. Wishart, however, did not need an extraordinary revelation to teach him that "the wicked goeth away in his wickedness." He had hardly uttered these words when the rope was tightened about his neck, so that he lost the power of speaking. The fire reduced his body to ashes, and the bishops, full of steadfast hatred of this servant of God, caused an order to be published that same even-

ing through all the town that no one should pray for their victim under the severest penalties. They knew what respect was felt for him by many even of the Catholics themselves.

There are people who say that religion is a fable. A life and a death such as those of Wishart show that it is a great reality.

The prophecy of this martyr was soon after strangely fulfilled in the murder of Cardinal Beatoun, when some men, on the demand of his partisans for his body, took it up, and, bearing it to the very window at which a little while before Beatoun had sat to contemplate with gladness, and as if in triumph, the execution of the pious Wishart, exposed it there to the gaze of all. Beatoun's friends and the populace, struck with amazement and terror by the unexpected sight, and remembering Wishart's prediction, dispersed in gloom and consternation.

XXX.

GILES TIELMANS,

A. D. 1541–44.

GILES TIELMANS, a native of Brussels, was not "of a rich family nor of great renown," but he had acquired by his virtues a higher esteem, even on the part of the enemies of pure doctrine. Giles had never wronged a

single creature, and he had always made it his aim to give pleasure to everybody. He was now thirty-three years of age, and no one had ever had a complaint against him. If he encountered opposition he would give way. He would rather relinquish his rights than quarrel about them, in order that he might in this life maintain peace and charity. This Christian man fulfilled, both in the letter and in the spirit, the commandment of his Master: "If any man will take thy coat, let him have thy cloak also." He had been endowed by God with a good disposition, but "having begun to taste in his youth the heavenly wisdom drawn from the sacred writings, this natural goodness had improved to an incredible degree." His look was sweet and modest, his deportment amiable, and everything about him revealed a soul holy and born for heaven, dwelling in a pure and chaste tabernacle. He spent the greater part of his time in visiting the sick, in relieving the poor and in making peace between any of his neighbors who might be at variance with each other. Tielmans used to say that it was a disgraceful thing to pass one's life in idleness. In order to avoid this, to earn his living by his own labor and to have something to give to the poor, he had followed the trade of a cutler. He lived in a very humble way, spending hardly anything on himself,

but distributing among the needy the fruits of his toil, which God greatly blessed. "He had thus won the love of the people." "All good men were fond of talking with him; all listened to him, and all gave up their property at his bidding." But if any one made him a present, "he accepted it only for the purpose of relieving some poor person known to him." He had at Brussels his baker, his shoemaker, his tailor and his apothecary. Of the first he took bread for the hungry; of the second, shoes for the barefooted; of the third, garments to cover the naked in winter; and of the fourth, medicines to cure the sick. The physician he paid out of his own purse.

His principal aim was to become well acquainted with the doctrines of the gospel. He therefore read the Scriptures diligently and meditated on them deeply. With so much fervor did he put forth all the energies of his soul in prayer that "oftentimes his friends found him on his knees, praying and in a kind of rapture." He was a hard worker. He read all the best books which were written on the doctrine of salvation, but especially the Holy Scriptures; and when he explained the Christian faith it was with so much eloquence that people exclaimed, "O pearl of great price! why art thou still buried in darkness, whilst thou oughtest to be kept in the sight and knowledge of

all the world, esteemed and prized by every one?"

In 1541 an epidemic raged. Famine accompanied it. "The republic was in great distress, and many poor people were in very great trouble." Tielmans sold his goods by auction, and they fetched a large sum. From this time not a day passed but he went into the public institutions in which the plague-stricken were treated. He gave them what they were in want of, and served them with his own hands. He went to the inns where strangers were entertained, and he removed the sick into his own house, nursed and fed them. When they had recovered their health he gave them the means of pursuing their journey. One day he visited a poor woman who was near her confinement. She had already five children, who slept with her every night. He immediately returned to his house, sent her his own bed, the only one which remained in his possession, and slept himself on straw.

He was physician not only to the bodies of men, but also to their souls. He came to the bedside of sick persons and taught them to know the Saviour. With great power he said to them, "Trust not in your own works. The mercy of God alone can save you, and this is to be laid hold of by faith in Christ. So vast was the extent of sin that divine justice could

be appeased only by the sacrifice of the Son of God. At the same time, the love of God toward man was so unspeakable that he sent his Son into the world from the hidden place of his abode to cleanse men from sin by his own blood and to make us inheritors of his heavenly kingdom." So energetic were the words of Tielmans that many of those "who lay upon their deathbeds attacked by the pestilence, in distress and consternation and a prey to all the horrors which follow in its train, seemed to recover life, and, casting away all pharisaical opinions and all trust in their own deservings, embraced the doctrine of the Saviour and passed joyfully to their heavenly home." Those who escaped the contagion, having been brought by the word to the knowledge of the truth, were scattered about in the neighboring towns, and sowed there what they had learnt of it; so that by these means "religion had been restored in its purity in the whole of Brabant."

Such was the life of Giles Tielmans. In him faith and works were admirably united. This case is one of the fruits of the Reformation which it is worth while to know.

The priest of La Chapelle, William Guéné, and his band, were determined to have the life of Giles.

On January 22d the sergeants who were to

take him into a prison where torture was applied came for him. It was before daylight, at five o'clock in the morning, because they feared the people. When Giles heard that they were asking for him, he came, and, seeing them all shivering (it was very cold weather), he made them go into the kitchen and lighted a fire for them. While they were warming themselves he ran to a friend, a Spaniard, who was in bed. "The sergeants are come," he said, "to take me away to death or to some crueler fate."

Tielmans was put to the torture, and on January 25th he was condemned to be burnt. On the 27th six hundred men were put under arms and escorted him to the place. A vast pile was erected there. "There is no need of so much wood," said he, "for burning this poor body. You would have done better to show pity for the poor people who are dying of cold in this town, and to distribute to them what there is to spare." They intended to strangle him first, to mitigate the punishment. "No," said he to those who wished to grant him this kindness, "do not take the trouble. I am not afraid of the fire; I will willingly endure for the glory of the Lord." He was prepared to face the sufferings which Justus had so much dreaded. He prayed, and entered a little hut of wood and straw constructed on the pile. Then, taking off his shoes, he said, "There is no

need for these to be burnt; give them to some poor man." He knelt down, and, the executioners having set fire to the pile, the kind-hearted man was consumed and his ashes were flung into the river.

The people openly murmured against the monks, and from this time began to hate them. When they came to the houses of the townsmen to ask alms, the people used to answer, "Giles was burnt for having distributed all his property among the poor; as for us, we will give you nothing, for fear of being likewise put to death."

XXXI.

JUSTUS VAN OUSBERGHEN,

A. D. 1544.

THERE was one man more of note, and this was Justus van Ousberghen, next to Tielmans the most devoted evangelist. No one had more zeal, no one more courage, as a preacher of the gospel. There was, however, one thing of which he was afraid, and that was the stake. Heretics were condemned to the flames, and the thought of being burnt, perhaps burnt over a slow fire, caused him unheard-of uneasiness and pain. And assuredly many might be uneasy at less. Nevertheless, he lost no oppor-

tunity of proclaiming the gospel. He was not at Louvain at the time of the persecutions of March, but was then in an abbey about two leagues from the town, where he was at work. The poor man had sore trials to bear. His wife was a scold. Some time before the scenes of March, 1543, Justus had been absent from Louvain three or four months, no doubt for the purpose of making known the gospel, at the same time that he was working for his livelihood.

When he returned home his wife, "instead of bidding him welcome, received him in a shameful manner." "People have been to arrest you," she said to him; and she refused to admit him into their dwelling. Justus, notwithstanding his zeal, was a man of feeble character, and his wife ruled over him. He did not enter his house. Turned into the street and exhausted with fatigue, he questioned with himself whither he should go. The heavens were black and the rain was falling in torrents. He betook himself to the bachelor of arts, Gosseau, and requested him to give him a bed for a single night. "I promise you I will go away tomorrow morning," he said. The Gosseaus with pleasure complied with his request. "You are quite chilly from the rain," they said; "first warm yourself by the fire." The poor man dried himself, and then took a little food. "God

be praised," said he, "for all my miseries, and for giving me strength to rise above them!"

Shortly after the terrible night of March, Justus, as we have mentioned, was at an abbey two leagues from Louvain, where he was employed "in trimming with fur the frocks of the monks," for he was a furrier by trade. He had established himself at the entrance to the monastery, and was doing his work without a thought of impending danger. Suddenly the *drossard* of Brabant made his appearance, with a great number of archers. The drossard was an officer of justice whose business was to punish the excesses committed by vagrants. As the pious Van Ousberghen used to travel from place to place to get work, the magistrate had affected to consider him not as a heretic—this would have been honoring him too much—but as a vagrant. "At once all the archers," he related, "fell upon me as a troop of ravenous wolves fall upon a sheep, and they instantly seized my skins and trade implements." The wolves, however, did not content themselves with the skins; they seized the man and carefully searched him. Ousberghen made no resistance. They found on him a New Testament and some sermons of Luther, "which he always carried in his bosom." The archers were delighted with these discoveries. "Here," they said, pointing to the books—"here is

enough to convict him." They hastily bound him and took him to Brussels, and there he was confined in the house of the drossard. The monks who had assembled were amazed at the scene of violence which was presented at their own gates. They had had no suspicion that a man who decorated their garments kept such heretical books in his pocket.

The next day two councilors of the chancery of Brabant appeared to conduct his examination. "We shall have you put to the torture," they said, "if you do not speak the truth."—"I will speak it till death," he answered, "and I shall need no torture to compel me." They asked him what he thought of the pope, of purgatory, of the mass, of indulgences. "I believe," said he, "that salvation is given of God of his perfectly free goodness;" and he confirmed his faith by the words of Holy Scripture.—"Why," resumed the commissioners, "have you these books about you, since it is not your calling to read?"—"It is my calling to read what is necessary for my salvation," he replied. "The redemption announced in the New Testament belongs to me no less than to the great doctors, or even the great princes of the world."—"But these books are heretical."—"I hold them to be Christian and salutary." The Reformation was and always will be the most powerful means of diffusing

instruction. Rome said to the people, "It is not your business to read." And the people, instructed by the Reformation, answered, "It is our business to read that which saves us."

The examination continued. "Discover to us your accomplices, heretical like yourself," said the councilors.—"I know no other heretics," replied Justus, "but the persecutors of the heavenly doctrine." This word "persecutors" suddenly enraged the commissioners. "You blaspheme," they exclaimed. "If you do not acknowledge that you lie, we will make you undergo such torments as man has never yet suffered; we will tear you limb from limb with a hot iron."—"The drossard saw with his own eyes the monks of the convent where I was seized and which I attended," replied he; "if you wish to have them taken, do so at your own good pleasure."

Thereupon Justus was conducted to the prison of La Vrunte, into a lofty chamber railed in and barred, in which he was left for nine weeks without seeing any one. Terrible were the assaults which he suffered in his own soul. Left without any human support, and no longer feeling in himself the same energy, the snares of the enemy, the remembrance of his sins, the image of a cruel death by burning, astounded and made him tremble. "Pray with me," he said to another prisoner; "entreat that the

mercy of God may keep me in the article of death, and that I may happily reach the end of this Christian warfare." New strength was indeed given him.

On the day of the departure of Charles V., who had stayed some time at Brussels, Justus was brought before the court (January 3, 1544). The commissioners read to him the confession made before them. "Do you acknowledge it?" they said. He answered that he did. "But," he added, "you have suppressed the testimonies of the Holy Scriptures by which I confirmed it."—"Since you acknowledge this confession," said the councilors, "we summon you to retract it; otherwise you will be tormented with unheard-of pains and burnt alive."—"You may make use of force," he answered, "but you cannot compel me to this iniquity."—"We give you till to-morrow to consider it." As he was re-entering his prison, tied and bound, Giles Tielmans approached him and said affectionately, "What is the matter?"—"The Lord calls me," he answered. Giles was going to speak further with him, but the archers roughly thrust him back, saying, "Off with thee; thou hast deserved to die as much as he. Thy turn will come."—"Think also of your own," said Giles.

On the following day Justus was again brought before the judges. "Hast thou changed thy opinion?" they said to him. "If thou

dost not retract everything thou wilt perish." —"Never will I deny, on earth and before men, the eternal truth of God, because I desire that it should bear witness for me before the Father in heaven." Thereupon they condemned him to be burnt alive. "Thy body shall be consumed," they said, "and entirely reduced to ashes." This was enough to strike terror into the heart of the poor man, who had such a dread of fire; but falling upon his knees he thanked God, and then his judges, for putting an end to the miseries of his life. Terrified, however, at the thought of the flames, he turned to his judges and said, "Give permission for me to be beheaded."—"The sentence is passed," they said, "and can be revoked only by the queen."

Giles Tielmans did not leave Ousberghen; consolations flowed from his lips in accents so divine, with such energy, sweetness and piety, that every word went to the heart of the sufferer and drew tears from his eyes. Unfortunately, a great number of monks and priests kept coming, and continually interrupted these delightful conversations. "Do not trouble yourselves so much," said Justus to the monks; "but if you have power to do anything for me, only entreat of the judges that I may be beheaded." His horror of burning did not abate. "We will see," they said craftily, "whether it

can be done." They then urged him to receive at their hands the sacrament of the body and blood of the Saviour. "I long ago received it for the first time spiritually," he said; "it is engraved in living letters on the tables of my heart. Nevertheless, I do not despise the symbols, and if you are willing to give me them under the two kinds of bread and wine, according to the institution of the Saviour, I will receive them." The monks consented. It was a large concession on their part. The relator, however, who was in the prison, is unable to assert that the Supper was thus given to him.

On the eve of the execution almost all the household went up to him. He was very feeble and suffered much from thirst. He turned, however, to his friends and said, "My death is at hand; and since all our sins were nailed to the cross of our Saviour, I am ready to seal with my blood his heavenly doctrine." They all wept, and, falling on their knees, by the mouth of Giles they commended Justus to the Lord. When the prayer was finished, Ousberghen rose and said, "I perceive within me a great light, which makes me rejoice with joy unspeakable. I have now no other desire than to die and be with Christ."

Two of the councilors had gone to the governess of the Netherlands, and had request-

ed her to substitute beheading for the stake. Queen Mary instantly replied, "I will do so; it is a very small favor where death is not remitted." Was there any connection between this favor and the consent of Justus to receive the Supper at the hands of the priests, provided it were administered under both kinds? We sometimes see even strong minds shaken by some innate aversion, such as that which Justus experienced at the thought of fire.

On January 7, early in the morning, the archers arrived. Justus van Ousberghen was conducted from the prison to the market-place, and there forthwith his head was cut off. While this was going on the whole prison was in tears.

XXXII.

RODRIGO DE VALERIO,

A. D. 1525–1535.

The chief Reformer of Spain was born in Andalusia, which in the eyes of the ancients was the fairest and happiest of all the countries in the world. Near rocky mountains, on a vast plain of picturesque and solemn aspect, lies Lebrixa, an ancient town, about ten leagues from Seville on the Cadiz side. Here lived Rodrigo de Valerio, a young man of a rich and distinguished family. He had,

in common with the Andalusians, great quickness of apprehension; fancy sparkled in his speech, and his temperament was very cheerful. Like them, he was distinguished by his love of pleasure, and it was his glory to surpass in its indulgence all the young men with whom he associated. He generally lived at Seville, a town called by the Romans "little Rome" (Romula), which had long been a centre of intelligence, and where the Alcazar and other monuments recalled the magnificence of the Moorish kings.

Rodrigo had received a liberal education, and had learned a little Latin, but this had been speedily forgotten amidst the diversions of youth. There was not a hunt nor a game at which he was not present. He was to be seen arriving at the rendezvous mounted on a superb horse richly equipped, and himself magnificently attired. Easy and skillful in bodily exercises, he carried away every prize. Full of grace and elegance, he succeeded in winning the favor of fair ladies. His delight was to mount the wildest horse, to scale the rocks, to dance with light foot, to hunt with horn and hound, to draw the crossbow or shoot with the arquebus, and to be the leader of fashionable young men in every party and at every festival.

All at once Valerio disappeared from society.

He was sought at the games, in the dance, at the races, but was nowhere to be found. Every one was asking what had become of him. He had abandoned everything. The pleasures of the world had oppressed and wearied him, and he had found all void and bitterness. "What!" thought he, "play the lute, make one's horse caper, sing, dance, and forget what it is to be a man!" A voice had cried in his heart that God was all in all. He had yielded to no human influence; God alone had touched him by his Spirit. The change was for this reason all the more remarkable. The lively affections of his heart, which had hitherto rushed like a tempestuous torrent downward toward the world, now rose with the same energy toward heaven. "A divine passion," says a contemporary, "suddenly seized him. Casting off his old inclinations and despising human judgment, he applied his whole strength, both of mind and body, so zealously to the pursuit of piety that no worldly affection seemed to be left in him."

If Rodrigo had then retired to a convent, all would have been *en règle*, and every one would have admired him; but no one could understand why, while renouncing pleasure, he did not immediately shut himself up in one of those human sanctuaries to which alone the world at that time gave the patent of a

devout life. Some, indeed, of the remarks made on him were very natural. He had passed from one extreme to the other, and in his first fervor he exposed himself to the ridicule of his old companions. The young man, who had hitherto been remarkable for the delicacy of his manners, the elegance of his discourse and the splendor of his dress, displayed now a somewhat repulsive roughness and negligence. Sincere and upright, but as yet unenlightened, unacquainted indeed with any other pious life than that of ascetics, it is not astonishing that he threw himself at first into an exaggerated asceticism. He thought that he should thus renounce the world more completely and make a more perfect sacrifice to the Lord. "He has lost his head," said some; "He is drunk," said others. But on closer observation the true fear of God was to be seen in him, a sincere repentance for the vanity of his life, an ardent thirst for righteousness, and an indefatigable zeal in acquiring all the characteristics of true piety. But one thing above all occupied his mind. We have seen that he had learned Latin. This knowledge, which he had despised, now became of the greatest service to him. It was only in this language that the sacred writings could be read; he studied them day and night; by means of hard toil

he fixed them in his memory, and he had an admirable gift for applying the words of Scripture with correctness and promptitude. He endeavored to regulate his whole conduct by their teaching, and people perceived in him the presence of the Spirit by whom they were dictated.

Valerio became one of the apostles of the doctrines of Luther and the other Reformers. "It was not in their writings that he had learned these. He had derived them directly from the Holy Scriptures. Those sacred books, which, according to some, are the source of such various doctrines, then produced in every country of Christendom the same faith and the same life." He soon began to diffuse around him the light he had received. People were astonished at hearing this young layman, who had recently made one of every party of pleasure, speaking with so much fervor. "From whom do you hold your commission?" asked some one.—"From God himself," replied he, "who enlightens us with his Holy Spirit, and does not consider whether his messenger is a priest or a monk."

Rodrigo faithfully pursued his labors in Seville. He held conversations daily with the priests and the monks. "Pray, how comes it to pass," he said to them, "that not only the clergy, but the whole Christian community,

are found to be in so lamentable a condition that there seems to be hardly any hope of a remedy for it? It is you that are the cause of this state of things. The corruption of your order has corrupted everything. Lose no time in applying an efficient remedy to so vast an evil. Be yourselves transformed, that you may be able to transform others." Valerio supported these eloquent appeals by the declarations of Holy Scripture. The priests were astonished and indignant. "Whence comes the audacity," they said, "with which you assail those who are the very lights and pillars of the Church? How dare a mere layman, an unlettered man, who has been occupied solely in secular affairs and in ruining himself, speak with such insolence? Who commissioned you? and where is the seal of your calling?"

"Assuredly," replied Valerio, candidly, "I did not acquire this wisdom from your corrupt morals; it comes from the Spirit of God, which flows like rivers of living water from those who believe in Jesus Christ. As for my boldness, it is given by Him who sends me. He is the truth itself which I proclaim. The Spirit of God is not bound to any order, least of all to that of a corrupt clergy. Those men were laymen, plain fishermen, who convicted of blindness the whole learned synagogue and called the world to the knowledge of salvation."

Thus spoke Rodrigo, and he was distressed to see all these priests "unable to endure the shining light of the gospel." One great consolation was given to him. The preacher of Seville cathedral at this time was John Gil, or Egidius, a doctor born at Olvera in Aragon and educated at the University of Alcalà. He possessed the qualities of an orator, for he was a man of fine character and of keen sensibility. But these essential qualities, instead of being developed at the university, had lain dormant. The intellectual faculty alone had been cultivated. There was a fire in the man's nature, but it had been quenched by Scholasticism. Egidius had plunged into the study of the theology of the Schools, the only science then in vogue in Spain. In this he had distinguished himself, had won the highest academical honors, and had become professor of theology at Siguenza. He was not content with letting the word of God alone; he openly avowed contempt for the study of it, ridiculed such members of the university as diligently read the sacred books, and with a shrug of the shoulders used to call them "those good Biblists." Peter Lombard, Thomas Aquinas, Scotus and other doctors of the same class were the men for him. His flatterers went so far as to allege that he surpassed them.

As the reputation of Egidius was spreading

far and wide, when the office of chief canon or preacher of the cathedral of Seville became vacant the chapter unanimously elected him, and even dispensed with the trial usual in such cases. Egidius, absorbed in his Scholastic books, had never preached in public or studied the Holy Scriptures. He nevertheless fancied that nothing could be easier to him than preaching, which in his view was an inferior office. He expected even that he should dazzle his hearers by the blaze of Scholasticism and attract them by its charms. He therefore ascended the pulpit of the cathedral of the capital of Andalusia. A numerous congregation had assembled, and, expecting something wonderful, were very attentive. The illustrious doctor preached, but after the Scholastic fashion. Having put forward some proposition, he explained its various meanings. The terms which he made use of were those of the Schools, and his hearers could hardly understand them. What frivolous distinctions! What profitless questions! The preacher thought it all very fine; his audience felt it to be very tiresome. They gave him, however, a second and a third hearing; but it was always the same—dry and wearisome. The famous theologian was thus the least popular of the preachers, and Egidius saw his congregation lessening day by day. His sermons fell into the greatest contempt

among the people. Those who had imprudently called him to the post began to consider how they could get rid of him; and the preacher himself, anxious about his reputation and the usefulness of his ministry, began to look out for a less brilliant position, in which people might make more account of him.

Rodrigo had gone with the multitude, and was one of those who were dissatisfied with these Scholastic discourses. But he was gifted with the discerning of spirits, and beneath the Scholastic doctor he had been able to recognize the orator and his indisputable abilities. He was grieved to see the gifts of God thus thrown away, and he resolved to speak frankly to Egidius. "Divine Providence," says the chronicler, "impelled him to this course." Having made request, therefore, for an interview with the canon, Valerio, received by him with some feeling of surprise, but still with kindliness, began at once to speak to him about the function of the Christian orator. This function, in his view, was not to set forth certain theses and antitheses, but to address the consciences of men, to present Christ to them as the Author of eternal salvation, and to press them to throw themselves into the arms of the Saviour, that through him they might become new creatures. "You are in need of other studies," he said to

the Schoolman, "other books and other guides, than those which you have chosen."

Egidius was at first astounded; his pride rebelled. "What audacity!" he thought; "this man sprung from the common people, ignorant and of feeble understanding, dares to criticise me, and confidently to teach me, a man with whom he is hardly acquainted!" Nevertheless, the natural kindliness of Egidius, and the reflection that Rodrigo was speaking of the art of preaching, in which he had miserably failed, repressed this first emotion. He kept his self-possession and listened attentively to the layman. Rodrigo frankly pointed out to him the defects of his manner of preaching, and exhorted him to search the Scriptures. "You will never succeed," he said, "in becoming really powerful as a teacher unless you study the Bible day and night." He told him that in order to preach salvation he must first have found it himself, and that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth must speak. A few hours sufficed for the enlightenment of Egidius, and from this time he became a new man. How many years had he lost both as student and as professor! "I perceive," said he, "that all the studies and all the labors of my past life have been vain. I now enter upon the new path of a wisdom of which I did not know the A B C." The weariness and dejection of Egidius were

now over, and he felt great peace and joy. He saw God opening to him the treasury of his love. "The heavens were beginning to be serene and the earth peaceful." Egidius was naturally very open-hearted, frank and sincere. The gospel, the great revelation of God's love, had for him an unspeakable charm. He received it joyfully, and his heart resounded with a new song. He studied the Holy Scriptures, prayed, meditated and read good authors, and thus made progress in the knowledge of true theology.

Rodrigo de Valerio was made glad by the wonderful change which God had wrought through his ministry, and the victory which he had won raised still higher his burning zeal. He began to proclaim the gospel not only in private meetings, but in public, in the streets and squares of the town, near the Giralda, the convent of Buena Vista, the Alcazar and on the banks of the Guadalquivir. He was denounced to the Holy Office, and when he appeared before the tribunal of the Inquisition he spoke earnestly about the real Church of Christ, set forth its distinguishing marks, and especially insisted on the justification of man by faith. This took place a little while after the conversion of Egidius, whose new faith was not yet known, and who still enjoyed in society the reputation of a scholar and a good

Catholic. Glad of an opportunity of repaying his great debt, he came before the tribunal and defended his friend. He thus exerted an influence over the judges, and they took into consideration the lowliness of Valerio's family and the rank which he held in society. Moreover, they said, Valerio is tainted with insanity, and it can hardly be necessary to hand over a madman to the secular power. His goods were confiscated, he was exhorted to return to the right path, and was then set at liberty. Valerio now refrained, by the desire of his friends, from publicly preaching the gospel. Unwilling, however, to do absolutely nothing, he had gathered together a certain number of his friends, and had in a familiar way interpreted to them the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans —that ocean, as Chrysostom called it, which meets us everywhere at the beginning of the awakenings. Some of those who listened to him persevered in the faith; others, at a later time, rejected it. Among the latter in particular was Peter Diaz, who, having forsaken the gospel, entered the Society of Jesuits and died in Mexico.

But the brave Rodrigo could not long submit to this restriction. Ought he to shrink, he said to himself, from exposing his liberty, or even his life, when the gospel was at stake? Others had given their lives for a less object

than this. He was in hope, moreover, of arousing by his own example other combatants who should finally win the victory. He therefore laid aside timid precautions and began again to point out publicly the errors and superstitions of Rome. He was once more denounced, and was arrested by the Inquisition, which was quite determined this time not to let slip the pretended madman. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life and to wear the *san benito*, a cloak of a yellow color, the usual garb of the victims of the Inquisition. Every Sunday and feast-day Valerio was taken, as well as other penitents, by the familiars of the Holy Office to St. Saviour's church at Seville to hear both the sermon and the high mass. He appeared as a penitent without repentance. He could not listen to the doctrine of the monks without in some way showing his opposition to it. He would sometimes rise from his seat, and, while the whole assembly fixed their eyes on him, put questions to the preacher, refute his doctrines and entreat his hearers to take care they did not receive them. Rodrigo could not hear a doctrine contrary to the gospel without his whole soul being stirred within him. The inquisitors, steadily persuaded of his madness, at first excused these interpellations, which to them seemed to be the clearest proof of his malady. But the discourses of this insane man

were so reasonable that they produced an impression. The inquisitors at length confined him in a convent on the coast of San Lucar, where all society was forbidden him; and here he died at about the age of fifty. His *san benito* was exhibited in the metropolitan church of Seville, with this inscription: "Rodrigo Valerio, a false apostle who gave out that he was sent of God."

XXXIII.

JOHN NICHOLSON (CALLED ALSO LAMBERT),

A. D. 1538.

THERE was in London in 1538 a minister named John Nicholson, who had studied at the University of Cambridge, had been converted by means of his conversations with Bilney, and had afterward been the friend of Tyndale and Fryth, and by his intercourse with them had been strengthened in the faith. He was a conscientious man, who did not suppose that it was enough to hold a doctrine conformable with the word of God, but, conscious of the great value of the truth, was ready to lay down his life for it, even if there were nothing at stake but a point looked upon as secondary. Faithfulness or unfaithfulness to one's convic-

tions,—this was in his view the decisive test of the morality or immorality of a man. In the age of the Reformation there were greater preachers and greater theologians than Nicholson, but there was not one more deserving of honor. Having translated from the Latin and the Greek works which might give offence, and having professed his faith, he had been obliged to cross the sea, and he became chaplain to the English house at Antwerp. Here it was that he became acquainted with Tyndale and Fryth. Being accused of heresy by one Barlow, he was taken to London by order of Sir Thomas More, then chancellor, and was kept prisoner at Oxford in the house of Archbishop Warham, where he was deprived of everything, especially of books.

On the occasion of his appearance in 1532 before the archbishop and other prelates, Nicholson steadfastly maintained that all that is necessary to salvation is to be found in the Holy Scripture. "This," he said, "is the question which is the head and whole content of all others objected against me. This is both the helm and stern of both together." There were forty-five points, and to these he made answer article by article. Shortly afterward, in consequence of the death of Warham and of Cranmer's appointment to the vacant see, the Antwerp chaplain was set at liberty. He

determined to remain in London, took, it seems, from prudential considerations, the name of Lambert, and devoted himself to the labors of a teacher, but at the same time adhered to the resolution to avail himself of every opportunity of maintaining the truth.

Being informed one day that Doctor Taylor was to preach at St. Peter's church, Cornhill, he went to hear him, not only because of his well-known gifts, but also because he was not far from the gospel. He was later appointed bishop of Lincoln under pious King Edward, and was deprived of that office under the fanatical Mary. Taylor preached that day on the real presence of Christ in the bread and the wine. Nicholson also believed, indeed, in the presence of the Lord in the Supper, but this presence, he believed, was in the hearts of the faithful. After the service he went to see Taylor, and with modesty and kindliness urged various arguments against the doctrines which he had been setting forth. "I have not time just now," said the doctor, "to discuss the point with you, as other matters demand my attention; but oblige me by putting your thoughts in writing, and call again when I am more at leisure." Lambert applied himself to the task of writing, and against the doctrine of the presence in the *bread* he adduced ten arguments, which were, says Fox, very power-

ful. It does not appear that Taylor replied to them. He was an upright man, who gave impartial consideration to these questions, and he seems to have been somewhat shaken by Nicholson's reasoning. As Taylor was anxious to be enlightened himself and to try to satisfy his friendly opponent, he communicated the document to Barnes. The latter, a truly evangelical Christian, was nevertheless of opinion that to put forward the doctrine of this little work would seriously injure the cause of the Reformation. He therefore advised Taylor to speak to Archbishop Cranmer on the subject. Cranmer, who was of the same opinion, invited Nicholson to a conference, at which Barnes, Taylor and Latimer were also present. These four divines had not at this time abandoned the view which the ex-chaplain of Antwerp opposed, and, considering the fresh revival of sacramental Catholicism, they were not inclined to do so. They strove therefore to change the opinions of the pious minister, but in vain. Finding that they unanimously condemned his views, he exclaimed, "Well, then, I appeal to the king." This was a foolish and fatal appeal.

Gardiner did not lose a minute, but promptly took the business in hand, because he saw in it an opportunity of striking a heavy blow; and, what was an inestimable advantage, he

would have on his side, he thought, Cranmer and the other three evangelical divines. He therefore "went straight to the king," and, requesting a private audience, addressed him in the most flattering terms. Then, as if the interests of the king were dearer to him than to the king himself, he respectfully pointed out that he had everywhere excited by various recent proceedings suspicion and hatred, but that at this moment a way was open for pacifying men's minds "if only in this matter of John Lambert he would manifest unto the people how strictly he would resist heretics; and by this new rumor he would bring to pass not only to extinguish all other former rumors, and as it were with one nail to drive out another, but also should discharge himself of all suspicion, in that he now began to be reported to be a favorer of new sects and opinions."

The vanity as well as the interests of Henry VIII. dictated to him the same course as Gardiner advised. He determined to avail himself of this opportunity to make an ostentatious display of his own knowledge and zeal. He would make arrangements of an imposing character; it would not be enough to hold a mere conversation, but there must be a grand show. He therefore ordered invitations to be sent to a great number of nobles

and bishops to attend the solemn trial at which he would appear as head of the Church. He was not content with the title alone; he would show that he acted the part. One of the principal characteristics of Henry VIII. was a fondness for showing off what he conceived himself to be or what he supposed himself to know, without ever suspecting that display is often the ruin of those who wish to seem more than they are.

Meanwhile, Lambert, confined at Lambeth, wrote an apology for his faith, which he dedicated to the king, and in which he solidly established the doctrine which he had professed. He rejoiced that his request to be heard before Henry VIII. had been granted. He desired that his trial might be blessed, and he indulged in the pleasing illusion that the king, once set in the presence of the truth, must needs be enlightened and would publicly proclaim it. These pleasant fancies gave him courage, and he lived on hope.

On the appointed day, Friday, November 16, 1538, the assembly was constituted in Westminster Hall. The king sat upon the throne in his robes of state. On his right were the bishops, judges and jurisconsults; on his left, the lords temporal of the realm and the officers of the royal house. The guards, attired in white, were near their master, and a crowd of spectators filled the hall. The prisoner was placed

at the bar. Doctor Day spoke to the following effect: That the king in this session would have all states, degrees, bishops and all others to be admonished of his will and pleasure that no man should conceive any sinister opinion of him, as that, now the authority and name of the bishop of Rome being utterly abolished, he would also extinguish all religion, or give liberty unto heretics to perturb and trouble, without punishment, the churches of England, whereof he is the head. And, moreover, that they should not think that they were assembled at that present to make any disputation upon the heretical doctrine, but only for this purpose, that by the industry of him and other bishops the heresies of this man here present [meaning Lambert], and the heresies of all such like, should be refuted or openly condemned in the presence of them all.

Henry's part then began. His look was sternly fixed on Lambert, who stood facing him; his features were contracted, his brows were knit. His whole aspect was adapted to inspire terror, and indicated a violence of anger unbecoming in a judge, and still more so in a sovereign. He rose, stood leaning on a white cushion, and looking Lambert full in the face, he said to him in a disdainful tone, "Ho! good fellow, what is thy name?" The accused, humbly kneeling down, replied, "My name is

John Nicholson, although of many I be called Lambert."—"What!" said the king, "have you two names? I would not trust you, having two names, although you were my brother."—"O most noble prince," replied the accused, "your bishops forced me of necessity to change my name." Thereupon the king, interrupting him, commanded him to declare what he thought as touching the sacrament of the altar. "Sire," said Lambert, "first of all I give God thanks that you do not disdain to hear me. Many good men, in many places, are put to death without your knowledge. But now, forasmuch as that high and eternal King of kings hath inspired and stirred up the king's mind to understand the causes of his subjects, specially whom God of his divine goodness hath so abundantly endued with so great gifts of judgment and knowledge, I do not mistrust but that God will bring some great thing to pass through him, to the setting forth of the glory of his name."

Henry, who could not bear to be praised by a heretic, rudely interrupted Lambert, and said to him in an angry tone, "I came not hither to hear mine own praises thus painted out in my presence, but briefly to go to the matter without any more circumstance." There was so much harshness in the king's voice that Lambert was agitated and confused. He had dreamed of something very different. He had conceived

a sovereign just and elevated above the reach of clerical passions, whose noble understanding would be struck with the beauty of the gospel. But he saw a passionate man, a servant of the priests. In astonishment and confusion he kept silence for a few minutes, questioning within himself what he ought to do in the extremity to which he was reduced.

Lambert was especially attached to the great verities of the Christian religion, and during his trial he made unreserved confession of them. "Our Saviour would not have us greatly esteem our merits," said he, "when we have done what is commanded by God, but rather reckon ourselves to be but servants unprofitable to God, not regarding our merit, but his grace and benefit. 'Woe be to the life of men,' said St. Augustine, 'be they ever so holy, if thou shalt examine them, setting thy mercy aside!' Again he says, 'Doth any man give what he oweth not unto thee, that thou shouldst be in his debt? and hath any man aught that is not thine? All my hope is in the Lord's death. His death is my merit, my refuge, my health and my resurrection.' And thus," adds Lambert, "we should serve God with hearty love as children, and not for need or dread as unloving thralls and servants."

But the king wanted to localize the attack and to limit the examination of Lambert to the

subject of the sacrament. Finding that the accused stood silent, the king said to him in a hasty manner with anger and vehemency, "Why standest thou still? Answer as touching the sacrament of the altar, whether dost thou say that it is the body of Christ or wilt deny it." After uttering these words the king lifted up his cap adorned with pearls and feathers, probably as a token of reverence for the subject under discussion. "I answer with St. Augustine," said Lambert, "that it is the body of Christ after a certain manner." The king replied, "Answer me neither out of St. Augustine nor by the authority of any other, but tell me plainly whether thou sayest it is the body of Christ or no." Lambert felt what might be the consequences of his answer, but without hesitation he said, 'Then I deny it to be the body of Christ."—"Mark well!" exclaimed the king, "for now thou shalt be condemned even by Christ's own word: '*Hoc est corpus meum.*'"

The king, then turning to Cranmer, commanded him to refute the opinion of the accused. The archbishop spoke with modesty, calling Lambert "brother," and although refuting his arguments he told him that if he proved his opinion from Holy Scripture, he (Cranmer) would willingly embrace it. Gardiner, finding that Cranmer was too weak, began to speak. Tonstall and Stokesley followed. Lambert had

put forward ten arguments, and ten doctors were appointed to deal with them, each doctor to impugn one of them. Of the whole disputation the passage which made the deepest impression on the assembly was Stokesley's argument. "It is the doctrine of the philosophers," he said, "that a substance cannot be changed but into a substance." Then, by the example of water boiling on the fire, he affirmed the substance of the water to pass into the substance of the air. On hearing this argument, the aspect of the bishops, hitherto somewhat uneasy, suddenly changed. They were transported with joy, and considered this transmutation of the elements as giving them the victory, and they cast their looks over the whole assembly with an air of triumph. Loud shouts of applause for some time interrupted the sitting. When silence was at length restored, Lambert replied that the moistness of the water, its real essence, remained even after this transformation—that nothing was changed but the form; while in their system of the *corpus Domini* the substance itself was changed, and that it is impossible that the qualities and accidents of things should remain in their own nature apart from their own subject. But Lambert was not allowed to finish his refutation. The king and the bishops, indignant that he ventured to impugn an argument which had transported them with admira-

tion, gave vent to their rage against him, so that he was forced to silence and had to endure patiently all their insults.

The sitting had lasted from noon till five o'clock in the evening. It had been a real martyrdom for Lambert. Loaded with rebukes and insults, intimidated by the solemnity of the proceedings and by the authority of the persons with whom he had to do, alarmed by the presence of the king and by the terrible threats which were uttered against him, his body too, which was weak before, giving way under the fatigue of a sitting of five hours, during which, standing all the time, he had been compelled to fight a fierce battle,—convinced that the clearest and most irresistible demonstrations would be smothered amidst the outcries of the bystanders, he called to mind these words of Scripture, "Be still," and was silent. This self-restraint was regarded as defeat. "Where is the knowledge so much boasted of?" they said; "where is his power of argumentation?" The assembly had looked for great bursts of eloquence, but the accused was silent. The palm of victory was awarded to the king and the bishops by noisy and universal shouts of applause.

It was now night. The servants of the royal house appeared in the hall and lighted the torches. Henry began to find his part as head

of the Church somewhat wearisome. He determined to bring the business to a conclusion, and by his severity to give to the pope and to Christendom a brilliant proof of his orthodoxy. "What sayest thou now," he said to Lambert, "after all these great labors which thou hast taken upon thee, and all the reasons and instructions of these learned men? Art thou not yet satisfied? Wilt thou live or die? What sayest thou? Thou hast yet free choice." Lambert answered, "I commend my soul into the hands of God, but my body I wholly yield and submit unto your clemency." Then said the king, "In that case you must die, for I will not be a patron unto heretics."

Unhappy Lambert! He had committed himself to the mercy of a prince who never spared a man who offended him, were it even his closest friend. The monarch turned to his vicar-general and said, "Cromwell, read the sentence of condemnation." This was a cruel task to impose upon a man universally considered to be the friend of the evangelicals. But Cromwell felt the ground already trembling under his feet. He took the sentence and read it. Lambert was condemned to be burnt.

Four days afterward the evangelist was taken out of the prison at eight o'clock in the morning and brought to Cromwell's house. Cromwell summoned him to his room and announced

that the hour of his death was come. The tidings greatly consoled and gladdened Lambert. It is stated that Cromwell added some words by way of excuse for the part which he had taken in his condemnation, and sent him into the room where the gentlemen of his household were at breakfast. He sat down, and at their invitation partook of the meal with them with all the composure of a Christian. Immediately after breakfast he was taken to Smithfield, and was there placed on the pile, which was not raised high. His legs only were burnt, and nothing remained but the stumps. He was, however, still alive, and two of the soldiers, observing that his whole body could not be consumed, thrust into him their halberts, one on each side, and raised him above the fire. The martyr, stretching toward the people his hands, now burning, said, "None but Christ! none but Christ!" At this moment the soldiers withdrew their weapons and let the pious Lambert drop into the fire, which speedily consumed him.

XXXIV.

ANNE ASKEW,

A. D. 1545.

THERE were at the English court in the reign of Henry VIII. a certain number of ladies of the highest rank who loved the gospel—the duchess of Suffolk, the countess of Sussex, the countess of Hertford, Lady Denny, Lady Fitzwilliam, and, above all, the queen. Associated with these was a pious, lively and beautiful young lady, of great intelligence and amiable disposition, and whose fine qualities had been improved by education. Her name was Anne Askew. She was the second daughter of Sir William Askew, member of a very ancient Lincolnshire family. She had two brothers and two sisters. Her brother Edward was one of the king's body-guards. The queen frequently received Anne and other Christian women in her private apartments, and there prayer was made and the word of God expounded by an evangelical minister. The king, indeed, was aware of these secret meetings, but he feigned ignorance. Anne was at this time in great need of the consolations of the gospel. Her father, Sir William, had a rich neighbor named Kyme with whom he was intimate, and, being anxious that his eldest daugh-

ter should marry a rich man, he arranged with Kyme that she should wed his eldest son. The young lady died before the nuptials took place, and Sir William, reluctant to let slip so good a chance, compelled his second daughter, Anne, to marry the betrothed of her sister, and by him she became the mother of two children. The Holy Scriptures in the English version attracted Anne's attention, and ere long she became so attached to them that she meditated on them day and night. Led by them to a living faith in Jesus Christ, she renounced Romish superstitions. The priests, who were greatly annoyed, stirred up against her her young husband, a rough man and a staunch papist, who "violently drove her out of his house." Anne said, "Since, according to the Scripture, 'if the unbelieving depart, let him depart; a brother or a sister is not under bondage in such cases,' I claim my divorce." She went to London to take the necessary proceedings, and either through her brother, one of the guards, or otherwise, made the acquaintance of the pious ladies of the court and of the queen herself.

It was a great vexation to the enemies of the Reformation to see persons of the highest rank almost openly professing the evangelical faith. As they did not dare to attack them, they determined to make a beginning with

Anne Askew, and thereby to terrify the rest. She had said one day, "I would sooner read five lines in the Bible than hear five masses in the church." On another occasion she had denied the corporal presence of the Saviour in the sacrament. She was sent to prison. When she was taken to Sadlers' Hall, the judge, Dare, asked her, "Do you not believe that the sacrament hanging over the altar is the very body of Christ really?" Anne replied, "Wherefore was St. Stephen stoned to death?" Dare doubtless remembered that Stephen had said, "I see the Son of man sitting *at the right hand of God.*" From this it followed that he was not in the sacrament. He preferred to answer, "I cannot tell." It is possible, however, that his ignorance was not feigned. "No more," said Anne, "will I assoil your vain question." Anne was afterward taken before the lord mayor, Sir Martin Bowes, a passionate bigot. He was under-treasurer of the mint, and in 1550 obtained the king's pardon for all the false money which he had coined. The magistrate gravely asked her whether a mouse, eating the Host, received God or no. "I made no answer, but smiled," says Anne. The bishop's chancellor, who was present, sharply said to her, "St. Paul forbade women to speak or to talk of the word of God."—"How many women," said she in re-

ply, "have you seen go into the pulpit and preach?"—"Never any," he said.—"You ought not to find fault in poor women, except they have offended the law." She was unlawfully committed to prison, and for eleven days no one was allowed to see her. At this time she was about twenty-five years of age.

One of her cousins, named Brittayne, was admitted to see her. He immediately did everything he could to get Anne released on bail. The lord mayor bade him apply to the chancellor of the bishop of London. The chancellor replied to him, "Apply to the bishop." The bishop said; "I will give order for her to appear before me to-morrow at three o'clock in the afternoon." He then subjected her to a long examination. He asked her, amongst other things, "Do you not think that private masses help the souls departed?"—"It is great idolatry," she replied, "to believe more in them than in the death which Christ died for us."—"What kind of answer is this?" said the bishop of London.—"It is a weak one," replied Anne, "but good enough for such a question." After the examination, at which Anne made clear and brief replies, Bonner wrote down a certain number of articles of faith, and required that Anne should set her hand to them. She wrote, "I believe so much thereof as the Holy Scriptures doth agree unto." This was not

what Bonner wanted. The bishop pressed the point, and said, "Sign this document." Anne then wrote, "I, Anne Askew, do believe all manner of things contained in the faith of the Catholic Church." The bishop, well knowing what Anne meant by this word, hurried away into an adjoining room in a great rage. Her cousin Brittayne followed him and implored him to treat his kinswoman kindly. "She is a woman," exclaimed the bishop, "and I am nothing deceived in her."—"Take her as a woman," said Brittayne, "and do not set her weak woman's wit to your lordship's great wisdom." At length, Anne's two sureties—to wit, Brittayne and Master Spilman of Gray's Inn—were on the following day accepted, and she was set at liberty. These events took place in the year 1545.

Anne having continued to profess the gospel and to have meetings with her friends, she was again arrested three months later, and was brought before the privy council at Greenwich. On the opening of the examination she refused to go into the matter before the council, and said, "If it be the king's pleasure to hear me, I will show him the truth."—"It is not meet," they replied, "for the king to be troubled with you." She answered, "Solomon was reckoned the wisest king that ever lived, yet misliked he not to hear two poor common women; much

more His Grace a single woman and his faithful subject."—"Tell me your opinion on the sacrament," said the lord chancellor.—"I believe," she said, "that so oft as I, in a Christian congregation, do receive the bread in remembrance of Christ's death and with thanksgiving, . . . I receive therewith the fruits also of his most glorious passion."—"Make a direct answer to the question," said Gardiner.—"I will not sing a new song of the Lord," she said, "in a strange land."—"You speak in parables," said Gardiner.—"It is best for you," she answered, "for if I show the open truth ye will not accept it."—"You are a parrot," said the incensed bishop. She replied, "I am ready to suffer all things at your hands—not only your rebuke, but all that shall follow besides; yea, and all that gladly."

The next day Anne once more appeared before the council. They began the examination on the subject of transubstantiation. Seeing Lord Parr (uncle to the queen) and Lord Lisle, she said to them, "It is a great shame for you to counsel contrary to your knowledge."—"We would gladly," they answered, "all things were well." Gardiner wished to speak privately with her, but this she refused. The lord chancellor then began to examine her again. "How long," said Anne, "will you halt on both sides?"—"You shall be burnt," said

the bishop of London. She replied, "I have searched all the Scriptures, yet could I never find that either Christ or his apostles put any creature to death."

Anne was sent back to prison. She was very ill, and believed herself to be near death. Never had she had to endure such attacks. She requested leave to see Latimer, who was still confined in the Tower, but this consolation was not allowed her. Resting firmly, as she did, on scriptural grounds, she did not suffer herself to swerve. To her constitutional resolution she added that which was the fruit of communion with God, and she was thus placed by faith above the attacks which she experienced. Having a good foundation, she resolutely defended the freedom of her conscience and her full trust in Christ, and not only did she encounter her enemies without wavering, but she spoke to them with a power sufficient to awe them, and gave home-thrusts which threw them into confusion. Nevertheless, she was only a weak woman, and her bodily strength began to fail. In Newgate she said, "The Lord strengthen us in the truth! Pray, pray, pray!" She composed while in prison some stanzas which have been pronounced extraordinary, not only for simple beauty and sublime sentiment, but also for the noble structure and music of the verse.

By law, Anne had a right to be tried by jury, but on June 28, 1546, she was condemned by the lord chancellor and the council, without further process, to be burnt for having denied the corporal presence of Christ. They asked her whether she wished for a priest; she smiled and said she would confess her faults unto God, for she was sure that he would hear her with favor. She added, "I think His Grace shall well perceive me to be weighed in an uneven pair of balances. . . . Here I take heaven and earth to record that I shall die in mine innocency."

It was proved that Anne had derived her faith from the Holy Scriptures. Gardiner and his partisans therefore prevailed upon the government, eight days before the death of this young Christian, to issue a proclamation purporting "that from henceforth no man, woman or person, of what estate, condition or degree soever he or they be [consequently, including the ladies and gentlemen of the court as well as others], shall, after the last day of August next ensuing, receive, have, take or keep in their possession the text of the New Testament, of Tyndale's or Coverdale's translation, in English, nor any other than is permitted by the act of Parliament; . . . nor after the said day shall receive, have, take or keep in his or their possession any manner of books printed or writ-

ten in the English tongue which be or shall be set forth in the names of Fryth, Tyndale, Wycliffe, . . . Barnes, Coverdale, . . . or by any of them;" and it was required that all such books should be delivered to the mayor, bailiff or chief constable of the town, to be openly burned.

This was a remarkable proceeding on the part of Henry VIII. But events were stronger than the proclamation, and it remained a dead letter.

Anne's sentence was pronounced before the issue of the proclamation. The trial was over, and there was to be no further inquiry. But her death was not enough to satisfy Rich, Wriothesley and their friends. They had other designs, and were about to perpetrate the most shameful and cruel acts. The object which these men now proposed to themselves was to obtain such evidence as would warrant them in taking proceedings against those ladies of the court who were friends of the gospel. They went (July 13) to the Tower, where Anne was still confined, and questioned her about her accomplices, naming the duchess-dowager of Suffolk, the countess of Sussex and several others. Anne answered, "If I should pronounce anything against them, I should not be able to prove it." They next asked her whether there were no members of the royal

council who gave her their support. She said, "None."—"The king is informed," they replied, "that if you choose you can name a great many persons who are members of your sect." She answered that "the king was as well deceived in that behalf as dissembled with in other matters." The only effect of these denials was to irritate Wriothesley and his colleagues, and, determined at any cost to obtain information against influential persons at the court, they ordered the rack to be applied to the young woman. This torture lasted a long time, but Anne gave no hint, nor even uttered a cry. The lord chancellor, more and more provoked, said to Sir Antony Knevet, lieutenant of the Tower, "Strain her on the rack again." The latter refused to do this. It was to no purpose that Wriothesley threatened him if he would not obey.

Rich, a member of the privy council, had frequently given proof of his baseness. Wriothesley was ambitious, inflated with self-conceit, haughty, and easily angered if his advice was not taken. These two men now forgot themselves, and the spectacle was presented of the lord chancellor of England and a privy councilor of the king turned into executioners. They set their own hands to the horrible instrument, and so severely applied the torture to the innocent young woman that she was

almost broken upon it and quite dislocated. She fainted away and was wellnigh dead. "Then the lieutenant caused me to be loosed; incontinently I swooned, and then they recovered me again. After that I sat two long hours, reasoning with my lord chancellor on the bare floor, where he, with many flattering words, persuaded me to leave my opinion." Henry VIII. himself censured Wriothesley for his cruelty, and excused the lieutenant of the Tower. "Then was I brought to a house," says Anne, "laid in a bed, with as weary and painful bones as ever Job had." The chancellor sent word to her that if she renounced her faith she should be pardoned and should want for nothing, but that otherwise she should be burnt. She answered, "I will sooner die." At the same time she fell on her knees in the dungeon and said, "O Lord, I have more enemies now than there be hairs on my head; yet, Lord, let them never overcome me with vain words, but fight thou, Lord, in my stead, for on thee I cast my care. With all the spite they can imagine they fall upon me, who am thy poor creature. Yet, sweet Lord, let me not set by them that are against me, for in thee is my whole delight. And, Lord, I heartily desire of thee that thou wilt of thy most merciful goodness forgive them that violence which they do, and have done, unto me. Open also thou their blind

hearts, that they may hereafter do that thing in thy sight which is only acceptable before thee, and to set forth thy verity aright, without all vain fantasies of sinful men. So be it, O Lord, so be it!"

The 16th of July, the day fixed for the last scene of this tragedy, had arrived; everything was ready for the burning of Anne at Smithfield. The execution was to take place, not in the morning, the usual time, but at nightfall, to make it the more terrible. It was thus, in every sense, a deed of darkness. They were obliged to carry Anne to the place of execution, for in her state at that time she was unable to walk. When she reached the pile she was bound to the post by her waist with a chain which prevented her from sinking down. The wretched Shaxton, nominated for the purpose, then completed his apostasy by delivering a sermon on the sacrament of the altar, a sermon abounding in errors. Anne, who was in full possession of her faculties, contented herself with saying, "He misseth and speaketh without the book." Three other evangelical Christians were to die at the same time with her—Belenian, a priest; J. Lacels (Lascelles) of the king's household, probably the man who had revealed the incontinence of Catharine Howard, a deed for which the Roman party hated him; and one Adams, a Col-

chester man. "Now, with quietness," said Lacels, "I commit the whole world to their pastor and herdsman Jesus Christ, the only Saviour and true Messias." The letter from which we quote is subscribed, "John Lacels, late servant to the king, and now I trust to serve the everlasting King with the testimony of my blood in Smithfield."

There was an immense gathering of the people. On a platform erected in front of St. Bartholomew's church were seated, as presidents at the execution, Wriothesley, lord chancellor of England, the old duke of Norfolk, the old earl of Bedford, the lord mayor Bowes, and various other notabilities. When the fire was going to be lighted the chancellor sent a messenger to Anne Askew, instructed to offer her the king's pardon if she would recant. She answered, "I am not come hither to deny my Lord and Master." The same pardon was offered to the other martyrs, but they refused to accept it and turned away their heads. Then stood up the ignorant and fanatical Bowes, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "*Fiat justitia!*" Anne was soon wrapt in the flames, and this noble victim, who freely offered herself a sacrifice to God, gave up her soul in peace. Her companions did likewise.

XXXV.

LUTHER: HIS TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

(The night of the 18th February, 1546, at Eisleben.)

LUTHER had throughout his life refused the aid of the secular arm, as his desire was that the truth should triumph only by the power of God. However, in 1546, in spite of his efforts, war was on the point of breaking out, but it was the will of God that his servant should be spared this painful spectacle.

The counts of Mansfeld, within whose territories he was born, having become involved in a quarrel with their subjects and with several lords of the neighborhood, had recourse to the mediation of the Reformer. The old man—he was now sixty-three—was subject to frequent attacks of giddiness, but he never spared himself. He therefore set out in answer to the call, and reached the territory of the counts on the 28th of January, accompanied by his friend the theologian Jonas, who had been with him at the Diet of Worms, and by his two sons, Martin and Paul, the former now fifteen, and the latter thirteen, years of age. He was respectfully received by the counts of Mansfeld, attended by a hundred and twelve horsemen. He entered that town of Eisleben in which he was born and in which

he was about to die. That same evening he was very unwell, and was near fainting.

Nevertheless, he took courage, and, applying himself zealously to the task, preached four times, attended twenty conferences, received the sacrament twice and ordained two ministers. Every evening Jonas and Michael Cœlius, pastor of Mansfeld, came to wish him good-night. "Doctor Jonas, and you, Master Michael," he said to them, "entreat of the Lord to save his Church, for the Council of Trent is in great wrath."

Luther dined regularly with the counts of Mansfeld. It was evident from his conversation that the Holy Scriptures grew daily in importance in his eyes. "Cicero asserts in his letters," he said to the counts two days before his death, "that no one can comprehend the science of government who has not occupied for twenty years an important place in the republic. And I for my part tell you that no one has understood the Holy Scriptures who has not governed the churches for a hundred years, with the prophets, the apostles and Jesus Christ." This occurred on the 16th of February. After saying these words he wrote them down in Latin, laid them upon the table, and then retired to his room. He had no sooner reached it than he felt that his last hour was near. "When I have set my good lords at

one," he said to those about him, "I will return home; I will lie down in my coffin and give my body to the worms."

The next day, February 17, his weakness increased. The counts of Mansfeld and the prior of Anhalt, filled with anxiety, came to see him. "Pray do not come," they said, "to the conference." He rose and walked up and down the room, and exclaimed, "Here, at Eisleben, I was baptized. Will it be my lot also to die here?" A little while after he took the sacrament. Many of his friends attended him, and sorrowfully felt that soon they would see him no more. One of them said to him, "Shall we know each other in the eternal assembly of the blessed? We shall be all so changed." "Adam," replied Luther, "had never seen Eve, and yet when he awoke he did not say, 'Who art thou?' but, 'Thou art flesh of my flesh.' By what means did he know that she was taken from his flesh and not from a stone? He knew this because he was filled with the Holy Spirit. So likewise in the heavenly Paradise we shall be filled with the Holy Spirit, and we shall recognize father, mother and friends better than Adam recognized Eve."

Having thus spoken, Luther retired into his chamber, and, according to his daily custom, even in the winter-time, opened his window, looked up to heaven and began to pray. "Heav-

enly Father," he said, "since in thy great mercy thou hast revealed to me the downfall of the pope, since the day of thy glory is not far off, and since the light of thy gospel, which is now rising over the earth, is to be diffused through the whole world, keep to the end, through thy goodness, the Church of my dear native country; save it from falling, preserve it in the true profession of thy word, and let all men know that it is indeed for thy work that thou hast sent me." He then left the window, returned to his friends, and about ten o'clock at night retired to bed. Just as he reached the threshold of his bedroom he stood still and said in Latin, "In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum, redemisti me, Deus veritatis" ("Into thy hand I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth").

The 18th of February, the day of his departure, was now at hand. About one o'clock in the morning, sensible that the chill of death was creeping over him, Luther called Jonas and his faithful servant Ambrose. "Make a fire," he said to Ambrose. Then he cried out, "O Lord my God, I am in great pain! What a weight upon my chest! I shall never leave Eisleben." Jonas said to him, "Our heavenly Father will come to help you, for the love of Christ which you have faithfully preached to men." Luther then got up, took some turns

up and down his room, and looking up to heaven exclaimed again, "Into thy hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth."

Jonas in alarm sent for the doctors, Wild and Ludwig, the count and countess of Mansfeld, Drachstadt the town-clerk, and Luther's children. In great alarm they all hastened to the spot. "I am dying," said the sick man.—"No," said Jonas; "you are now in a perspiration, and will soon be better."—"It is the sweat of death," said Luther; "I am nearly at my last breath." He was thoughtful for a moment, and then said with faltering voice, "O my heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank thee that thou hast revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom the pope and all the ungodly insult, blaspheme and persecute, but whom I love and adore as my Saviour. O Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I commit my soul to thee. O my heavenly Father, I must quit this body, but I believe with perfect assurance that I shall dwell eternally with thee, and that none shall pluck me out of thy hands."

He now remained silent for a little while; his prayer seemed to have exhausted him. But presently his countenance again grew

bright; a holy joy shone in his features, and he said with fullness of faith, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." A moment afterward he uttered, as if sure of victory, this word of David: "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death." Dr. Wild went to him and tried to induce him to take medicine, but Luther refused. "I am departing; I am about to yield up my spirit." Then returning to the saying which was for him a sort of watchword for his departure, he said three times successively, without interruption, "Father! into thy hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth—thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth."

He then closed his eyes. They touched him, moved him, called to him, but he made no answer. In vain they applied the cloths which the town-clerk and his wife heated; in vain the countess of Mansfeld and the physicians endeavored to revive him with tonics. He remained motionless. All who stood round him, perceiving that God was going to take away from the Church militant this mighty warrior, were deeply affected. The two physicians noted from minute to minute the approach of death. The two boys, Martin and Paul, kneel-

ing and in tears, cried to God to spare to them their father. Ambrose lamented the master, and Cœlius the friend, whom they had so much loved. The count of Mansfeld thought of the troubles which Luther's death might bring on the Empire. The distressed countess sobbed and covered her eyes with her hands, that she might not behold the mournful scene. Jonas, a little apart from the rest, felt heartbroken at the thought of the terrible blow impending over the Reformation. He wished to receive from the dying Luther a last testimony. He therefore rose and went up to his friend, and, bending over him, said, "Reverend father, in your dying hour do you rest on Jesus Christ and steadfastly rely upon the doctrine which you have preached?"—"YES," said Luther, so that all who were present could hear him. This was his last word. The pallor of death overspread his countenance; his forehead, his hands and his feet turned cold. They addressed him by his baptismal name, "Doctor Martin," but in vain; he made no response. He drew a deep breath and fell asleep in the Lord. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning. "Truly," said Jonas, to whom we are indebted for these details, "thou lettest, Lord, thy servant depart in peace, and thou accomplishest for him the promise which thou madest us, and which he himself wrote the oth-

er day in a Bible presented to one of his friends, 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, If a man keep my saying, he shall never see death.'"

Thus passed Luther into the presence of his Master, in full reliance on redemption, in calm faith in the triumph of truth. Luther was no longer here below, but Jesus Christ is with his people evermore to the end of the world, and the work which Luther had begun lives, and is still advancing, and will extend to all the ends of the earth.

THE END.

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